

THE CHILD'S FRIEND.

NEW YEAR.

WHEN we wished you, a year ago, as we do now, dear little friends, a very happy New Year, we felt like an entire stranger, brought before a large audience. We knew that children were indulgent listeners; but we knew, at the same time, that they could not bear dulness, and that they were very quick to discover faults; and so we could not help feeling, that, though we desired to be "*Friends*" with you, we might not take the right way to accomplish this end. To-day, however, we know you better; we feel no longer strange to you, while we are speaking; and we wish you a "Happy New Year," as if we were personally acquainted with all of you, and not as if we were some stiff, story-writing machine, that had no sympathy with children's pleasures and troubles. Every day of our life, we meet little children, and we know more and more about them every day, so that we are a whole year wiser than we were last year; and we hope shall be able to show, in this and the following numbers, that the year's experience has not been lost upon us.

There is one thing, however, we must say to you. You all see that the Magazine is not full of stories. There are Bible lessons; stories about insects; lives of good people, &c. Now, these are put in each number for you to read, just as much as the stories are. They are not always as interesting as stories, but they are sometimes more so. The accounts of the habits and buildings of insects, birds, beasts, and fishes are as beautiful, and far more wonderful, than any story in the "Arabian Nights;" — but never mind if they are not; the object of the "Child's Friend" is to instruct as well as amuse you, and we should like to feel sure that you will read each number directly through.

This is the first thing we want you to do in the New Year. The second is much harder. It is, if there is any good advice in the Magazine, that you will try to follow it, and endeavor to be more kind, more obedient, more truthful, proving thus that the book has been really a friend to you. Almost every child makes "good resolutions," when a new year comes, and determines to overcome some fault or some bad habit. It is a good time to begin and try to do better, and we hope that those of our little readers who make such resolutions will keep them. If you are selfish or unkind or disobedient, try to correct these faults; or, if you have any foolish, disagreeable habit, endeavor to free yourself from it.

But it is "Happy New Year," and we would not cloud one particle of its sunshine with a lecture. We hope that this day, and every day of the year, may be happy; and, that you may be sure of happiness, we wish you all, contented, cheerful spirits, — spirits that will

bear the pain and sickness God sends upon you, patiently,—spirits that will meet disappointment without fretfulness or grumbling,—spirits that will make every duty light, every task a pleasure.

A happy, bright disposition is the very light of home; and this is our New Year's wish for our dear little friends.

ED.

EDUCATION, MANNERS, AND CHARACTER OF THE JAPANESE.

THE clothing of the Japanese exhibits the same peculiarities which characterize their life and customs. The Dutch have adopted the *japon*, their outer garment, which has come into general use among them, and is now worn in Batavia and the principal Dutch cities. The *japon* is a sort of gown, open in front, falling in many folds, from its width, and confined by a scarf or girdle. It is the universal garment of men and women, high and low, rich and poor. For the women it descends into a train behind; the men wear it of equal length all around. It is made of crape, silk or cotton stuff; the women mostly choose brilliant colors, and their japons are frequently embroidered with flowers, or bordered with costly fringes of gold and silver. In winter, silk or cotton lining is sewed into the wadding. Sometimes two or three japons are worn, one over the other; the females reach even twelve, which are then made of the finest crape or silk. The sleeves are very broad, and partly sewed or buttoned up to the hand, so that the ends hang down like

pockets, and are frequently used as such. The men wear their scarfs and girdles of a hand's breadth; but with the women the band is broad, and tapering at the back into two long points. It is always made of the most costly materials.

Shirts are not among the necessities of the Japanese. The men wear a cloth around the loins, and the women a broad apron which reaches to the knee. The nobility and men of rank also wear a sort of pantaloons, starched very stiff and laid in regular folds. In cold weather, socks of cotton or linen, reaching to the calf, are worn. The shoes, or rather sandals, are made of straw, or varnished wood, fastened by bands passing over the top of the foot. The lower order wear a japon reaching only half-way to the knee, under which are long trousers.

In the streets nearly all the males wear dark-colored mantles with sleeves, and open in front; the women wear a similar garment, reaching to the feet and provided with a cowl, which can be drawn over the head. On festival days and all great occasions, the men also wear a parademantle, finely starched and folded, fastened at the neck and falling over the shoulders obliquely, before and behind. In front, on both sides of the breast, and between the shoulder-blades, the coat of arms of the wearer — or his master, if a servant — is worn. Each Japanese, to whatever rank he may belong, has a coat of arms. The married women wear the insignia of their husbands.

The great pride of the people, since they wear no jewels or other ornaments, consists in the richness of the japon. The emperor wears a garment only once, the princes for a few days, the next in rank for a longer period, and so down to the common people. It is a custom

among the nobility to give their cast-off japons to their favorites: the fact of the donor having worn the garment enhances its value. The people mostly go bareheaded, and much care is therefore bestowed on the hair. The men keep their beards cleanly shaven; the hair is sheared on the crown, but allowed to grow on the back part of the head, whence it falls in a long queue. The women comb their hair to the crown, where it is fastened in a knot. The combs and needles which adorn the hair are made of tortoise-shell; and those which are white or yellow, without the admixture of brown spots, are considered most valuable. The women also dust their faces with white powder; the lips are painted, first with crimson, and then with a purple dust, which gives them a transparent brilliancy. In most parts of the empire, the married women blacken their teeth. If a maiden does this, immediately after her betrothal, it is held as a very flattering compliment to the bridegroom.

Neither men nor women cover their heads in general, whether in or out of doors; whence the use of umbrellas as a protection against the sun and rain. A napkin, or veil, is worn over the head by women of all classes, to protect the hair-ornaments from rain and dust. Sedan-chairs are in general use in the cities. They are of two kinds, — the *norimono*, used by the higher orders; and the *kango*, or basket, for the lower. On longer journeys, horses are mostly used, both for carrying men and merchandise. The folds of the *japon* at the breast serve as a pocket for carrying money, papers, and the like, as well as a quantity of clean, fine paper, the pieces of which are used as handkerchiefs and then thrown away. Pipes and tobacco-pouches are indispensable both to males and

females, and sometimes snuff-boxes are carried. The sabre is the most expensive article of costume to those who have the right to wear it. The fan, which is a foot long, is carried in the girdle, and used by all the Japanese, except the common laborers. This article plays an important part in daily life; men and women, warriors and statesmen, make use of fans in society, in order to occupy their hands and eyes. To one the fan serves as a book of reference, to another it presents mottoes and sentences which furnish food for reflection, and to a third it offers agreeable pictures and landscapes.

Children are not clothed, but from birth allowed perfect freedom in all their movements. Since it is customary to sit cross-legged and leaning forward, their stature becomes crooked, and their feet turn inward. The girls are brought to the temple to receive a name when they are thirty days old; with boys, this ceremony is performed on the thirty-first day. As soon as the latter have attained their fifteenth year, they adopt another name. It is also very customary for men to change their names. When a new governor or other official is appointed, all the subordinates bearing the same name, who live in the district subject to his government, are obliged to lay it aside, and select some other. Sometimes the emperor bestows a new name on his princes or generals. When any one changes his rank, he takes a new name; and the same process is frequently repeated after his death.

There are three important periods in the life of a Japanese youth. On reaching the third year, the boy receives the girdle for confining the japon; in the seventh year, the festive mantle is hung upon his shoulders, and

he receives the blessing of the priest in the temple; and, in the fifteenth year, the hair is clipped from the crown of his head, and arranged as it is worn by men. He is thus created a citizen. The man usually marries before the eighteenth, and the woman before the fifteenth year.

The bodies of the dead are placed cross-legged, in a sitting posture, and inclosed in a box which serves as a coffin. After the body is carried out of the house, all the rooms are cleaned and purified. The blood-relatives and friends, with the priests, attend at the cemetery, which is always in the neighborhood of a temple. The bodies are frequently burned, in which case the bones are inclosed in an urn.

All festivals, whether religious or not, are celebrated at stated periods of the year: this is also the case with the sports of the children and the pleasures of grown persons. In their daily intercourse, the Japanese treat each other with the greatest delicacy and refinement. Manifold ceremonies and exhibitions of politeness are prescribed for all occurrences and emergencies of social life; and no one, whether he be small or great, rich or poor, mean or elevated, dare violate them. Only two nations are permitted to have any intercourse with the Japanese; and these two are confined to the city of Nagasaki, where places of residence are assigned to them in different quarters. These two nations are the Chinese, whose proximity to Japan, as well as the kindred character of their language and religion, renders some communication necessary; and the Dutch, whose prudence and industry, as well as their knowledge of the European arts, retained for them the privilege of commercial intercourse, after the expulsion of the Portuguese.

The Dutch are allowed the artificial island of Desima, in the harbor of Nagasaki, where they are surrounded by guards and watch-houses, and where every step is scrutinized. The ships, on their arrival, are most minutely inspected; every word uttered by the crew is weighed and compared; and the powder belonging to the ship is carefully kept under lock and seal, till the time of departure arrives.

In conclusion, the Japanese are as susceptible to generosity, to noble deeds and elevated sacrifices, as they are to their bewildering code of politeness. All writers on Japan, whether ancient or modern, have recorded many instances of these better traits of character. — *New York Tribune.*

HOW TO BUILD CASTLES.

A MOTHER'S STORY TO HER DAUGHTER.

THE parlor fire was blazing red,
When Jane and Bess were put to bed,
 Of nine years old, and seven :
Their evening prayer was softly spoke,
Their pillows smoothed with gentle stroke ;
 A parting kiss was given.

And now the lamp was ta'en away,
And silently in bed they lay,
 And nestled warm and still,
When up there rose two castles fair ;
Each built a castle in the air,
 And how, I now shall tell : —

Bess stood within a castle tall ;
 And in the castle's ancient hall,
 A room of princely height,
 An hundred lamps their radiance shed
 On many a brave and lovely head ;
 For 'twas a festal night.

And music swelled, — how deep and loud !
 While lords and ladies came, and bowed
 Before a maiden small ;
 And who was she ? come, will you guess ?
 I'm sure you know, — that maid was Bess,
 And Bess was queen of all.

And when she tired, and went to bed,
 The bed that rests a monarch's head
 Would have compared but meanly ;
 And then such maids to help undress !
 Not England's princess, *Royal Bess*,
 Had ever slept so queenly.

And now she lay in dreamy mood,
 And saw the shadows broad, that stood
 Along the tap'stry room ;
 And struggled to keep wide awake,
 And see an ancient head-dress shake,
 And watch the trembling plume ; —

When, from beyond the castle-moat,
 A human cry, a dismal note,
 Was borne upon the air ;
 A cry of pain and low distress,
 A fainting cry of helplessness,
 That reached her even there.

Then out spoke Bess, with earnest voice,
"Oh mercy! what a piteous noise!"

Here! call up *Lady Catharine*;
And bid her ask *my almoner*
To tell the porter to bestir,
And take these wretches in."

Now leave the lady in her state,
And the poor creatures to their fate;
We'll turn to them again;
And view another castle fair,
The other castle of the pair,
The castle built by Jane.

It stood as proudly on the height,
For miles around a noble sight,
And from its towers were seen
The hamlets of the peasant-folk;
And many an elm, and many an oak,
Stood in the vale between.

But with its beauties in and out,
And groves and meadows spread about,
And green-swards rich and soft;
You'll think of all things 'tis the worst,
But thus it differed from the first,—
Jane was not mistress of t.

But you have read, in olden years,
That border-quarrels, griefs, and fears
Made all the people poor;
And, when some kindlier ways began,
Each generous noble kept a man
To tend them at the door.

*So Jane, — the castle's lord to her
Had given the part of almoner ;*

*And, as she'd read in story-books,
She cheered the laborer on his way,
The beggar, and the minstrel gray,
With food, and gentle looks.*

*And when the day was ended well,
In — almost in a little cell,
Close by an entrance at the west
(For she must rise with dawn, and wait
Upon the people at the gate),
She laid her down to rest.*

*But at a cry she raised her head, —
A human cry, a voice, — and said,
“ ‘Tis some poor thing without the door.”
Her spirit leapt to soothe its pain,
And, ere the voice was heard again,
Her foot was on the floor.*

*When lo ! her dreamy castle shakes,
The cold air every sense awakes ;
She is at home with Bess.
But, though the winds the building sweep,
And Bess is talking in her sleep,
The cry comes none the less.*

*So down the stairs, as quick as thought,
She felt her way, the parlor sought,
And told them (although still in doubt,
And fearing still 'twas all a dream), —
She told them she had heard a scream,
And bade them hasten out.*

And, lying on the frozen ground,
A beggar-woman there they found,
With face so brown and hard;
Who, pressing toward the parlor's light,
And fallen from the fence's height,
Lay bleeding in the yard.

I have a little more to say;
So, dearest, do not turn away,
But hear me to the end:
Whenever you have time to spare
To build a castle in the air,
Why, all your skill expend,—

And make the walls of massy proof,
And up the pillars to the roof
Let costly carvings clamber,
And pile the silver on the shelf;
But, darling, *never put yourself*
Into the richest chamber.

x.

SPARE MINUTES.—Spare minutes are the gold dust of time; and Young was writing a true as well as a striking line, when he taught that “sands make the mountain, moments make the year.” Of all the portions of our life, the spare minutes are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are the gaps through which temptations find the easiest access to the garden of the soul. — *Selected.*

A LETTER FROM EUROPE.

THE HOWITTS.—EPPING FOREST.

THE other day, I made an excursion, with the well-known family of the Howitts, to Epping Forest; and as Mary Howitt has written a great many capital stories for children, and all of you have heard of her, previous to telling you about our visit to Epping Forest, I will tell you something about her and her home.

She has a beautiful home in London, and herself and husband (William Howitt) are constantly engaged in writing. Mr. Howitt is almost bald, but has a pair of mild blue eyes, and will tell stories, such as children love to hear, for hours, on pleasant evenings. I have heard him tell his own children stories of his travels and experiences, which were very interesting. William and Mary Howitt have four children; Alfred and Anna Mary are grown up, but Charlton and Meggy are yet laughing and playing children. They take long walks very often,—longer, I dare say, than any of you would think you could endure.

Mary Howitt is fond of children and domestic things. Her home is a very beautiful one. The garden is full of the very sweetest flowers; there is a close-shaved lawn, upon which the children can play whenever they please; and that is quite often, as you can guess. The sitting-rooms and parlor or drawing-room are full of beautiful paintings, and books without number, and statues or statuettes (small statues); and there is a piano for music. Such is the home of the Howitts. But all

these things would not make a happy home. There is *love* in that home; and that makes the flowers smell sweet, and the pictures look beautiful, and all the living faces bright and happy. So you will not forget that rich furniture and splendid houses do not make happy homes. Love will be happy in a log-cabin, as well as in a palace. But, if you can have other things with love, it is so much the better.

I presume that some of you have read Mary Howitt's story for children, entitled "Our Cousins in Ohio." It is an interesting picture of life out in the Western States. Mary Howitt had a sister, who lived in Ohio; and this book is an exact story of her children for a year in the noble regions of the West. Afterwards, that sister died; and this story, or kind of diary, of her children, was found; and Mary Howitt took it, and rewrote parts of it, and gave to it the title, "Our Cousins in Ohio." There are a great many other books and stories which she has written for children; and there are poems, too, of exceeding beauty. But I cannot stop here to mention them. I wish you could see her once, sit down and hear her talk, and see how full of life and kindness her face is, and how womanly and noble she appears. She is a strongly-built woman, rather tall and graceful in her motions, and has more the look of a good, kind mother than an authoress. But when she gets excited, then you can tell by the beautiful sparkling of her eyes, that she is a genius, as well as a kind-hearted woman and mother.

William Howitt is the best story-teller I ever listened to. He has travelled over all England and Scotland, and has lived in Germany; and he can tell stories of his own experience for days. He loves too, sometimes, to

tell rather *pokerish* ones, that make you half glad when they are done. When, on a winter evening, by the bright coal fire, or in summer, out on the lawn, the children gather about him, he will tell them just the kind of stories they like best, of boyish sports, and anecdotes of animals, and so forth. I once heard him tell a ghost-story of fearful import; yet, in the end, it turned out that the ghost was nothing but a house-dog, who would, in the night, with one paw, lift the door-latch of any room. Sometimes he entered a sleeping-room, and the inmates in the dark always concluded it was a ghost.

But I must tell you what a time we had going to Epping Forest. It is a wild, open common, of a great many acres, covered with trees and shrubbery, and is north-east of London, several miles. Would you believe it? we all started out on foot for the spot. Even little Meggy did not seem to think she would rather ride.

The morning was a beautiful one, the sun shining pleasantly, and sometimes rather too hot. There were six of us, and we carried our dinner with us, so as to have a real pic-nic time of it in the Forest. We walked over green fields, down narrow lanes, with hawthorn hedges, until, after a long walk, we began to see the outskirts of Epping Forest. I confess that, when I had got there, I was pretty tired; but the rest were not, for they were used to long walks. The English, men and women, boys and girls, walk a great deal. They think nothing of taking a walk of ten or twelve miles. The American women, or boys and girls, would be astonished to have any one propose to them to take a morning's walk a dozen miles long, I think.

When we had found a cool, shady spot, we all sat

down and rested ourselves, while we talked cheerfully and told stories. The rabbits were very thick in the fields around us, and we could see them from where we sat. It was against the law to kill any of them during that month, and it can never be done without first purchasing a license from the government.

After we were rested, we got up and walked still farther on into the Forest, till we came to an old building, called "Queen Elizabeth's Lodge." A great many years ago, Elizabeth, a celebrated queen of England, used to come a-hunting in this forest; and the old building was a lodge or dwelling for some of her hunters. There is a great room up-stairs, and the stairs are very wide and not steep; and old men tell a story of how the queen rode her horse up the stairs into the dining-room one day. We went all over the old building; and then one of our party sat down under an old oak-tree not far away, and made a painting of it. I keep it now in my portfolio to remember that day by.

About two o'clock we found a green bank, under a shady tree, and sat down to our pic-nic dinner. You would like to have been there. Every thing tasted delicious, we were so hungry; and there we stayed for a couple of hours, until we were quite refreshed. During the afternoon, we wandered into all manner of pleasant nooks and corners. Charlton and Meggy were on the hunt for bird's nests, and found several. But do not think they robbed them: indeed, they never would do so cruel a thing. But they did like to find the nests, and have a peep at the young birds and pretty little eggs. We could tell when they had found one, though they were out of sight among the shrubbery; for they were at

such times in high glee, and laughed and talked at a great rate.

There were also wild flowers to gather, and the children plucked lots of them, to carry back home at night. It was capital fun, too, to see how near you could get to a wild rabbit, and then shout, and see him gallop off in such a homely manner to his hole. The day passed away very swiftly, so happy were we all. I, for one, was sorry when it was time to turn our steps homeward.

Towards night the sky became clouded; and, when we started for home, it looked like rain, and perhaps a thunder-shower. We had a long walk before us, and did not enjoy it quite so keenly as when coming to the Forest. Besides, we were now through our holiday of pleasure, and felt rather sad. Part of the way coming back, it actually rained; but we kept our spirits up as well as we could; and at last, just as night was closing in, after the street-lamps were lit, we arrived at the home of the Howits. Then it seemed nice to rest our tired limbs on the easy sofa, and sit down by the cheerful table down to a choice supper, or dinner, as they call it in England.

The next day, when once more I sat writing at my desk in the dusty city, when a few withered flowers were all that was left of our beautiful excursion, I felt great joy in merely thinking of it. And I never shall forget that beautiful day, nor those who went with me to Epping Forest, though thousands of miles of salt water intervene between me and them. — *Selected.*

GRAVES are but the prints of the footsteps of the angel of eternal life. — *Selected.*

HOW BOYS CAN BE OF USE.

"MOTHER!" said Harry Cary, who was lying on the rug before the fire at twilight, while Mrs. Cary sat on the sofa, resting herself, "father said this morning that there was some use for every thing, — I don't exactly see what use I'm of," — rolling over as he spoke, till he reached his mother.

"No particular use at present," said Mrs. Cary, giving him a slight tap with her foot, "though I don't know that I should wish to spare you, — but it's your recess-time now, — I hope you will be good for something by and by."

"Then father was mistaken, for little boys ain't of any use," replied Harry, doubling himself up on the floor, as if he were very contented with his present position.

"That depends a good deal on the kind of little boy," was Mrs. Cary's answer, in a tone which occasioned Harry to lift his head to see whether his mother was laughing at him or not; but the fire-light played on her face so as to leave him still uncertain, and Mrs. Cary went on to say: "I *have* known very useful little boys, and I rather think what your father said is true, so far as this, — that anybody can be useful that chooses."

"Well, if I were to choose, what could I do?"

"I can't precisely tell you now; but, in the course of any day, there are times enough when you might be useful if you really wanted to be."

"There's father!" and, as the sound of wheels was heard outside the house, Harry rushed out, to be ready to drive the horse to the stable. When he came back,

his father and mother were busy talking together; and, it was not until just before he went to bed that the talk with his mother was resumed, and then Master Harry concluded that if his mother would tell him the next day when he could be of use, he would try *for that day*; and went to sleep with undefined visions of cleaning shoes and building fires floating in his mind.

The next morning, as Mr. Cary was looking over some papers before breakfast, he took out a letter, saying: "Here is a letter for old Mrs. Jenkis which I brought out yesterday. Harry, make haste with your breakfast, and run round with it before school."

"Why can't John take it, sir?"

"Because I have given John work to do that will take his time all the morning, and I don't want the old lady to wait for her letter."

"Number one!" said Mrs. Cary.

"Oh! I didn't mean such sort of things," said Harry; "and I hate to go to Mrs. Jenkis's; she always kisses me, and wants to know how all the other little dears are, — and her room smells so!" The sentence was finished with a half-ashamed look at his mother, who made no reply; and Harry eat his breakfast in silence. The letter lay by the side of his father's plate; and, when Harry had done eating, he took it and walked off, with an expression of some doubt in his face as to the agreeableness of being useful.

One o'clock came, and with it came Harry, rosy and fresh after his long walk from school. He found his mother standing at the bookcase, with gloves on, and a duster in her hand, and a row of books lying on the carpet.

"Can't I help you, mother?"

"Why, it isn't very pleasant work, dear; but, if you like to, I should be glad of your help."

Harry seldom murmured at any thing he could do with his mother, and worked very steadily for some time; lifting the books from the shelves to the floor, and restoring them in the same order to his mother, to be put up again, after they were dusted.

"Haven't we 'most done?" said he at last.

"I want to finish this bookcase before dinner," said his mother; "but you needn't work any longer if you're tired."

"I'm not exactly tired," said Harry, stretching; "but it's *tiresome*," he continued, much pleased with his own wit.

"If that's all; I think this is number two," said his mother smiling.

"Well, but isn't any thing useful except what I don't want to do?" said Harry, going on with his job.

"Oh yes! but, to be really useful, a person must generally work after their first fancy for it has passed off. You have been helping me about as much to please yourself as for any other reason: now, if you keep on steadily to the end, you will do it for the sake of use. You remember your favorite John Gilpin's address to his horse:

'Twas for *your pleasure* you came here;
You shall go back for *mine*.'

I should say, —

'Twas for *your pleasure* you began;
You shall keep on for *use*.'

"Hurra! you're making poetry!" cried Harry, much exhilarated at detecting his mother's literary powers.

"No: Mr. Cowper made the poetry: I only make a parody." And so with talk as to what *was* poetry (a question which has puzzled wiser heads than Harry's), and an occasional hint from his mother to be quick, Harry worked away stoutly till dinner-time, when the bookcase was declared to be in order, and Harry was sent to wash his hands and be ready for dinner.

The rest of Harry's experience for the day will perhaps be told some other time. * * *

A STRANGE TASTE.

A boy, under twelve years of age, said to me the other day, "Next year I mean to have a strawberry-bed of my own; for mother says I may." "What will you do with it?" I asked; "for your parents will supply you with all the strawberries you need; will they not?" "Oh, yes!" said he; "but I want the strawberries to sell. I want some money." "Do you want money?" I said. "Yes," he said; "I do very much. I wish I could have a hundred dollars." "Could you, at your age, make a wise use of such a large sum of money?" I asked. "I think I could," was the reply. "But would you not lay it out in such a way as to be sorry for it afterward?" "No, sir; I think not. I would buy but one thing with it." "And what would that one thing be?" "I would buy a skeleton."

Now this boy was, at the time, as sincere as any other boy ever was, and really felt grieved that he could not have a human skeleton; and I have heard him talk about it in the same way at other times. How long he will retain his taste for the study of anatomy, I cannot tell; but I hope as long as he lives. — *Selected.*

BIBLE LESSONS.

No. 1. — THE OBEDIENCE OF JESUS.

WE propose this year, children, to talk with you about some of the most remarkable traits in the character of our blessed Saviour, and to speak of some particular one each month. We will begin with the childhood of Jesus, and see if there is any distinguishing feature in that period of his life.

The New Testament gives one incident of him; at that time, which you all have read. It tells that, when Jesus went up to the feast with his parents, they could not find him when they set out on their return; and, after much search, he was at last discovered sitting in the temple at Jerusalem among the learned men. When, however, he found that his parents had been anxious on his account, he immediately returned with them, and, says St. Luke, “he was subject unto his parents.”

His obedience, then, is the remarkable thing of his childhood, and that in which all children can imitate him. Even at that early age, as he sat among the wisest men of his nation, he was able to ask and answer questions that astonished them, and his wisdom must have been far greater than that of his parents. But, notwithstanding this, he knew that it was his duty to obey them, and did it without a question. Would he have been as well fitted for his great ministry, if he had disregarded the wishes of his father and mother, and remained in the temple? No; for every act and exercise of virtue only strengthened him for the work he had to perform. He was “subject” to his parents, and in that submission he

showed his heavenly, beautiful spirit. By acts of self-sacrifice like this, by remaining in his humble lot till he was thirty years old, he was enabled to go forth, and preach the gospel in strength and power. Who can tell, who can even imagine, his many beautiful acts during those years when he dwelt with his parents? Who can say how much the daily performance of duty strengthened that pure spirit, till it was ready to endure bodily suffering and death at the command of the Father?

Nothing in Jesus' life should be unheeded, and from this passage we may draw a wise and holy lesson. Children very often think they know better than their friends what is for their best good; they are self-willed, and disposed to have their own way, instead of submitting; but remember that our blessed Saviour, with all his infinite wisdom, obeyed his parents. Think what an influence this one act of submission might have had on his whole after-life, and remember that every act of obedience, however trifling, strengthens you in goodness; and that every self-willed deed makes the next act of duty more difficult. Keep this always in your mind: think of it when you wake, and remember that he is our great example.

Little children who endeavor
Like the blessed One to be,
As you strive, remember ever
How obedient was he.

If like Jesus, pure and holy,
You your parents' will obey,
You will grow more meek and lowly,
And more like him, day by day.

ED.

A LETTER FROM AUNT LIZZIE.

Sept. 14, 1851.

DEAR CHILDREN,—Are you thinking of me this bright sabbath-day, as I am of you? I have been to church all day; and now that I am in my own quiet chamber here, I think I cannot do better than talk awhile with my darlings. Oh, if they were only here! — Florence on her ottoman by my side, Belle in my lap, and Franky in his usual position on the carpet. Well, I can imagine you here, and talk with you just the same. You never were here, Frank! Florence has been; and she will remember the pine-grove a little way beyond the brook. Your cousin Edward has made a pretty arbor there, by clearing away the under-brush, and placing seats under the trees. Would you like to go there? Ah, master Frank! you cannot leap this brook; it is too wide; you must walk peaceably across the foot-bridge, like other people. Now come through the gate; run along up the slope, little Belle, to that cluster of trees standing apart from the rest. Here is the place; is it not pleasant? I often come here to read or converse with a friend, it is so quiet and lovely.

I have been reading to-day about the Good Shepherd; of his walks in that far land of Palestine, in pleasant Galilee and Judea; how he sent his disciples forth to do good, as they had seen him do good; and how tenderly, even to the last, he regarded children, saying to Peter, as his last charge, “Feed my lambs.” Now some dark-blue eyes are lighting up with interest and pleasure; Florence would like to go forth, like the disciples of old,

carrying blessings with her. And Frank, who cares much for exciting stories, — stories which tell of great power, — remembers the storm on the lake, hushed into silence by a word, and half wishes for such command over the elements. Little Belle, what is she thinking? I cannot guess; but it must be something pleasant, for she looks very happy.

Well, Aunt Lizzie has a word to say to you: she wishes to tell you how you, every one of you, may be like the disciples, missionaries, messengers of good to all around you. In the first place, be sure to *do right yourselves*; for this will have a great effect upon others. I once heard a little girl giving some very good advice to a younger brother; and he answered, "But you don't do so yourself, Mary, and I shall not." He was wrong to say so; we ought to be willing to do right, whoever tells us how. It does not make truth untrue, that a wicked person speaks it; and we may gain many a good lesson from every one. But it is no less certain, that people are not so much inclined to listen when the speaker says one thing and does another; and therefore, if we wish to *do good*, it is very important that we should *be good*. If Florence shows a gentle, obedient spirit in her daily conduct, Belle will be much more likely to comply when her sister advises or requests her to do any thing; if Frank is himself studious and polite, his words will have more influence on his rude or idle schoolmates. Do not say you are too young to influence others: that is not true. Belle has influence, though she is but five years old; and she has power too. If she happens to come to the breakfast-table with a cross face, how it spoils the pleasure of the whole family! and dear little Eddy, when

he sees her pouting lips, begins to pout too, supposing that is the way. Ah! Belle laughs at the picture; but I have seen such things, Belle dear; and you must not do any thing you would not like to see Eddy do. Florence and Frank are older, and their influence is greater; so, if you cared nothing for your own goodness and happiness, you should be careful to do right, for the sake of others. You, and all children, are lambs of the Good Shepherd's flock; do not stray into forbidden paths yourselves, and do not, above all things, lead any other astray. When I was in the city, some weeks since, I chanced to be walking behind two little girls who were earnestly talking; and one said, "No, I will not do it. Florence Elliot said she would not, and I'll not do any thing that Florence thinks wrong." It made me very happy to find that my dear little niece used her influence for good; but think how sadly I should have felt, if the child had said, "I don't care if it is wrong; Florence does so, and I will." And Frank, no doubt, has done good or harm in this same manner. If you are tempted to do wrong in any way, remember that some person, beside yourself, will either be blessed or injured by your decision: if you yield, you give that person the authority of your example; if you resist, you give him more power to resist when he is tempted. If trials and disappointments come, bear them as you would think others ought to bear them; and then others, seeing your love and patience and submission, will be more able to bear their own sorrows well. This is one way of being a missionary.

Now for another. Take every opportunity of doing kind actions and speaking kind words to others; of being forbearing, forgiving, and peaceable. If any one is in dis-

tress, pity and relieve him, if possible: if a companion happens to speak unkindly, answer him pleasantly; if he injures you, be kind to him; let nothing tempt you to return evil for evil, but conquer evil in others by the good spirit in yourself. Satan cannot cast out Satan, you know; a cross answer never yet turned away anger, and an unkind action never made a friend; and scolding at people does not induce them to do right, willingly. And remember, when your companions are doing wrong themselves, or enticing you to do wrong, you need not be angry or violent in resisting the evil; but let your replies be kind as well as firm, and then they will see that your dislike is not to them, but to the wrong they do, and your intention to abide firmly by what you know to be your duty. Will you remember this, my darlings? And then you will be true missionaries, bearing about with you the very spirit of Christ Jesus, and blessing those around you, even as he did. Florence will try; I see it in her earnest eyes; and you, Frank? Yes, you will be a hero for truth's sake, and not give way one step to the armies of temptation that attack you. And little Belle will do her part, by being a loving, obedient child, and setting a good example to that precious little brother Eddy.

And now, we must leave this pleasant arbor, and go home; for it will be tea-time, and it is not right to keep others waiting. Always be punctual; that is an important virtue to be acquired. I can write no more, for I have something else to do after tea. Your aunt Margaret has an evening Sunday-school of the poor children near, who cannot go to church on account of the distance; and she wishes me to assist her. And then — but there goes

the bell ; coming, Edward, in one minute. Good-bye, Florence, Frank, and Annabel ; and give a kiss to little Eddy.

FROM AUNT LIZZIE.

SINGULAR PROCEEDINGS OF THE SAND WASP.

IN all my observations of the habits of living things, I have never seen any thing more curious than the doings of one species of these ammophilæ, — lovers of sand. I have watched them day after day, and hour after hour, in my garden, and also on the sandy banks on the wastes about Esher, in Surrey, and always with unabated wonder. They are about an inch long, with orange-colored bodies, and black heads and wings. They are slender and most active. You see them on the warm borders of your garden, or on warm, dry banks, in summer, when the sun shines hotly. They are incessantly and most actively hunting about. They are in pursuit of a particular gray spider with a large abdomen. For these they pursue their chase with a fiery quickness and avidity. The spiders are on the watch to seize flies ; but here we have the tables turned, and these are flies on the watch to discover and kill the spiders. These singular insects seem all velocity and fire. They come flying at a most rapid rate, light down on the dry soil, and commence an active search. The spiders lie under the leaves of plants, and in little dens under the dry little clods. Into all these places the sand-wasp pops his head. He bustles

along here and there, flirting his wings, and his whole body all life and fire. And now he moves off to a distance, hunts about there, then back to his first place, beats the old ground carefully over, as a pointer beats a field. He searches carefully round every little knob of earth, and pops his head into every crevice. Ever and anon, he crouches close among the little clods as a tiger would crouch for his prey. He seems to be listening, or smelling down into the earth, as if to discover his prey by every sense which he possesses. He goes round every stalk, and descends into every hollow about them. When he finds the spider, he despatches him in a moment, and, seizing him by the centre of his chest, commences dragging him off backward.

He conveys his prey to a place of safety. Frequently he carries it up some inches into a plant, and lodges it among the green leaves. Seeing him do this, I poked his spider down with a stick after he had left it; but he speedily returned, and, finding it fallen down, he immediately carried it up again to the same place.

Having thus secured his spider, he selects a particular spot of earth, the most sunny and warm, and begins to dig a pit. He works with all his might, digging up the earth with his formidable mandibles, and throwing it out with his feet, as a dog throws out the earth when scratching after a rabbit. Every few seconds he ascends, tail first, out of his hole, clears away the earth about its mouth with his legs, and spreads it to a distance on the surface. When he has dug the hole, perhaps two inches deep, he comes forth eagerly, goes off for his spider, drags it down from its lodgment, and brings it to the mouth of his hole. He now lets himself down the hole, tail first, and then,

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putting forth his head, takes the spider, and turns it into the most suitable position for dragging it in.

It must be observed that this hole is made carefully of only about the width of his body, and therefore the spider cannot be got into it except lengthwise, and then by stout pulling. Well, he turns it lengthwise, and, seizing it, commences dragging it in. At first, you would imagine this impossible; but the sand-wasp is strong, and the body of the spider is pliable. You soon see it disappear. Down into the cylindrical hole it goes, and anon you perceive the sand-wasp pushing up its black head beside it; and, having made his way out, he again sets to work, and pushes the spider with all his force to the bottom of the den.

And what is all this for? Is the spider laid up in his larder for himself? No; it is food for his children. It is their birthplace, and their supply of provision while in the larva state.

We have been all along calling this creature *he*, for it has a most masculine look; but it is in reality a *she*; it is the female sand-wasp, and all this preparation is for the purpose of laying her eggs. For this she has sought and killed the spider, and buried it here. She has done it all wittingly. She has chosen one particular spider, and that only; for that is the one peculiarly adapted to nourish her young.

So here it is safely stored away in her den; and she now descends, tail first, and, piercing the pulpy abdomen of the spider, she deposits her egg or eggs. That being done, she carefully begins filling in the hole with earth. She rakes it up with her legs and mandibles, and fills in the hole; every now and then turning round, and going

backward into the hole to stamp down the earth with her feet, and to ram it down with her body as a rammer. When the hole is filled, it is curious to observe with what care she levels the surface, and removes the surrounding lumps of earth, laying some first over the tomb of the spider, and others about, so as to make that place look as much as possible like the surface all round. And before she has done with it, — and she works often for ten minutes at this levelling and disguising before she is perfectly satisfied, — she makes the place so exactly like all the rest of the surface, that it will require good eyes and close observation to recognize it.

She has now done her part, and Nature must do the rest. She has deposited her eggs in the body of the spider, and laid that body in the earth in the most sunny spot she can find. She has laid it so near the surface that the sun will act on it powerfully, yet deep enough to conceal it from view. She has, with great art and anxiety, destroyed all traces of the hole; and the effect will soon commence. The heat of the sun will hatch the egg. The larva, or young grub of the sand-wasp, will become alive, and begin to feed on the pulpy body of the spider in which it is enveloped. This food will suffice it till it is ready to emerge to daylight, and pass through the different stages of its existence. Like the ostrich, the sand-wasp thus leaves her egg in the sand till the sun hatches it, and having once buried it, most probably, never knows herself where it is deposited. It is left to Nature and Providence. — *Selected.*

HYMN OF THE NEW YEAR.

An angel from the Father's land,
 To earth I gladly come,
 And bring the little children's band
 Good gifts from heaven, their home.

For each a book, with pages white,
 And free from stain within ;
 And nightly on its leaves I'll write,
 "A day of love," or "sin."

If, with a conscience pure and light,
 The evening prayer is said,
 My record shall be glad and bright,
 Beside the downy bed ;

Or if, with tears, the sinning one
 Has pardon asked of Heaven,
 I'll write the word, when day is done,
 The one blest word, "Forgiven."

But if no tears have washed away
 The stain of wrong and ill,
 The leaf will tell, at evening gray,
 "The child is wicked still."

Then, little children, strive and pray,
 That, when my course is run,
 The pages I may seal, and say,
 "Ye happy ones, well done!"

ANNIE GRAY'S JOURNAL.—No. 12.

TUESDAY afternoon, July 18. — We were talking Sunday evening about conscience; and Stella said that one of the little boys in her class in the morning told her, that he never had a conscience in his life, and he was glad of it, he thought it was "*a real plague.*" Marian looked rather sorrowful, and spoke very softly,—

"Estelle, sometimes I think just so."

Estelle asked her when she felt so.

"When I have done wrong things,—things which I tried very hard not to do, and then did them,—I get so cross and out of patience; then I speak so fretfully to you, and to Amy, and to every one; and then I know that I ought to ask forgiveness, and I don't want to; I think to myself, '*I can't.*' But my conscience will not let me be happy until I do."

"But you need not *always* ask forgiveness in words." Stella said, "If you do a kind thing, or speak a gentle word, or even smile a pleasant smile, we all know what it means. With you, darling, it often means a great deal more than '*Please to forgive me,*' which you think is so hard to say. But don't be discouraged, sister; one of these days your conscience will become the brightest and sweetest little friend you have."

Marian looked up very smilingly, and then she asked Grace if her conscience wasn't sometimes a trouble to her.

Grace said, "Yes, sometimes. Once it was a dreadful trouble to me. Don't you remember, cousin Stella, that day Walter and I were so late at school,—last

summer, when we were with you at Staten Island, and you used to hear our lessons every morning? Don't you remember?"

"I remember how much we enjoyed all those pleasant weeks at uncle Arthur's; — but what about that particular morning, Zelle?"

"Why, uncle took us all down to the beach to see the Ocean Steamer come in. We wanted to run farther off, up the hill; and you told us to be sure and go back to the house when you did. Walter was full of fun; and we were having such a good time, that we didn't go in when you did, not for a long while; and then, just as we were going up to your room, cousin Lizzie called us to go and look out of her window, for there we could see the ship, stopping at quarantine, and all the passengers on deck. Pretty soon, we heard some one calling for us; and then Walter said, 'Hide,' and we all three crept under the bed. I don't know how late we were when we did go to you; but Walter said, 'I didn't know it was so long after school-time.' I knew it though; but, when we told you we were sorry, *very sorry* (for we really were), you said no more about it. But I thought of it all day, and at night, and the next day all the time. I thought you would tell mamma, when we got home; and I knew I ought to tell you all about it, just how it was; but I only kept saying to myself, 'After dinner I will,' and then, 'Well, to-night, when I go to bed, I will,' and then I didn't, — and then, 'To-morrow morning I certainly will;' but I never did till now. Now I have told you, dear Stella, haven't I? I am so glad I have told you at last."

Grace put her arms around Estelle's neck. Stella

asked her if she ever told her mother, and Grace said, "Walter did; but I don't believe mamma knew how naughty we really were."

Just then, Amy came running from the garden. She pulled both Marian's hands, and kept saying, —

"Come, Dull Spirits, don't stay here *so sober*. Arnold is down in the summer-house telling me stories, *made-up* stories, and he wants you too. Come, come, sober child!"

But Marian sat still, and only said, —

"We are telling stories, too."

Stella told Amy that she ought to be called Merry Spirits.

"But I like uncle Earniste's name best," Amy said. "He is going to call me, Ha-ha-mi-ni. It is an Indian name; it means, Laughing Waters."

Estelle said she wished we could all deserve so musical a name, and then she asked Amy to sit down and tell us what made her so merry.

Amy didn't sit down. She stood there, looking very smiling, and played with Grace's curls.

Grace told her that we were telling stories about sorrowful consciences, and asked her if hers was ever sorrowful.

Amy looked down and said, —

"Yesterday it was."

When Estelle asked her what was the matter yesterday, she didn't answer for a minute; then she said, —

"Well, I will tell you. You see the girls wanted to have some fun in recess-time, it is always so dull; and so we asked Miss Taylor to let us take walks; and, when we walked by old Mrs. Highman's house, we

thought we would go and rap with her great brass knocker, and then scamper. They wanted me to knock first; so I did; they were all hiding, and laughing to see that old woman who lives there come to the door, and look up and down the street. We did it for two or three days, till at last Mr. John Highman came to the door, and caught one of the girls, and scolded dreadfully. After school he went and told the teacher, and we have not had the least bit of a recess since."

"But why did you select that poor old lady for your sport, sister?" said Estelle.

"Poor! she isn't poor, she is very rich and stiff and proud. She might have looked out of the window, and laughed to see us run. Stella, I wouldn't have done so to a *poor* old lady's house for the whole world!"

"But why to hers, Amy? She is old and feeble and nervous. She likes quiet, likes to think that people respect her. She cannot imagine what sport you could find in making unnecessary noise and trouble at her door."

"Do you think it was so very wrong?" Amy asked.

"*Very wrong*, darling, more so than you dreamed. You and I will go to Mrs. Highman to-morrow, and see what she says. Perhaps we can find some kind thing to do for her, which will show that you are not, at least do not intend to be, a *mischievous* merry spirit. But I ought to tell *my* conscience-story now."

Amy said, "Oh! let me go, and find Arnold first."

But, just at that moment, out came uncle Frank from the parlor, to call us all in.

"Come, Estelle," he said, "come, children, all of you. Uncle Earniste wants some music, and all together we will have a fine concert."

Stella whispered Grace that she would write the story for her, and then she went in to play upon the organ. Mr. Earniste, and uncle Frank, and Arnold, all of them sang; and long after Grace and I were in bed, till we fell asleep, we heard them singing; I believe I heard them in my dreams.

It is Wednesday to-day. I have written the two last pages since breakfast this forenoon. Mrs. Earniste says I had better not write much more for two or three days. She wants us both to play a great deal, now while I am here. She thinks play will make us both more rosy and strong; and she is afraid that mother will think I have not improved much, but I think I have. Oh! how good I mean to be when I get home!

F. E. H.

SNOW EYES. — Ellis, in speaking of the Esquimaux, says: "Their snow-eyes, as they very properly call them, are a proof of their sagacity. These are little pieces of wood, bone, or ivory, formed to cover the eyes, and tied on behind the head. They have two slits of the exact length of the eyes, but very narrow. This invention preserves the eyes from snow-blindness, a very dangerous and powerful malady, caused by the action of the light reflected from the snow. The use of these eyes considerably strengthens the sight; and the Esquimaux are so accustomed to them, that, when they have a mind to view distant objects, they commonly use them instead of spy-glasses." — *Selected.*

LAURA AND ESSIE.

"LAURA! you know that will be *doing* a lie! and mother says, that, if any thing *can* be worse than speaking a lie, it is acting one."

"I shall do it, Miss Essie, in spite of all your preaching. *Doing* a lie! that is a regular old-fashioned notion; and you live in this out-of-the-way place, so that you can get no ideas like other people."

"If other people think such things are right, I am glad my ideas are *not* like theirs."

"I shall not be found out unless you tell of it, Essie; and, if you do, see if I won't find some way to pay you!"

Laura ran off, leaving Essie in no very agreeable state of mind, and sorely perplexed in regard to her duty. Essie lived in a small, remote village of New England. Her father had been the beloved pastor of its little parish; and Essie could just remember how very thin and pale he was when he kissed her for the last time, and said, "Be a good child, and *always speak and act the truth.*" Her mother inherited enough money from her father to enable her to live with strict economy in the village where her husband had labored and died. Essie was an only child, and had been educated by her mother in the most careful and judicious way. Especially was she trained in accordance with her father's last charge, and taught to abhor every kind of deceit.

Laura was the child of her mother's sister, who had married a rich merchant of Baltimore. Mrs. Calvert had died two years before, and Laura had been sent by

her father to a fashionable boarding-school; from which, with abundance of sympathy on the part of her schoolmates, she had been transferred at his death to the quiet town before-mentioned. Laura was a very artful child; and, though she was able to appear truthful and amiable and generous in her aunt's presence, she could not conceal her tricks from Essie's straight-forward simplicity; and yet, so strong is the power of goodness, she trusted implicitly to Essie to conceal her errors from her aunt.

When Laura first came to them, Essie had pitied her extremely, and overlooked what struck her as being wrong; but, now that Laura was at home with them, Essie questioned whether it was right for her to shield her cousin from reproof. She felt how very wrong her cousin's ideas of life were, young as she was; and, "If," she asked herself, "my mother checks Laura for her love of display, what would she say to her deceit?"

Repeated instances of this had almost determined Essie to tell her mother; and the last act she proposed quite decided her, except for the seeming unkindness to Laura. "It will be for her real good," said she, on one hand; and then on the other came, "She has no friends but ourselves, and can I bear to make her think we do not love her?" and then Essie kneeled down, as she was accustomed to do when in doubt, and asked her heavenly Father to direct her, and rose from her knees resolved to tell her mother that very night.

To many of our readers, we may seem to be describing such a conflict in a child's heart as never occurred; but we love to believe that there are many and many children, who strive as earnestly to do their duty, and who know

as well when to seek for aid to perform it, as did Essie Read.

That night, when Mrs. Read was with Essie in her chamber, the child made a great effort, and said, "Mother, I have something to tell you. I could not make up my mind for a long time, whether it was right to tell you or not; but now I think it is."

Her mother heard her to the end, and then said, "I think it was right for you to tell me, Essie; it will put me on my guard as concerns Laura; but I should have known, if you had not decided to tell me, as I overheard what you said to Laura to-day about acting a lie, and intended to ask you *to-night the meaning of your words.*"

As Mrs. Read said nothing about the deception which had prompted Essie to tell her mother of Laura's repeated offences, the latter naturally considered Essie afraid to tell of her misdemeanors, and gradually grew less guarded in concealing them.

Not more than a week after, Mrs. Read heard a violent scolding in the kitchen, and found Hannah beating the poor cat, whom she accused, and not without a show of reason, of stealing the cream, which had been set aside to send to a poor sick person in the neighborhood,—not without reason, we say, for the cat was found shut up in the kitchen. Mrs. Read said she was very sorry for the loss of the cream; but it was not right to punish the cat for obeying her instincts, and drinking cream when she was thirsty. While they were speaking, Laura came into the room; and Mrs. Read noticed that the corners of her mouth were white, as if she had been drinking milk.

"Where did you get the milk you have had, Laura?" asked her aunt. Laura turned very red, and muttered something about the store-closet. Her aunt looked her steadily in the face; and Laura's eyes fell beneath the clear, earnest gaze.

"I don't understand this," said Mrs. Read. "Laura, you may come with me." Laura followed her aunt in silence to her own room; and there, after much cross-questioning on her aunt's part, and many tears on Laura's, she confessed that she had taken the cream, and shut the cat up in the kitchen afterwards. Long and serious was the conversation Mrs. Read held with the child, whom she left angry and ashamed, but not repentant.

When her aunt had left her, she threw herself on the bed, and sobbed herself to sleep. Essie came at seven to call her to tea, and found her still asleep. Laura started up pleasantly at first; but, when she remembered the events of the afternoon, she threw herself down again, sobbing, "I wish I was back at school, for the girls all liked me there; but here I am scolded for just a little thing."

"We love you here, Laura; and it is because mother loves you that she corrects you when you have done wrong."

"I don't see why she should be so partial to you. She never blames you; and I should think she would be kind to me, because I have no father and mother."

Essie's heart was always touched by this appeal; and she bent down, and kissed her cousin. "I wish I could make you feel right, dear cousin," she said. "But you are wrong in thinking mother never blames me. She would not reprove you in my presence, and she would

not reprove me in yours ; but it was only last night that I did something so wrong, that mother was obliged to talk to me for a long time ; ” and Essie’s eyes filled with tears at the recollection. “ But now come down to tea,” she added. “ If mother corrects us, she is always ready to forgive us, when she sees we are sorry.”

“ But *do* you think it was so *very* wrong, Essie ? ”

“ I do not know what it was, Laura, and I do not wish to know. Every one who does wrong is unhappy, and I am sorry for you because you are unhappy. But, if you really determine to do right another time, you will be happy again.”

Laura wondered, but said nothing ; and, bathing her eyes in cold water, she followed her cousin down stairs. Mrs. Read looked up as she entered, and smiled. Hers was a smile almost impossible to resist, and yet it woke no answering one in Laura, who seemed determined to think herself unjustly treated. Her aunt took no farther notice of her ; and Laura went to her own room again, when the meal was over. She then flung herself into a chair by the window, and cried more bitterly than she had yet done. After her burst of tears was over, she raised her head from the window-sill, and the quiet beauty of every thing without seemed to bring better and calmer feelings.

“ I suppose it was wrong,” thought she to herself, “ to let the cat be blamed for what I did ; and yet I am sure, that, till I knew Essie, no one ever told me such things were wrong. To be sure, Madam Varier used to give us long lectures about truth ; but she never spoke about any thing but direct falsehoods. Oh, dear ! I wish it was as easy for me to be good as it is for Essie.”

Essie could not rest long quiet, while her cousin was unhappy, and she stole in softly, and sat down by her.

"I have just been wishing," said Laura, "that it was as easy for me to be good as it is for you."

"I do not think it is easy," replied her cousin; "but then that only makes me want to try the harder."

"What a strange child you are, Essie! and where did you get all your ideas of right and wrong?"

"Mother says she learned hers from dear father," and Essie looked towards the quiet churchyard, where the white stones gleamed in the moonlight; "and she has taught me all I know."

"Dear mamma," sighed Laura, "she was very ill for two years before she died, and she could only speak a few words at a time; and I had no one to take care of me, and tell me what was right, but servants; for papa was almost always at his business; and, when he was at home, he was in mamma's room, where they seldom let me go because the noise disturbed her. So it is no wonder I do not do right; and at Madam Varier's we used to think it was good fun to cheat the teachers."

"O Laura!"

"It is true. But I wonder whether your mother would think I was so much to blame for being naughty, if she knew how little I had been taught to be good."

"Oh, no indeed!" returned Essie; "but mother says the Bible teaches us."

"It may teach you entirely, Essie; but it does not teach me. I have read it every night since aunt told me I ought, and I cannot understand it."

"Mother will explain it to you."

"But, Essie, if *you* only would. I think I under-

stand what you say better than what aunt Read says. Will you?"

"If mother is willing. Only I know so little about it myself."

Mrs. Read was entirely willing, and Essie began her explanations that very night. "I pity Laura," she said to her mother, when she went from Laura's room to her, to get her good-night kiss. "She says she has had no one to tell her what was right; and I am sure I cannot wonder that she does not know how, when I, who have had you all my life to teach me, do so many wicked things."

As Mrs. Read came from Essie's chamber, she heard Laura's voice, and went to her. "Auntie," said the child, "I know I did wrong this afternoon, and I want you to forgive me. Essie said you were not the only one of whom I must ask forgiveness; and I *have* asked God to forgive me, and now I want your pardon."

This, with a warm kiss, was earnestly given; and Mrs. Read left Laura full of good resolutions. We will see at another time how these were fulfilled. ED.

(To be continued.)

THE turnip in Russia is eaten as fruit by all classes. In the houses of the nobles, sliced turnip, with brandy, is offered to the guests.

"He that blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to do with, has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his face."

THE SPARROW.

IT was in the depth of winter, at the time when want and distress among the poor were very great in all parts of the country. Near a certain forest there stood a little cottage, where Joseph and Anna and their eight children lived; and love and industry, and gentle, pious minds, were to be found there also. The children, however, did not look merry and happy as formerly, but sorrowful and pale. Their parents had been many days without work or wages, and all their industry could not procure food for their children.

On Sunday morning, Anna called her little ones together, and said, "Come and divide the last morsel of bread we have left. I know not where we shall find any more, or how we can obtain any help."

The children eagerly took the bread and divided it, but begged that their father and mother would each take a share. "We shall feel less hungry," they said, "if you will eat some too."

Many tears were shed while the last morsels of bread were eaten; only one little boy still smiled, and was too young to know any thing of their distress, or to fear for the future. But should we not all strive to trust the future, like little children, to our Father's care?

The morning was bright and clear; and little Elizabeth, as she ate her portion, opened the door, and went out. It was bitterly cold; but she thought it pleasant, as she looked at the pure blue sky, and the trees in the forest all white and glittering in their dress of snow. As she stood, she heard a faint chirping sound; and, look-

ing about, she saw a little bird upon the ground. It seemed almost dead as if with hunger, and could not move its wearied wings. It was trying in vain to free itself from the cold, deep snow.

"Poor little bird!" said the little girl, "are you cold and hungry too?" She took it up, and pressed it to her face tenderly, trying to warm it. She fed it with her last crumbs of bread, and then carefully carried it into the house. "See, mother," said she, "this poor little bird must not die of hunger and cold. I found it shivering in the snow."

Then a bright thought of hope, like a gleam of light, came into her mother's heart; and, with a glad and trusting look, she said, "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without our Father. I believe the words of our Saviour. All the hairs of our heads are numbered. Shall I be so sad and anxious, since he cares for the birds? Children, let us pray to him."

She knelt down with her children, who all repeated her words, as she prayed that their heavenly Father would give them day by day their daily bread.

Then she rose up, and said, "Let us take comfort, and wait for help. Our Father knoweth the things we need before we ask him."

She had scarcely said these words when her husband came in; and, directly following him, came a rich gentleman, who lived not far distant. He was rich in lands and possessions, and rich, too, in charity.

"God comfort you!" he said, as he came in, "the help of man is not sufficient. Why, Joseph, did not you tell me of such need as I see is among you? I am alone, and have abundance, which God has intrusted to

me. I was coming from church, and still thinking of words I had heard there, — how we ought to love and help each other; as I was passing near this cottage, I saw your little child, half-clothed and pale with hunger, — how she cared for a little bird, and gave it her last crumb of bread; and I took it as a sign to myself what I ought to do. I hastened home, and made still greater haste to return, and overtook her father at the door, and could see how heavy his heart was with care. And, now, little one, come here; come, and I will repay you for what you did for the bird." And he took from the folds of his cloak a basket filled with bread, cheese, and fruit of different kinds; and, giving it to Elizabeth, he said, "Now, divide these."

How her bright eyes sparkled with delight! How the children rejoiced, and all began to partake of the food which the little girl rejoiced in having to give!

"Ah, see!" said Anna, "how God has heard our prayers."

Tears filled the eyes of the good man. "Listen," said he to Joseph, "I will give you work from this time on my lands; and just remember, when you are in any need, I have enough for you." And then he hastened from the door, leaving behind him the sound of thanks and joyful weeping.

From that time the cottage beside the forest was never empty of food, though want still lay heavily on the country around. The gentle little Elizabeth nursed her bird till spring returned, and then set free the little messenger, which had seemed to bring them tidings that their help was at hand.

"Fly away now," said Anna, "you brought us a

happy promise, and well it was fulfilled. O my children! forget it not. Every word of our Saviour is truth indeed." — *German Book for Children.*

We hoped to have had from some of our readers an answer to the beautiful Charade in the November number; but, as we are disappointed in this, we must give the answer ourselves: — *Lighthouse.*

The following is a very easy Charade, and we expect our young friends will send us abundance of answers: —

WHEN night-winds whistle o'er the plain,
And howls the storm in many a burst,
How cheering to the way-worn swain
To seek the shelter of my *First*!

With cunning shining in his face,
From eyes so watchful, keen, and dark,
The scion of a remnant race,—
My artful *Second* you may mark.

My *Third* in bearded front arrayed,
With Autumn's golden stores is found;
Yet, torn, and bruised, and lowly laid,
Its head must rest upon the ground.

My *Whole* you always must forgive,
As you expect to be forgiven;
Nor must it in your memory live,
Though multiplied to seven times seven.

ED.

LAURA AND ESSIE.

(Concluded.)

Good resolutions are often like the "morning cloud and the early dew," so little while do they last. Especially is this the case where a child, like Laura, has been mis-taught, and all at once receives new ideas of duty. For a day or two, Laura remembered what Essie had said, and began to think it was very easy to do right. And here lay her danger. Had she thought still that it was difficult, she would have kept a more earnest watch over herself, and would have been less easily overcome.

One afternoon Laura had been walking alone; for Essie said, "she did not care to go." When she returned, Essie was lying on the sofa in the parlor, half asleep; and her aunt beckoned Laura into the entry, and told her that Essie was taken suddenly ill, and asked her to go to the doctor's, who lived a mile away, in the village, and to tell him that he need not come himself, as Essie was subject to similar attacks of sickness, but to ask for a prescription for the kind of medicine he was accustomed to give her.

Laura needed no second bidding, but was off in an instant. She was fortunate enough to find the doctor at home; and just at sunset she left his house for the apothecary's, half a mile nearer home, with the prescription in her hand. She had hardly gone three steps from the door, before she encountered one of Essie's friends. The two girls stopped, and had a long chat together, until Laura exclaimed it was getting dark; and, taking a hasty leave of her companion, she ran on to the apothecary's.

When she reached there, the recipe was not to be found. She went back a few steps, but could not find it. If she returned to the doctor's, she should be afraid to go home unprotected. What should she do? At last she made up her mind to go home, and invent some sort of excuse for not bringing the medicine. She hastened, for it was quite late. Her aunt met her at the door, and exclaimed, "I'm glad you've come; for Essie is quite sick, and I know this dose will relieve her! But you've been running, dear! You're almost in a fever; and what made you so late?"

Laura told her aunt that she had not found the doctor at home, and had in consequence waited as long as she could to see him; but, as it grew dark, she thought it best to come home, and to leave an order on the slate for him to come to Mrs. Read's, as soon after he reached home as possible.

"I am glad you did so," replied Mrs. Read; "for I think Essie is more violently attacked than usual, and I shall be glad of the doctor's advice in person."

Bitterly did her heart reproach her as her aunt said this, and still more bitterly when she went into Essie's chamber, and saw her flushed cheek, and her restless tossing from side to side.

As the evening wore away, and no doctor came, Mrs. Read began to be anxious; and, when it was nearly ten o'clock, she again despatched Laura, with the only domestic, to the doctor's, and remained alone in the house with her sick child.

This time the doctor was really out. He had gone to a house five or six miles distant to remain all night with a very sick patient. After leaving an urgent message

for him to come as early in the morning as possible, they were obliged to return home. Mrs. Read was much troubled at finding they were unsuccessful. She, however, did all in her power to relieve the child. When she declared her intention of sitting up during the night, Laura, who felt that no sacrifice would be too great to expiate her fault, though she could not bring herself to confess it, begged to be allowed to remain too. But Mrs. Read refused, and Laura went to her own chamber, to bed, but not to sleep. She could not but feel how much, through her carelessness, her cousin's suffering had been increased; and she wished a thousand times, that she had told her aunt of the loss of the recipe, and had gone immediately back with Rhoda, as she might have done; and when they would, in all probability, have found the physician before he had set out on his night's labor. Not once did her eyelids close, and never had night seemed so long. She knew that at the doctor's coming her sin would be discovered; and she dreaded, though she so much wished for, the morning. Half a dozen times she stole out of her bed, and went to see how her cousin was, till at last her aunt forbade her to come again.

Worn out by want of sleep and excitement, she fell into a half-slumber, as the gray light began to streak the eastern horizon. But what a sleep was that! Before her excited fancy rose all sorts of horrible shapes; some pointed their long fingers at her, and whispered, "You have killed her!" and then with a fiendish laugh disappeared; others chattered, and pointed her out to their companions with scorn and contempt, while a clear voice loudly rang in her ear the words of Scripture her aunt had quoted to her three days before, "Liars shall not inherit

the kingdom of God." Again came other forms, whom she was obliged to follow, and whom she did follow, in that fearful dream, till she came to the brink of a frightful cliff, which overhung a dark torrent; and, just as she heard the awful words, "This is the gulf of deceit," and was about to plunge in, her aunt's voice awoke her, and she saw the broad sunlight streaming into the room.

"Why, my child, how you have been crying! You must have had a bad dream."

"Indeed, I have had a bad dream," cried Laura, starting up; "but it is not half so bad as the truth. Oh! aunt Read, I am afraid you will never forgive me, I have been so bad. I could not sleep last night, and my wickedness would not forsake me in my dream." And Laura, with a heart full of penitence, told her aunt the whole story. Her aunt sat still a moment when Laura had finished.

"Come here, Laura," she said. "I pity you most sincerely, my dear child. I pity you because you are so easily tempted; and I pity you for all you have suffered, and for all you must suffer. Ill and in pain, as Essie is, I should prefer to exchange my place for hers, rather than yours. I forgive you all the unnecessary anxiety you have caused me. That is all I have to forgive. You have sinned against God and your own conscience, and they must pardon you before you can be happy."

Laura drew a deep sigh; and Mrs. Read, hearing the sound of the doctor's chaise, left the room. The child dressed herself hastily, and stood by the garden-gate, that she might ask the doctor herself, when he left the house, how her sick cousin was.

In answer to her trembling question, the doctor told her Essie would probably be sick two or three weeks; adding, "she would have been well in a day or two, had you carried the prescription safely, so that she might have taken what I ordered last night. But I shall not scold you for your carelessness; for your aunt says you are sufficiently punished."

The doctor drove off, leaving Laura the picture of despair. She felt that no cavern of the earth could be deep enough to hide her. Ashamed to meet her aunt or the faithful Rhoda, still more ashamed to go and see her sick cousin, she went back to her own room, and sat by the window, too miserable to look out upon the beautiful prospect, or to occupy herself with study or work.

She might have sat there an hour, for she was entirely unconscious of the lapse of time, when she heard a soft voice calling her. She rose, and went to Essie's bedside. "I wanted to see you a moment," said Essie; "but I am too tired to talk much. Why! you look sick too, Laura dear, and you look sad. What is the matter? I know you did not sleep last night; for I heard you come in here very often. But you are crying, dear. What can ail you?"

"I can't tell you now, Essie dear. It's nothing you can help. If you will only make haste and get better, I will tell you."

For nine days, Essie was very sick, as her fever ran higher and higher; and poor Laura was almost inconsolable. She had never seen any one in delirium; and, in the wild fantasies of the fever, Laura would often go to her own room, and bury her head in the pillows to shut out the distressing sounds. But even then she

heard them; for the ear of the spirit had been sharpened by remorse, and the reproaches of conscience were not to be stifled.

The good physician had become very much interested in Laura. He saw her eager desire to do every thing in her power for Essie, and he felt she was suffering terribly. "Oh! Dr. Morse," she said to him on the morning of the ninth day, "will Essie die? Oh! say she will not!"

The doctor put his hand kindly on the child's head. "Listen to me, Laura," he said. "To-day is what is called the crisis of the fever. It is impossible to tell what the result may be. I have seen persons much more ill than she is recover, and yet I dare not say with certainty that she will. Every thing is in her favor; but the event is in the hands of a wise and mighty Providence, and we know whatever he does will be right. But come with me into the village: I must send back some drops for Essie, and you can take them."

Laura was not absent long. She came back to sit by the door of the chamber, and listen to the faintest noise within.

"You'll make yourself sick, Miss Laura," said Rhoda, "and what'll Mrs. Read do then? Do run out in the garden, or go into the dining-room and eat a bit. I saved your breakfast for you." But Laura could not be persuaded to stir, except on some errand for her aunt or cousin.

When Dr. Morse came in the evening, he went into the sick-room, and in a moment returned, and, taking Laura by the hand, led her into the chamber. White as the coverlid were Essie's cheeks; but she was breathing

softly and resting quietly. Laura needed but one glance. She stole from the room, threw herself on her knees beside her own bed, and sobbed out her grateful thanks to Him who had restored her friend from the gates of death.

Dr. Morse was a worthy and pious man. As he passed Laura's room and saw how she was engaged, he drew his handkerchief more than once across his eyes; and, then turning, he kneeled by Laura's side, and his few words of prayer carried a deep peace into her heart.

Laura slept that night quietly as an infant. She knew that she had received a life-lesson, and she felt that she had repented of her sin. With a joy that only found expression in her tearful eyes, she listened to Essie's few, faint, but calm words, as she woke the next morning from that saving sleep. And, as Essie slowly recovered, her devotion knew no bounds. She scarcely allowed her aunt to supply a single wish of Essie's. Beautiful flowers she brought for her, curious books to read to her, pleasant stories of merry times at school were brought to mind, and she seemed to leave nothing undone.

They sat alone one morning, when Essie was able to sit up a few hours; and, after a pause, Essie said, "How strangely things seem to you when you have been sick! it is all like a dream. Is it a fancy of mine, or is it true, that you were crying one morning when I was first sick, and that you said you would tell me what was the matter, when I was better?"

Laura's face suddenly grew sad. "Essie, you will never love me again if I tell you; but it is right I should. If it had not been for me, you would have been spared this long sickness. I went to get the prescription Dr.

Morse always writes for you, and I lost it before I got to the apothecary's; and it was late, and I didn't like to go back; so I came home, and told a falsehood to your mother, and said the doctor was out; and then, when she sent Rhoda and me again, he had really gone to stay all night, and he told me the next morning, if you had had the medicine, you would have been well in a day."

Essie bent forward, put her arms round her cousin, and said, "Dear Laura, I thought you looked very thin and pale; and you have suffered very much, because you thought you were the cause of my sickness. Don't think so any more. God saw fit to send it upon me; if your sorrow has made you resolve not to deceive again, I shall be glad I was sick."

We hardly need to tell our readers that Laura never did deceive again; and not only was her deceit cured, but she had learned to receive the events of life as tokens from a Father's hand, and to draw from them lessons for her improvement. Dr. Morse always says he prefers Laura to Essie, and her vivacity makes her a charming companion. Her aunt says she knows no difference in the love she bears her two dear children, and all three bless the long sickness that taught Laura so severe and salutary a lesson.

ED.

My son, be this thy simple plan, —
Fear God, and love thy fellow-man ;
Forget not, in temptation's hour,
That sin lends sorrow double power.
With hand, and brow, and bosom clear,
Fear God, and know no other fear.

Selected.

DIAMOND MINES.

IT is somewhat remarkable that diamonds are found only in the torrid zone, and all mines are generally about the same distance from the equator. There are very brilliant stones in England and various other countries, but no real diamonds. The diamond mines of Golconda have been long held in the highest esteem. The principal mine is at Raolconda, five days' journey from the city of Golconda: this was discovered in the seventeenth century. The country is woody and rocky, approaching the range of hills running across the province. In the crevices of the rocks is sometimes found a sort of vein of sand, not more than one inch wide, and frequently not above half that width; so that the miners are obliged to employ hooked irons, with which they rake out the earth and sand; and it is among this loose stuff that the diamonds are found. They wash it with great care, securing all the stones it contains. When the vein ceases, they split the rock still further by fire, and thus recover the vein, or find another. These veins frequently extend a quarter of a mile.

The value and beauty of the diamond are greatest when it is so perfectly clear that the stone itself is scarcely discerned, but only the brilliant ray of light which its polished surface reflects. It is then called a diamond of the *first water*; so called from the fact that it resembles a drop of pure spring water.

The value of these gems being very great, and the secreting of them easy, the miners are obliged to work

quite naked. There are persons on the watch, also, to prevent any diamonds being concealed.

The famous diamond of the Great Mogul was found in the neighborhood of Gani or Coulour, about seven days' journey from Golconda. This mine was discovered one hundred and fifty years ago by a peasant, who was digging, and who met with a diamond of twenty-five carats' weight. That of the Great Mogul weighed, before it was cut, nearly eight hundred carats. It is not common to find them above the weight of from ten to forty. There are frequently sixty thousand persons employed at this mine. When they find a spot which appears likely to afford diamonds, they begin, in some place near at hand, to form a cistern, or pool, with clay; into this is brought the earth which the men have dug out of the appointed spot. Here, with water, they loosen the earth, and permit the lighter mud to run off. The stony substances, which remain after the earthy particles are washed away, are sifted, and then examined in a bright noon-day light, which is reflected by the diamonds, and exposes them at once. Those who are accustomed to the business can sometimes detect the diamonds by the nice feeling of their fingers.

The river Succudan, in the island of Borneo, is said to abound in diamonds; but strangers are not permitted to go thither. Now and then, however, by great cunning and caution, some very excellent stones have been obtained by the Dutch, and sold at Batavia.

Diamonds were first found in Brazil in 1728. The negroes, who were condemned to search for gold, often found, among the sand and gravel, little bright stones, which, after examination, proved to be diamonds of very

great value. The place is called Cerro-do-frio, and is north of Villa Rica. At the river Yigit-on-hou-ha, however, is the most important of the Brazilian mines. The course of the river is impeded by a bank made by the miners, with thousands of bags of sand. The pools thus formed are pumped dry; the mud of the river is washed away; and the earth, in which they expect to find diamonds, is taken out, and carried away for washing and searching. They erect a kind of shed of upright posts supporting a thatched roof to shelter the negroes while at work. Through the middle of this shed a current of water is made to flow, for washing the earth which is about to be searched. On the sides of the stream are wooden troughs, each about a yard wide; and in every trough is a negro slave with a rake prepared for the purpose. The earth is then put in, about a bushel at a time, and a small stream of water let on. It is raked over and over, until the light earth is wholly washed away, and a sort of gravel only remains. Overseers, seated in chairs with whips, are appointed to watch the process, and to see that the negroes do not conceal the diamonds. If a negro finds a diamond that weighs seventeen and a half carats, he is immediately set at liberty for life; he also receives a present of new clothes, and may work on his own account, if he pleases.

It is remarkable that diamonds are of the same substance as charcoal. To many persons it must appear incredible, that the darkest and brightest substances in nature are so nearly allied. Such, however, is the fact. The coal which is made of oak-wood, and which is so easily reduced to ashes when fire is communicated to it, is composed of almost exactly the same material as the costliest diamond. — *Selected.*

TRYING TO BE GOOD.

"I WISH I could be always good!" said little Lizzie Benson. "Always, *always* good; never, *never* naughty at all!"

"Why, Lizzie, I think you are as good as any little girl need to be already," said her playmate, Sarah Anderson. "You are never violent like your cousin Favetta, nor disobedient like Ned, nor selfish like me, nor —"

Lizzie put her hand over Sarah's mouth, for she did not like to hear about the faults of others. They grieved her almost as much as her own. She wished that Ned would not vex his mother, that Favetta would be more gentle, and that Sarah would be more affectionate and generous, — just as she wished she could herself be always good.

"I wish we were all of us always good!" said Lizzie again, sighing.

"So do I," said Sarah, "I'm sure." But she said so in a laughing way, as if she did not think it very likely the wish could be gratified.

"Then we will try, Sarah; and every night, as we come home across the fields from school, I will tell you what I have done wrong, and you can tell me if you have been good and generous, and see if we grow good. Will you, Sady, dear?"

"I don't know but I will," said Sarah, coldly.

They walked along without speaking, both thinking about it, with serious faces. Lizzie's eye was bright, but Sarah's was clouded.

"I wish something would *make* me good in spite of myself," said Sarah; "then all would be easy."

"Yes," said Lizzie. "But, Sady, we'll try."

"Try! Oh, dear! You don't know, Lizzie; you are so generous and willing, you can't tell how hard it is for me to give up to others. It costs me a great deal even to give a bite of my apple, if I love it, or a bit of my cake, when I am hungry, even to you, Lizzie."

"Oh! if you do it every day, you will not mind it so much. You will say to yourself, 'It will be all the same,' when you have done eating your cake, 'whether it was a bite larger or smaller,' and so enjoy giving some of it away."

"Oh, ho! not so easy! But, then, I can do *that*. Poh! I don't mind a bit of cake, or any thing to eat, so very much. I am too old, I hope, to be so silly about trifles."

"Ah, well! Then we'll see to-morrow at recess," said Lizzie, with a droll smile.

Sarah laughed, and inwardly resolved to carry a good supply of luncheon in her basket to school, that she might give to those who had none, and have plenty for herself too.

Again they walked along silently, hand in hand, till they came to a stile. Lizzie was just putting up her foot to get over, when Sarah pulled her back, saying, "No, I don't want to go home across to-night; I want to go round through the street. Come."

"I am tired," objected Lizzie; "and it is *so* far."

"Oh! I guess you are not very tired; you played run-across as briskly as any one else, I dare say."

"That is just what has tired me. Besides, it takes

longer to go round; and I wish to get home early to hold the baby for mother."

"Poh! There's the baby-jumper, you know. You are not wanted, *I* am certain. I guess your mother did not say any thing about it. Did she, now?"

"No; but I know she loves to have me amuse little brother. I make him as playful as a kitten, and never let him get hurt or fretted. Besides, mother has a dressmaker, and is busy."

So Lizzie climbed the stile. Sarah stood sulky, with her finger in her mouth. She had cared very little at first; but she wanted to have her own way about every thing, and always grew more earnest when opposed. She could not give up readily and pleasantly to another's wish.

"Good-bye," said Lizzie, looking over her shoulder, with a sad smile.

"Stop, Lizzie, I'll go with you," said Sarah. "There is no reason why I should not. Only I felt cross that you would not give up to me. I think still you might have gone *my* way."

Lizzie was grieved; for she did not like to be thought disobliging. Just then she let fall one of her books; and, though it fell at Sarah's feet, she only stepped back, and let Lizzie pick it up for herself; in doing which, she dropped another, and it opened as it fell,—the leaves lying in the dust of the path.

"Oh, dear! See Ned's new Colburn!" cried Lizzie. "How it is soiled!"

"What makes you lug his books home for him?" said Sarah. "*I* wouldn't, I know."

"He asked me to take them, because he was not going

straight home," said Lizzie. Sarah did not offer to take any of the books, though she saw Lizzie was tired, and found them very troublesome to hold. She would have taken one or two, had her companion asked her to relieve her. She did not even think of doing it unasked.

"Ned is gone down to the bowling alley, I imagine," said Sarah, sneeringly.

"Oh! I hope not," said Lizzie. "There are bad boys round there, and mother has forbidden his going."

"That would not hinder him, I am afraid."

"I wish father would come home from sea," said Lizzie. "Ned is a great care to poor mother."

"Boys are great plagues to everybody," said Sarah. "I am glad I have no brother. I should like a sister pretty well, such a sister as you, Lizzie. But, as an only child, I am more indulged; so I am content. I would not be Ned's sister for the world. He is always wanting you to do something for him."

"He is obliging too," said Lizzie, eagerly. "Yesterday he ran all the way home to get an umbrella for me, you know."

"And it did not rain after all, so it did no good."

"I think he is a good boy, only he feels so old; he thinks it is manly to do as he has a mind to do now and then, if he thinks mother's fears about him are foolish; so he does not mind what she says, as I wish he would."

"A pretty example he sets to you," said Sarah. "You might stay after school, and play; and, if your mother said any thing, you could cry out, 'Why, Ned does so, and you do not punish him!'"

"His being older is no excuse for me," said Lizzie;

"for I am old enough to know what is right, without copying him. Let us run; I think it must be near supper-time; these books have hindered me so much."

So they ran; Sarah getting along very much faster than her heavily laden companion. They came in sight of the house. There was a stout, tall gentleman walking to and fro in the piazza, with one child in his arms, and another on his back. Lizzie screamed with joy. It was her father, who had got home from sea in her absence, and was impatient to see her and Ned, though he would not send to the schoolroom to hasten them home. He saw her, and came to meet her; showing his white teeth as he laughed to see her books fall, one after another, as she ran towards him. Sarah did not pick them up; she only stood still by the first one, waiting for Lizzie to come back for it.

"Where's Ned?" asked Capt. Benson.

"He is coming home the other way," said Lizzie, blushing. "Sarah wanted *me* to. How glad I am I did not!"

A****

PUNCTUALITY.—It is said of Melancthon, that, when he made an appointment, he expected not only the hour, but the minute, to be fixed, that no time might be wasted in the idleness of suspense; and of Washington, that, when his secretary, being repeatedly late in his attendance, laid the blame on his watch, he said, "You must either get another watch, or I another secretary." — Selected.

A WINTER WALK.

WE promised our little friends, two or three months ago, that we would take a winter walk with them; and here we are, bonneted and cloaked, all ready for the expedition. Put on stout gaiters, and all your warmest clothing; for you will need it. The boys may take their skates; for we shall go down by the brook, and the ice is very solid there. See that little half-frozen child! Her blue, pinched features and red hands seem to ask why you are all so merry, and capering over the snow and ice. Winter is any thing but a merry time to her. Santa Claus she has never heard of; and, if she has, she thinks he only visits those who live in snug, warm houses. Little girl, run into our house. We will come and tell Mary where she may find you some more comfortable clothing, and she may give you a hot breakfast, and let you sit by the fire!

Now, children, we shall be all the warmer on the way, for thinking that one poor child is more comfortable. Here she comes again. What can she want? Ah! she has a little brother at home, and she asks if he may come for a breakfast. Yes, indeed! run and bring him; and ask Mary, when you come back, if she cannot find him a coat.

Children, we fear you are not as generous as this poor child. When you have any thing very nice, do you like to have your brothers and sisters share it, or do you get away in the corner to enjoy it alone?

"I know she is better than I am, aunty," says one;

"for mother gave me a cake yesterday, and I ate it every morsel, though Charlie came in before I had half finished it."

"And she is better than I," cries another; "but I know she is not better than Susie, for Susie always gives her luncheon to those who have none, and shares every thing that is given to her."

We are glad to hear that, Susie; and we hope all these boys and girls will learn a lesson from the first adventure of our walk.

It was a fine thing, boys, that you brought your sleds; for this hill is smooth as glass. Now, gentlemen, take your partners for a coast, and wait for me at the foot of the hill. No, no! I am too heavy to be a passenger: thank you, though, for your kind offer. Nellie is afraid to go, even with careful Willie. She shall walk down soberly with me. Oh! that is funny enough! Joe's sled has left the beaten track, and he has taken sled, Annie, and himself, directly into a snow-drift! Ha! ha! ha! see him crawl out, with his dark hair powdered, for all the world just like a Newfoundland dog that has been rolling in the snow. He is not to be conquered by an accident; neither is brave Annie. There they go again! Joe, you met with a droll mishap, but you had fun enough to pay for it. Now we will walk.

What was that crack? Oh! the ice on the pond. It often cracks in that way; and in northern countries the ground cracks with the severe cold.

Stop here now, and look at the wood! The rain that fell in torrents yesterday in the morning, and the sharp cold since, have dressed the trees in diamonds. This is truly—

"The vast hall
Of fairy palace, that outlasts the night,
And fades not in the glory of the sun."

Each icicle is a prism, and glows with all the colors of the rainbow. How silent the little people all are ! The beauty of the scene cannot be expressed in words, and they stand in silence. But there is always a re-action ; and now they are shouting noisily to each other, as one discovers a more beautifully arrayed tree, or a longer icicle, or a sheet of transparent ice, where the brown leaves underneath are plainly seen.

But now we have come to the edge of the wood ; and here is the pond, with its thick coat of ice. Now you may slide and skate to your hearts' content. Here is a clump of old mossy trees in a sheltered spot, that the frost did not dress ; and, like the trees in the "forest primeval," "bearded with moss," they

"Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic ;
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms."

Children, we called the wood our fairy palace ; and that great snow-coated rock, overhung with the glittering branches, shall be the throne ; and these "harpers," the trees, with the long, gray moss, stand a little apart, waiting for an order to play. The wind, the bright wind, is the chief who has charge of the fairy queen's music, and he delays not long in waking the sound he loves ; and now the harpers give forth their sweet, soothing notes. Do you not see and hear them ? Annie can see, and hear too ; we read it in her kindling eyes. She can almost make out a resemblance to human faces in the boughs of the moss-grown pines.

"We did not think you would bring us to fairy land, aunty."

And we ourselves, children, did not think we should find so stately a court, or these old musicians. But you must not stand still here, listening to the "sound of the harp-strings." You may amuse yourselves on the pond for half an hour, while we will walk round in the palace, and find out if we can hear just what the harpers sing; and, if we can do so, we will tell you some other time what they say. . . .

The half-hour has gone, children, and we must turn our faces towards home. Now for the lesson; for we ought never to read the leaves of God's great book of nature, without learning something from them. "That God has made every thing beautiful." Yes, that is one lesson.

"I think, aunty, it ought to teach us how much more we can see, if we will only use our eyes."

That is a very important truth to learn. You should always have your eyes open, and your heart open too; and then you will see a great many beautiful objects which escape the notice of others.

"And you know that we had a lesson of generosity before our walk began."

Here are three lessons, then, that this winter walk has taught you. Now we hope we shall see you put them in practice. When we see you selfish, we shall put you in mind of the little beggar; when we see you inattentive, we shall remind you of the fairy palace; and, when you grumble and are discontented, we shall tell you that God has made every thing beautiful, and clothes even the bare, brown branches with brightness.

We are not sorry to see the house, for the air is quite cold. Let us all be *thankful*; and that lesson, too, the poor little girl may teach us. Let us be thankful that we are warmed and sheltered, not only in our bodies, but our spirits; for our hearts are warmed with love, and sheltered from sin by the warnings and advice of our kind friends, and by the good influences with which they surround us.

ED.

CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

Selected.

Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reached that heavenly seat
They have ever kept in view?

"I from Greenland's frozen land,"
"I from India's sultry plain,"
"I from Afric's barren sand,"
"I from islands of the main;"

"All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last,
At the portals of the sky."

Each the welcome "Come" awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin:
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
And let the little travellers in!

THE SYCAMORE TREE.

THIS species of tree was very abundant in Palestine in the time of our Saviour. It is rendered famous, you know, by the incident recorded in Luke. As Jesus entered and passed through Jericho, Zaccheus, the publican, was exceedingly desirous to see him. Being low of stature, he was not able to see him for the press: he therefore climbed up into a sycamore-tree to gratify his curiosity. When Jesus drew near, he addressed him by name, called him, and accompanied him to his house.

Ancient naturalists give the following description of the sycamore-tree: "It is large, resembling the mulberry-tree in the leaf, and the fig in its fruit; hence its Greek name *sukan*, signifying fig, and *moros*, mulberry. Its fruit is palatable. When ripe, it is soft, watery, somewhat sweet, with a little of an aromatic taste."

Norden, the celebrated traveller, gives the following description of the sycamore: "It is of the height of a beech, and bears its fruit in a manner quite different from other trees. It has them on the trunk itself, which shoots out like little sprigs in form of a grape-stalk, at the end of which grows the fruit close to one another, most like bunches of grapes. The tree is always green, and bears fruit several times in the year, without observing any certain seasons; for I have seen some sycamores which had fruit two months after others. The fruit has the figure and smell of real figs, but is inferior to them in taste."

Dr. Shaw, in describing the catacombs and mummies of Egypt, states that he found the mummy-chests and

little square boxes, containing various figures, which are placed at the foot of each mummy, to be both made of sycamore wood, and thus preserved entire and uncorrupted for at least three thousand years. — *Scripture Natural History.*

BIBLE LESSONS.

No. 2.—JESUS AND THE LITTLE CHILD.

IF a child who had never seen or heard of Jesus was all at once told that such a being as our blessed Saviour once lived, and heard or read the whole of that touching history, what, next to the account of his sufferings and death, would be most likely to interest him? Would it not be the words which Christ spoke about little children? Yes; and it would be so because he himself was once a child. You all, though you may not be as strongly interested as such a child would be, because the story is familiar to you, yet are like him in one respect: you all love to read best what he said of children.

Let us think a little about those words. Jesus at one time took a little child, and placed him in the midst of the crowd around him, and said, “Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.” What sort of a character ought a child to have; so that older people, in imitating it, may be nearer the kingdom of heaven? It is not, surely, a disobedient or a discontented child; it is not a quarrelsome or a selfish one; it is not a proud, or passionate, or vain, or deceitful one. Christ would not have set such a one in

the midst. The child who is fit for the kingdom of heaven must be full of love, and gentleness, and truth. It must fill his whole spirit, so that it beams out in his features, and every one may know it. The Saviour, without doubt, saw the beautiful, loving spirit of the timid child whom he selected, and knew that his heart was pure as the angels'.

At another time Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." The little children saw the love which shone in his face, and pressed forward to obtain his notice, while others were brought by their parents to receive his blessing. And Jesus turned to those who were rebuking them, and said, "Suffer them to come."

"How happy those dear children were
Whom Jesus took and blessed;
Whom, when he breathed the fervent prayer,
He folded to his breast!"

Children now are as dear to that Saviour as in the days when he was upon earth. His voice calls now, as it did then, for them to come to him; but now it must be a coming, not of swift, eager feet, but of the heart and the life.

How can children come to Jesus in the heart? In the first place, they must think a great deal about him. They must love to read about him, and to think how he went about doing good. Then they must ask themselves, whenever they are about to do any thing, "Is this such an action as Jesus would approve?" and if the still, small voice of conscience whispers "yes," they may be sure it is right. Then they must cultivate the

spirit of Jesus in their hearts. They must try to forgive those who annoy and injure them; they must endeavor to be unselfish and generous; they must watch over their tempers, and must not speak the angry word when it rises to their lips, or try to hide a fault in order to escape punishment. They must remember that these beautiful words were prophesied of him to foretell his gentle and peaceable spirit: "A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench;" and that he was so gentle and compassionate that he would not injure the smallest living thing.

And then, children, you must *pray* to be like Jesus. Ask our Father in heaven to help you to grow like his blessed Son; and He, whose will that Son so faithfully obeyed, will help you to be like him.

ED.

EMBLEM OF THE HUMAN HEART.—The jug is a most singular utensil. A pail, a tumbler, or a decanter, may be rinsed, and you may satisfy yourself by optical proof that it is clean; but the jug has a little hole in the top, and the interior is all darkness. No eye penetrates it,—no hand moves over the surface. You can clean it only by putting in water, shaking it up, and pouring it out. If the water comes out clean, you may judge you have succeeded in cleaning the jug, and *vice versa*. Hence the jug is like the human heart. No mortal eye can look into its recesses; and you only judge of its purity by what comes out of it.—*Choctaw Intelligencer*.

ANNIE GRAY'S JOURNAL.—No. 13.

FRIDAY, July 21. — I saw the study-door partly open as I was passing it this morning, and heard Mr. Earneste call "Annie!" So I went in. He gave me a letter, which had written on the outside, "For Annie and Grace." I could not think who sent it; but he said, "Grace will soon tell you. But look at my beautiful flower here, Annie." It was a wild-flower; and he was telling me some curious things about it, when there came a little soft tap at the door, and Walter came in. His father smiled a very pleasant smile, and held out his hand to Walter.

"Well, my boy, I am heartily glad to see you here again. I have missed my study-companion for some days. When are you and your books to come back?"

Walter smiled too, and said, "When I have learned not to disturb you, sir."

"That can hardly be by keeping so long away. Suppose you try it to-day, Walter."

Walter looked glad, and ran off for his books; and I ran off for Grace with the letter. I met him on the stairs, with his slippers on, and his budget of books in his arms. He looked just as funny as ever, and whispered, "Now, Annie, I am going to be a girl for a whole hour!"

The letter is from Estelle, with her story. Grace says I may take it home, and copy it in my journal if I like.

Saturday morning, July 22. — "Now, Annie!

please don't! This is the very last morning; and I want you to play, and not write."

"The last morning; and that is the very reason I wanted to write."

"But, Annie, if you must go home, you can write plenty enough there."

"So I can; and, Grace, I love you dearly, and am all ready to play."

But I love you too, little journal. You must be glad I brought you here to this pleasant place. But you must be packed now; for I am going home this afternoon. I really am.

At home, Saturday afternoon.—Crying is a very troublesome and a very shameful thing! I wish there had never been such a thing. Grace thinks so too. Last night I could not go to sleep, I thought so fast about coming home. Grace said, "Oh! I am so afraid I shall cry, Annie, when you go. Don't you know I did when cousin Stella went away, and papa was very sorry about it?"

And to-day I was so afraid *I* should cry, that I didn't say good-bye to Lena or the twins. When Grace kissed me, I saw the little tears hiding in her eyes. But she smiled, and looked up at her father a second; then she stooped down, and began to tie up her shoe. She didn't want her father to spy out what I did. He only said, "I like those smiles; I must try to bring home something which will brighten them. And here is Walter: his face needs a little brightening too." Walter laughed, and helped his mother into the carriage; and we soon rode away, very fast I believe; but it seemed slow to me, when I thought of May, and all at home,

and how many things I had in my mind to tell. And then, when I was really here, what *was* the matter with me? I felt somehow afraid to go in; afraid that mother would look straight into my eyes, and think I wasn't glad to get home. Just as Mr. Earniste was saying, "Good-bye; be a good child, Annie," who should come up behind me but my father? "And so you have brought my little country girl home at last," he said to Mr. Earniste. May and Esther Dale came running out of the yard to meet me. Eddie sat on the stairs, with his picture-book, and his great eyes, and looked just as sober as if I had never been away. We ran up into mother's room; and there was a dress-maker, and the room all full of work. While mother went down to speak to Mr. and Mrs. Earniste, May began to tell how uncle James had come from New York, and gone *somewhere* to be married; how he had taken sister Em with him; how, next week, mother and aunt Mary were going, too, to the wedding; and how Mrs. Long was coming to take care of us till they came back; and—
May is a chatter-box. She was telling me dreadful tearful things; but, just in the midst, I heard such a funny little voice,—“And Eva do to dandma's, Annie,”—that I could not help laughing. There was the little pet on the floor behind the crib, putting her great rag-baby into its cradle. She looked so sweet, and quiet, and smiling, that I felt happier in a moment. She put her arms around my neck and kissed me, when I ran to her; then she kept on rocking her baby just the same.

I did not like to have anybody look at me at the tea-table. I shall like it best when bedtime comes, and I

can talk alone with May. Here is darling Eva, with bare feet, and her night-dress in her arms, for Annie to "dress" her, as she calls being undressed.

But *she* is going away next week, too, and mother, and Emelia. All the pleasure of coming home is just spoiled. May seems to think it is all very gay; but I am sure I don't. And that Mrs. Long to take care of us! Well, I can't be good till mother comes home again, that I know!

Sunday morning, July 23. — I don't feel any happier at all. It doesn't seem so Sundayish or so pleasant here as at Shaloe Cottage. Eddie frets, and mother is busy, and nobody speaks so kindly to me as they did there. Then we have no piano, and no singing or prayers, so that it is a great deal harder to be good. Mother is going away Tuesday. She thinks Mrs. Long is very gentle and kind; but she isn't. Sometimes she is very unkind when mother is away. I feel brimful of tears all the time, but I do not want anybody to see them.

Afternoon. — There was a new scholar in the class this morning. She did not look very happy, and had a black ribbon on her bonnet. Ella whispered to me, "That is Martha Shade. She is poor, and her mother has died. Now she has no home, and so Mrs. Lowell has taken her to live with her." Walter brought me a tea-rose and some sweet peas and geranium-leaves from Grace; but he whispered, —

"I would give them to that little girl, whose mother is dead. I know Grace would be willing." And so I did, all but one sweet pea. It did not make her smile though. I kept thinking about her while Mr. Earniste was preaching. My mother is only going away for four

days; but her mother will never come back. My home doesn't seem so pleasant as Grace's; but she hasn't any home at all. I wonder if she was good and happy when her mother was alive. I wonder if she is sorry now for any wrong things she did then.

My Sunday-school hymn for this week is a beautiful one. I can say this verse already, I like it so much :

"Art thou my Father? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend,
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to thee."

I do keep wishing all kinds of things though. I wish I could be Grace or Ella, so that everybody would love me more. But, most of all, I wish that my mother would not go away.

Miss Everett asked me how we spent that rainy Sunday; and, when I told her, she smiled a bright smile, and said, "Then Grace taught you something about holy work and holy play. Grace was doing good on that sabbath-day, — was she not?"

Monday afternoon. — Mother told me that I might go to aunt Mary's after school, and dine with my new adopted cousin, Lucy Linnet. "Linnet" uncle Edward sometimes calls her. She is a happy-looking little girl; and, when uncle says queer things to her or to me, she shuts up her eyes almost close, and the little tiny laughs come shining out, *so funny*. When I am there, they always keep asking me, "Why don't you *talk*, Annie?" Now uncle says, "Why, Annie, Linnet chatters more in five minutes than you can talk in a week." Well, I can't help it. He laughs at my frocks, too, because they

fall off my shoulders ; and he makes believe take hold of them to shake me into them. Then aunt Mary looks serious, and says, "We must make her grow fat : that will cure the trouble."

Tuesday. — Mother and Eddie are gone. Eva too. I cannot stay with Mrs. Long, and May and I are going in to play with Esther whenever we can. May goes to cousin Anne's school ; she can see Eva at any time, and she thinks it is rather pleasant to have so many people go away.

This afternoon a strange gentleman came into school, and talked with Mrs. Howe. He walked around the room, and looked at the scholars' heads, and said what kind of girls he thought they were. He came behind our desks, and put his hand on Carrie's head, and called her a "*Flibbertygibbet.*" "She leaves her things anywhere, and comes through the streets to school perhaps with her bonnet in her hand." (How did he know that?) "But she is a very kind-hearted little girl ; and she loves her friends so much, that for their sakes the faults will soon be cured."

"And you, my child" — (oh ! I did not want him to tell about me as he did about Carrie, before the whole school), — "you want to *be* loved — care too much about it, I fear. Try to deserve it, then, my little girl ; but never do wrong for the sake of anybody's love." I don't know how I could.

Wednesday, 26th. — I came home from school so hungry. But Mrs. Long said, "It is foolish to want luncheons when we have dinner so early ; but you can get a piece of bread if you like." I wanted butter ; but she told me, if bread wasn't good enough, I might go

without. "You are a troublesome, discontented child. I don't want the care of you very long." She shall not have the care of me. This afternoon I will go and play with Carrie, after our drawing lesson is over; and I will stay ever so late, until father's tea-time; and, after that, I will go straight to bed. I will not stay with such a horribly cross woman.

May says, "Well, Annie, bread is good. I wouldn't care!"

But crossness isn't good, and I do care a great deal.

Evening. — After our drawing lesson, Carrie and I played in the school-yard till tea-time. We climbed up on the high fence, and tried which could stand there longest without touching any thing. I asked Carrie if her mother would be willing; and she said, "Yes, indeed! I have seen the Ravel family, and little bits of children smaller than we, dance beautifully on great high ropes. And I heard a gentleman say, 'Those children will never break their limbs by falling.' Why, you see, Annie, it is a very useful thing to learn. Sailors and house-builders have to climb higher than this."

I kept thinking, though, that I should not like to have Mrs. Howe see us there; and, when mother is at home, she does not like to have me stay away after school-hours. I can't help it. I will not stay at home with Mrs. Long.

F. E. H.

He who would write heroic poems must make his whole life a heroic poem. — Milton.

A SCENE IN JUDEA.

SOFT shone the parting sunlight
 O'er Jordan's sacred stream;
 Its silver waters turned to gold
 Beneath the glowing beam.

In shadow lay the valleys,
 While o'er the hills was shed
 A glory, like the pictured light
 Round some Madonna's head.

Where thick vines hung their tendrils
 Around a lowly door,
 And, 'mid the russet leaves, the grapes
 Blushed forth in purple store,

A dark-eyed Jewish mother
 Watched the bright setting sun,
 And waited for the close embrace
 That told a journey done.

The hill-tops lost their glory,
 But still the West was red,
 When came along the dusty slope
 The light and eager tread.

A youth, whose cheek was flushing
 With manhood's early pride,
 Leading a bright-haired little one,
 Came bounding to her side.

“ I know that long you’ve waited
Beside our cottage-door ;
And yet we could not choose but stay,
As ne’er we stayed before.

“ Within our ancient temple,
We heard the choral hymn,
And saw the altar-fires curl up,
With fragrant myrrh made dim.

“ We passed the sacred portal ;
And there an eager crowd,
With voices raised, and faces stern,
Disputed long and loud.

“ And then we saw a Teacher,
With gentle step, draw near :
He took sweet Rachel by the hand,
And bade her not to fear.

“ Nor could she fear, — so loving,
So earnest, was that face ; —
And where the Teacher led, I came,
And in that holy place,

“ Amid the men of wisdom,
That gathered round him there,
He stood, and placed his gentle hand
Upon her golden hair.

“ Sweeter than Kedron’s ripples,
These deep, low words were said,
With all the time his hand of love
Upon her childish head : —

"Why ask who shall be greatest?
For, like this little child,
The greatest must be least of all,
Lowly, and meek, and mild."

"They say he stills the tempest,
When loud the billows roar;
His mighty hand can to the blind
Their long-lost sight restore;

"And yet our little Rachel
He blessed with heavenly tongue,
And set her o'er those hoary men,
Though she is weak and young."

With joy, that tender mother
The blessed tidings heard;
Her heart, in prayer to Israel's God,
Rose with no spoken word.

And as the streaming moonlight
Fell on the upturned face,
She thought the holy words had lent
Her child a heavenly grace;

And they of heaven's blest kingdom!
Could scarcely be more fair,
Than she, who, by her mother's side,
Knelt in the evening prayer.

A SIBERIAN WINTER.

THE traveller in Siberia, during winter, is so enveloped in furs that he can scarcely move. Under the thick fur hood, which is fastened to the bear-skin collar and covers the whole face, one can only draw in a little of the external air, which is so keen that it causes a very peculiar and painful feeling to the throat and lungs.

The distance from one halting-place to another takes about ten hours, during which time the traveller must always continue on horseback, as the cumbrous dress makes it insupportable to wade through the snow.

The poor horses suffer at least as much as their riders; for, besides the general effect of the cold, they are tormented by ice forming in their nostrils, and stopping their breathing. When they intimate this, by a distressed snort and a convulsive shaking of the head, the drivers relieve them by taking out the pieces of ice, to save them from being suffocated.

When the icy ground is not covered by snow, their hoofs often burst from the effects of the cold.

The caravan is always surrounded by a thick cloud of vapor. It is not only living bodies which produce this effect, but even the snow smokes. These evaporation are instantly changed into millions of needles of ice, which fill the air, and cause a constant slight noise, resembling the sound of torn satin or silk.

Even the reindeer seeks the forest to protect him from the intensity of the cold. Where there is no shelter to be found, the whole herd crowd together, as close

as possible, to gain a little warmth from each other, and may be seen standing in this way quite motionless.

Only the dark bird of winter, the raven, still cleaves to the icy air with slow and heavy wing, leaving behind him a long line of thin vapor, marking the track of his solitary flight.

The influence of the cold extends even to inanimate nature. The thickest trunks of trees are rent asunder with a loud sound, which, in these deserts, falls on the ear like a signal-shot at sea; large masses of rock are torn from their ancient sites; the ground, in the valleys, cracks and forms wide, yawning fissures, from which the waters that were beneath rise, giving off a cloud of vapor, and become immediately changed into ice. — *Selected.*

AN ALLEGORY.

"The same rains rain from heaven on all the forest-trees;
Yet those bring forth sweet flowers, and poisonous berries these."

God planted two little seeds, side by side, in an un-frequented and deserted ground, and gave them a gift not commonly enjoyed among the vegetable kingdom, — the power of making themselves as they chose, — a beauty and an ornament, or disagreeable and useless plants. He moistened the ground about them, and warmed them by the rays of the sun; and, by and by, two little green heads peeped above the ground. Now, let us see what use each one made of its power.

One looked around him on the bright flowers and graceful grass, and wished it could be as beautiful as they. Then it raised its little head, and far above it waved the tall forest-trees, casting a pleasant shade on all below; and it said, "I wish I could make myself as acceptable." Then it turned, and, just behind it, saw a vine, covered with great bunches of its fruit, spreading out its arms, as if inviting all to eat; and it cried, "Oh that I could be of some use before I die!" And it bent its little head in despair, and exclaimed, "Why was I made a little, useless, tender plant, so small as to be easily crushed? I should die, and never be missed. I can never do any good: why was I made?" But, as it drooped, it hung over the little brook, which ran singing by; and the brook held up its mirror in the little plant's face, and there was reflected two leaves, enclosing between them two others, just appearing. At this sight it cried, "I have leaves and a stem, which were not made without a purpose: I will grow as best I can. I will try all my life with all my might to be of use, and then I shall not be to blame if I do not succeed."

With this resolution it opened its two leaves, as if spreading wide its arms, and gladly and thankfully received each little drop of rain which fell within its reach, and attracted all the sunshine in its power, making all the time such good use of them as to increase in size, thus rendering itself more capable of receiving and benefiting by sunshine and shower. Thus, striving with all its strength, it grew up into a slender, graceful tree.

And now see how God rewarded its endeavors, and granted all its wishes. It was already covered with beautiful green and glossy leaves, and, with its happy,

cheerful heart, was thanking its Maker for all his benefits, when on one of its branches appeared a little bud, quite different from those which expand into a leaf. The little tree looked at it in wonder, and tried to find out what it could be. Day by day it increased, till there hung a bunch, which one bright morning expanded into a cluster of beautiful flowers, pure as the trusting heart of its parent, and so fragrant that the breeze came dancing up to load itself with the sweet perfume, and then, singing through the forest, went to carry it towards the sun, as a little offering to the Father who smiled on all.

A short time it sent up its prayer of grateful incense, and then it seemed to grow tired and die away; but it was only to show new wonders. Little green balls began to form where the white petals had hung. Each day's sun made them larger, and gave them a brighter color, till beautiful yellow oranges weighed down the slender branch almost to the ground. Meanwhile, the white flowers blossomed from every bough, and with each cluster the tree raised a new hymn of thankfulness, and tried harder than ever to use aright its gifts.

Then, for the second time, it bent its head towards the brook; and there was reflected, not two little solitary leaves, but a large and handsome tree, covered with white blossoms; while here and there between them peeped the bright ripened fruit, and the little green balls, hardly seen amongst its glossy leaves. It looked like a happy bride, dressed in her pearls and golden ornaments, or as if snow-white doves of peace, bearing in their bills golden happiness, had settled in its branches.

The picture of this is so much the more pleasant, that

we have almost forgotten the other little seed, its near neighbor, but not its relation.

No good feelings grew up within it. The beauty and usefulness around it only roused its passions. It was angry that it was not made at once like each of the objects it saw, or rather it murmured that it did not possess the qualifications of all combined, forgetting that the largest trees were once no bigger than itself. "Why was I made such a little, insignificant thing?" it said: "why was I placed just in this spot, crowded in by the tall grass, whose great meddlesome roots grow so closely, that I have not room to throw out a thread, and whose tall, impudent spires dash in my face as if they would crush me to the ground? I am sure I have done nothing to deserve all this. But I don't care; I *will* grow, just to spite them. I will take up as much room in the world as I can. Who cares for any one else?"

With this determination, it raised its head, and pushed out prickles on every side, so disagreeably that the beautiful flowers all shrunk away in fear. The orange-tree tried hard to make friends with it; but its gentle neighbor was obliged to withdraw from its rude attacks, and leave it by itself. It clothed itself in a few coarse leaves; and, instead of reaching upwards towards its Maker's abode to enjoy the beautiful sunlight, it spread itself out so as to occupy as much room as possible, and stood too proud and stiff to look into the little nook; imagining itself better than its neighbors, because it had overpowered and repulsed them all.

Now, see the reward of each.

God, for some wise purpose, which perhaps no one will ever know, brought a certain man to poverty. So

poor did he become, that he was obliged to remove with his family into some less populous country, where living was cheaper and labor better paid. He chose this very spot. The beauty of the orange-tree, the fragrance which it breathed, and its golden fruit held out so invitingly at the end of its long fingers, pleased him; and he said, "If I could only build a little cabin under this shade, how delightful it would be! but this great bramble-bush is in the way." His wife answered, "That is of no consequence. Cut it down; it will serve nicely for fuel; and, in the long summer days, how pleasantly I can sit at the window, shaded by this beautiful tree, refreshed by its fragrance, cooled by its protection! and, if I am thirsty, there hangs a most delightful beverage just within reach."

And so it was done. The bramble was cut down and burnt in the fire, while the orange-tree continued to live, having the satisfaction of daily giving a delightful dessert, and affording a continual fragrance to those who depended upon it for shade in the heat of the day.

And now this is the moral. God has planted us in this world as he planted those little seeds; and he gives us the power of choosing between right and wrong. Each one has near him the little brook's mirror of conscience and reflection, wherein, if he chooses to look, he may see himself reflected just as he is; covered with the beautiful blossoms of pure thoughts, and the rich fruits of good deeds; or enclosed in the hard shell of selfishness, presenting on all sides prickles of obstinacy, and determined to push his way regardless of others.

God has placed us here at first, like the little seeds, as unconscious infants; but, as soon as we show our two

little green leaves of intelligence above the dark ground, our life of usefulness begins. At first we can only enjoy ourselves, never indulging in any sinful feelings, but cultivating and cherishing thankfulness and love. If we do this faithfully, opportunities for doing good will soon present themselves, few at first, and apparently of not sufficient importance to matter much whether neglected or not; but if we seize each as it comes, however small, every day, the number will increase, and every opportunity improved will enlarge the power of improving them.

When patience has had her perfect work, then will be shown the fruits of that faithful improvement of every little disappointment and trial and joy,—those drops of rain and rays of sunshine; and our good works, and the fragrance of our deeds, like the ointment poured on Jesus' feet, shall ascend as a grateful and acceptable offering to God. Then, having endured to the end, when all is finished, our last words can truly be, "We have fought the good fight, we have finished the work;" and though men may never approve, or even know what we have done, we shall go to receive the crown of life laid up for us.

E.

THE human heart is like heaven: the more angels, the more room.—*Miss Bremer.*

ROUSE man to a consciousness of what he is; and he will soon become what he ought.—*Schelling.*

ANNIE'S STORY.

I VERY well remember the faces of a Sabbath-school class that looked up to me through one long year, not many years ago. I seem this minute to see all their happy eyes smiling up to me, as I entered the large square pew where thirteen or fourteen, all little girls, sat, each with a library-book and Testament in one hand, and a cent for the missionary-box in the other.

Among them all, there was no eye that sparkled more happily or brightly than that of little Annie Tracy. She was always ready with her recitation, always eager to hear her teacher's explanation of it; and, if a question was put to the class in general, I always involuntarily looked to Annie's lips for the answer, and I was seldom disappointed.

On week-days, Annie was as gay and happy as a robin, and just as fond of flitting about in the sunshine and the shade. She knew every pleasant nook within miles around; she had fished in all the little lakes or brooks; she had picked the very finest of the blackberries or blueberries upon all the fern-covered hills, and scampered through the deep woods, alone with the squirrels, and quite as nimble as they.

Winter came on, blustering fiercely about our ears, and almost barricading our doors and windows with his huge snow-drifts. "Surely, now," I thought, "Annie's rambles will be ended for a while. How she will long for spring to come again!"

Just as I spoke, I heard a chirp like that of a snow-bird under my window, and, looking out, I saw Annie

bounding through the drifts, in stout shoes, a warm little hood, and a brown pelisse. She nodded merrily, and ran around to the door.

"Would you like to take a walk this morning, Miss Mary?" she asked, looking up brightly.

Annie was my favorite walking companion, and I had not the heart to refuse her, although I could not help laughing at the proposal.

"A walk, Annie, in the middle of the sleigh-track? for there will be no such thing as stepping out of it, I suppose."

"Oh yes, ma'am, the *crust* bears," she answered eagerly, rubbing her mittened hands against her rosy cheeks; "and we can walk *right over* the fences."

So I put on hood and shawl, and took Annie's hand for the walk.

"But wait a little, Annie," I called soon, as she was bounding like a kitten along the ridge of a snow-drift six feet high. "Wait—the snow-king is taking me prisoner!"

"Why, does it slump with you?" she said, in surprise, running back. "Oh, that's too bad! It bears me."

"Yes, your little light feet can trip where it will never do for mine to venture. Ah, Annie! 'tis a pity we cannot always be little and light!"

Our summer walks were pleasanter, as you may suppose. Annie knew where the *very first* May-flowers budded, and a very close secret she did keep it. She used to be on the knoll every morning at dawn, during the latter weeks of April, to watch the progress of affairs; and then she would skip home by a roundabout way, that none of her little comrades might watch her, and

anticipate her in her plan of giving the first May-flowers to her mamma and her teacher.

One morning, just at sunrise, we saw a small shadow sweep across the window ; and, upon going to the door, found a sweet bunch of rosy, full-blown flowers in a little paper labelled, "for my teacher."

I am sorry to say it, — most little girls who love romping and rambling so much as my Annie did, love their books very little ; indeed, sometimes they are so foolish as to say that they "*hate them !*" Annie did not hate *her* lessons ! Oh, no, indeed ! Neither her Latin nor French, Geography nor Arithmetic, nor what very many of her mates disliked more than all, her *composition* writing. She loved them, each and all, in their time and turn, as heartily as she loved berry or nut-gathering, flower-hunting or butterfly-chasing. For this reason, Annie was never *hoydenish* in her romping. A *hoyden* is a girl who forgets the proper time and place for her wild play.

"Annie is *always happy*," said her mother once to me. Still she had some troubles, which would have made some children very unhappy. Among these was a very painful felon on one of her fingers. If you do not know exactly what a felon is, ask some one who does know, and they will agree that it is one of the severest trials a child's patience could pass through. Many children, boys especially, who are very brave in facing *danger*, who would never scream at a spider, nor think of running from a rattlesnake, cannot bear at all, cheerfully, such confinement and suffering, day and night. It requires *fortitude* to do this, which is something more than courage ; and noble Annie never murmured, never

complained. Sometimes, when the pain was *very* severe, the tears would fall silently down over her hot cheeks; but they were soon dried away. Folding her aching hand in a handkerchief, she would go to share her little brother's quiet play in the corner of the parlor.

I have told you these anecdotes of Annie, that you may feel acquainted with her, and that you may better understand and sympathize in a very sad thing which happened to her, which I will now proceed to relate. I hope that some *boys*, as well as girls, will be among my readers. I really wish that I could tell the story to *every* boy who is laying up his pennies to purchase "fire-crackers" and the like, against "the Fourth."

I had been away from that village for two years or more, when I heard the following startling story:—

On a bright, cloudless, and beautiful "Fourth of July" afternoon, a troop of men and boys had assembled on the village common, to amuse themselves on exploding all the gunpowder they could obtain in any shape. I really do not think that many of them cared a great deal, just then, about the event which makes the day memorable,—the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Two of them, at least, as you will see, showed themselves unworthy descendants of the noble men who purchased their freedom long before.

A party of girls, in airy, summer holiday dress, had assembled upon the green turf of a yard bordering upon the common, to watch, at a safe distance, as they supposed, the rough sport of their brothers. Annie Tracy was among them, gambolling hither and thither, as thoughtless and happy as any child in her circumstances would be. Her dark hair and white muslin frock fluttered

in the wind, as she skipped down toward the gate. A small boy was firing off a little battery of squibs, crackers, &c., near by. A man, who ought to have been in better business than that of a loafer, was standing by, with his hat slouched, and his hands in his pocket. The boy took up a piece of — I am not quite sure, but I think it was a Roman candle.

"Throw it among them girls," whispered the wicked man; "it'll be rare fun to make 'm jump."

The heedless boy turned his hand and flung it, — flung it down into the neck of Annie's low, loose-necked white dress! She gave one sudden spring, one terrible scream, as the fiery ball exploded on her breast and neck; and then she stood still, and only wrung her hands in agony. The man who had wrought the mischief slunk away in an instant. The boy stood paralyzed, at first, with his eyes almost starting from their sockets. Then, suddenly turning, he ran in dreadful dismay to his own home.

One of the girls, at the risk of ruining her own hand, thrust it into Annie's dress, and pulled out the fiery sulphurous mass. But red-hot nails and bits of rusty iron had driven themselves, with the powder, deep, deep into the blistered, blackened flesh; and they could not be pulled out. People crowded around her on all sides, some screaming, some catching her to offer some relief; but she shook off every hand, only exclaiming, "Papa, papa!"

Judge Tracy was standing at the open window of the town-hall, chatting upon politics with a few brother lawyers, when a little girl rushed up in breathless haste, —

"Oh, Judge Tracy, come *quick!* Annie is dreadfully hurt! She wants you."

"What! where?"

The Judge threw down his hat, and sprang through the window. He was a man of few words in such an emergency, and he asked no more questions, but rushed to his child, who gave one eager bound toward him, as though he were the only earthly being that could help her,— yet with the single exclamation, "O papa! I'm killed!"

He caught her in his arms without speaking a word, and was going to carry her, at once, into the nearest house; but she tried to shake her head, and moaned, "Home — take me *home*!"

He turned immediately toward home, hurrying as rapidly as the little sufferer could endure to be carried. Her head lay motionless on his shoulder, and he thought she had fainted; but, as he bent down, she whispered, "Don't let anybody go to tell mamma — poor mamma!"

"My poor, dear child! don't think of any thing."

"Oh! mamma will be so frightened; she can't bear such things, — *poor* mamma!"

They had now reached the door of the house. Mrs. Tracy came forward on hearing the steps of her husband. She had hardly time to catch one glimpse, when Annie, by a great effort, lifted up her scorched, suffering face from her father's arm, and spoke as cheerfully as she could: "Mamma, don't be frightened, mamma; it's only *a little* I am hurt. See, I *can speak*. I shall be better by and by!"

"*O my child!*" exclaimed the mother, almost frantically; and, clasping her hands together, she sank down in utter weakness.

(To be continued.)

A LETTER FROM EUROPE.

AN ENGLISH FARM.—HAMPTON COURT.

MY YOUNG FRIENDS,—I wish in this letter to tell you something about the country portions of old England; and will first tell you about an English farm, and then about an English castle or palace.

I have in the country a good friend, who is an English farmer; and, as many of you are farmers' sons and daughters, I presume you will like to hear how an English farmer compares with those of America; and those of you who are not farmers' children, I hope, will have no objections to listening a few minutes to a description of my friend's homestead.

The farm which my friend resides upon is not a large one, for it contains only one hundred and fifty acres; still it is sufficiently large to keep him busy. I well remember the first time I accepted his kind invitation to come and see him in his farm-house. It was a delightful day in the latter part of July, and acres upon acres of his farm were covered with golden wheat. It was nearly dinner-time when I arrived; and I was a little surprised to see what a plain-looking house my friend lived in. It was of brick, and without the least beauty. But there was a garden in front of it, which was lovely indeed; and his whole farm seemed like a paradise. The hall-door of the house opened outward into the fields, just like any inner door of a house. I found the farmer in his white-shirt sleeves writing at a table. He got up, and welcomed me very cordially, and told me that his work-

men were very busy gathering in his wheat. By and by, dinner was announced; and I was not a little astonished to see how sumptuously my friend lived. Every thing that an epicure could desire was on the table, and silver forks and rich plate were also there. "This is not much like the tables of our honest, toiling American farmers," thought I. But the English farmers do not work themselves, like the majority of ours. They live more easily. After the dinner and dessert were over, we got into a little pony chaise, and rode over the farm. I wish that you could see it. There was not a single rail or post on the whole farm; but, instead of such fences, there were beautiful hawthorn hedges. The whole farm blossomed like a garden. It was full, full to the top of the hedges, of beauty. We drove into the wheat field, where the men were working; and then I saw that the workmen of America are far superior to those in England. The English workmen are very ignorant, and generally drink beer until they become brutes. My friend is a temperance man; but still I could not help contrasting his workmen with those on American farms. There was another thing which astonished me. His farm consists of only one hundred and fifty acres. In America, a farmer would generally think, that he, with a couple of boys, could well and comfortably take care of it. How many workmen do you think my friend employed? Twenty during his harvest, and he averages twelve or fifteen all the year round. Some of them earn fifty cents a day, and some only twenty-five cents; and in England no farmer ever thinks of boarding his men. They must board themselves out of their own scanty wages. When a man has a large family, it is not an easy matter in

England to live upon his two or three dollars a week, I assure you.

We stopped awhile with the wheat-reapers, and then rode into another field, where some women were digging potatoes. You perhaps can imagine how it sickened me to see women at work in the field. I told my friend (for he is a fine-hearted man) how badly it made me feel to see women at work in that manner; and he told me in reply, that they had far better be at work so, in the fresh air, than in the hot and close factories. I could not deny what he said. They come, and beg him to employ them; and, when he does so, he gives them higher wages than his neighboring farmers will do.

We rode all over the farm; and I was delighted with every part. There was not a single poor field. In one part a beautiful stream of water meandered on its way to the ocean. In another there were oxen and cows grazing. Go where we would, all was well cultivated, all was beautiful and productive. His garden was full of the choicest flowers and fruit. There were cherry-trees and peach-trees, and even fig-trees. The farmer picked two or three of the figs, and insisted upon my trying one, which I did, much against the counsels of my stomach. It was Saturday, and at night I saw my friend pay off his men for their week's work, and it was an interesting sight. In his little counting-room, upon a table, stood piles of silver and copper; and, one by one, the laborers came to be paid. Not one of them all had that intelligent manhood which is the glory of American workmen. They seemed to feel degraded by their occupation.

About fifteen miles west of London, on the banks of

the river Thames, there is an old and magnificent palace, called Hampton Court, or Hampton Palace. A great many years ago, in the reign of Henry VIII. one of the kings of England, there was a man named Wolsey, who rose from a butcher's boy to become a cardinal, and the most influential man in the country. He was a great favorite of Henry the Eighth, and abetted him in a great many of his wicked deeds. In return, his royal master gave him riches and honor, and he built Hampton Palace for his own use. Afterwards he gave it to the king. But the great man fell. The king began to fear him, and he was arrested for treason, when he committed suicide by taking poison. Just before he died, he said that he was sorry he had not served God as faithfully as he had the king. So he never lived in his great palace after all. But a great many kings and queens have lived in it; and now its rooms are full of beautiful paintings. Its windows are stained, and in its gardens there are beautiful flowers and trees.

One pleasant day I rode twelve miles in a carriage towards this palace, and then took a small boat and rowed upon the river Thames to the little village of Hampton. Then we entered the grounds and park in which the palace stands. It is a very large building, and covers eight acres of ground.

We entered the grand old structure, went over all its rooms, and gazed at many of its paintings. In some of the rooms were the identical couches upon which, many years since, kings rested their limbs. There were old high-backed chairs, in which queens sat in the olden time. There were paintings too, hundreds of years old. There were some I saw there which were painted before

Columbus saw America! It made me feel strange to gaze at pictures so old, and still so very beautiful. As I walked from room to room, I could not help saying to myself, "Here once walked Charles I., that king whose head was cut off upon the scaffold. Here, too, Cromwell saw his dearest daughter die. Here Queen Elizabeth was merry at some of her gorgeous banquets." There are pictures of her in one of the rooms.

After seeing all the rooms of the grand palace (and there were a great many), we went out into the gardens and park. Such a noble sight. There were avenues of lime and chestnut trees, miles in length. There were acres upon acres of the softest loam; acres upon acres of fine old woods. There were flowers of rare beauty, and shrubs of rich foliage. There were marble fountains, as large as ponds, and full of gold and silver-coated fishes. Scattered, here and there, were statues in marble; and rambling among them were beautiful English children. They made me think of you and home. All the way back, as we floated down on the bosom of the river, and as we rode in our carriage, I could not talk; for I was thinking of the wonders of Hampton Palace.—*Selected.*

A TRULY EXPRESSED TRUTH.—It is difficult to conceive any thing more beautiful than the reply given by one in affliction, when he was asked how he bore it so well. "It lightens the stroke," said he, "to draw near to Him who handles the rod."

"FEAR is the tax which conscience pays to guilt."

MY THIMBLES.

How well do I remember the first thimble I ever wore! a little brass thing, which blacked my finger, and was so small that my father laughed when he saw it. When I was a little girl, the grown-up people thought it of great importance that a woman should be mistress of the needle; indeed they never thought of any thing else. It never entered the heads of my mother, grandmothers, and aunts, that ignorance of needle-work could be any thing but disgraceful,—so to school I was sent when I was four years old. There I was to be taught reading, spelling, and sewing; and the alphabet and patchwork came together.

I was frightened at first, when I saw two rows of children sitting on little benches, all staring at me; and the school-ma'am, in a chair with a tall back, fixing her great black eyes upon me too,—and then found that my mother was really going to leave me there. I clutched the skirt of her dress pretty tightly, and screwed up a doleful face no doubt, though I was actually afraid to cry aloud. But Miss Clarke produced some squares of beautiful calico, all gay with red flowers; and my mother drew out the wonderful little brass thimble, which fitted my stubby middle finger exactly; and while I was absorbed in poking my needle through *both* edges of the seam, a thing not accomplished till after several trials, my mother vanished.

I think Miss Clarke must have been a good teacher; she must have had the gift, the knack, of instruction. She made us mind, to be sure, and not without a whole-

some sense of fear. She tapped our little restless heads with her own great thimble, and she clapped a paper fool's-cap on the heads of some of the dunces or little rebels who tried even *her* patience too far; and, worst of all, she sometimes kept a poor weary culprit after school to finish a *stint*, or learn an additional column in that horrid spelling-book. But, on the whole, I remember the days of the little brass thimble with great tenderness. And well do I remember the terrible catastrophe of its loss. I had kept it a whole summer, my mother says; a wonderful time for such a little girl; but I was really fond of it, and always put it in my small calico work-bag, and carried it home with me. But one day I was trotting home in high spirits, swinging my bag vigorously,—a thing which had been forbidden,—and I suppose the thimble very naturally fell out when the bag was upside down, and was lost in the high grass. At all events, I never saw it again, though I cried for it bitterly, and my two brothers very kindly hunted for it all the way through the garden and across the orchard up to the school-house door-step. James said our old rooster must have swallowed it.

I thought I never should get another that suited me. Some pinched me, so that, when I took them off, a red thimble was left; some were so loose, they were all the time dropping, and rolling on the floor, to the great interruption of my industry, and disturbance of Miss Clarke. If there had been furnace-registers in those days, I should certainly have lost half-a-dozen down that mysterious hole in the floor, which so excites the speculation of very small children and inquisitive cats. Even the magical piece of wet paper rolled round the tip of my

finger did not prevent one very shiny affair from finding its way under the skirts of Miss Clarke herself, who, as she rose to the rescue, trod upon the little article, and flattened it into uselessness.

I cannot say I was always sorry for these disasters, for I was not always in the sewing-mood. After I had learned to read fables and little stories, "hemming" and "sewing over and over" did seem very dull business; and I was continually stepping up to Miss Clarke's knee with, "Please join on for me"—"Please sew over this bunchy place"—"Please get out this knot in my thread"—"I can't thread my needle, Miss Clarke,"—"My thimble does plague me so, mayn't I put up my work?" and so on. Now Miss Clarke was very gentle and kind, but very resolute for my good. Sometimes she helped me out of my troubles, sometimes she showed me how to help myself out; but very seldom did she let me put up my work till the "stint" was done. And so, with much inward fuming and *fretting*, I learned to sew, and very neatly too; for what was done ill must be picked out.

Oh! what a dreary penalty that was, that stopping after school to pick out! One hot summer afternoon I shall never forget. I was past the incessant patchwork; for I had pieced on a bright quilt for my brother's bed, and the patterns of those calicoes (fragments of my mother's gowns, and aunt Hannah's and my own) I should recognize a hundred years hence if I could see them. I was past hemming pocket handkerchiefs too; for I had provided each of my kith and kin, having begun with a small square of cotton for myself, stamped all askew with the Ten Commandments. Now I was honored with the task

of making a pillow-case, and the novelty rather pleased me at first; I believe that for two afternoons I only dropped my thimble three times, and once was quite accidentally into the pail of drinking-water. But I was *felling* that long, long seam, and the sun poured in among us very hot; the flies buzzed very loud, and Miss Clarke did seem a little cross. The seam actually appeared to grow larger, instead of shorter, before me; for I measured it every two minutes. My thread would break, or get into a "witch-knot;" every other stitch my needle would stick and "*creak*," as if it hated to work; and my thimble — the very same thimble — would be too big at one time and too small at another, so that I had to keep exchanging with my neighbors all around. I believe we were all lazy; for I never saw Miss Clarke's thimble so busy on little girls' sconces; and, of the boys, one was stuck behind her chair, another in the wood-closet, and a third with the fool's-cap on his head stood fidgeting in the corner. I knew something about Joshua, and it actually occurred to me that the sun stood still once more, so endlessly long was the afternoon.

At last, I heard somebody on the large bench say it was almost five. First I started for joy, and then I looked at my seam. My stint was not half done! At it I went, poking my rusty needle in hap-hazard, dragging it out with all violence, striving to make up by hurry at the last moment for the want of proper diligence in season. I was within an inch of the end of my turnpike-seam, when Miss Clarke uttered the welcome words, "School is dismissed." Alas! not for me. On examination, my work was found "horribly done." Such long stitches, such gobbling and puckering, were not to be

endured ; and I was doomed to sit alone in the deserted room, pick out every stitch of the last quarter of a yard, and do it over again. It was of no use to pout; Miss Clarke never scolded much, she did not seem a bit angry; but she did not yield to my crying and pouting. She took a book out of her pocket, and sat down in the doorway very quietly; and, when I found there was no help for me, I went to work, and did as I was bid. It was a very uncomfortable business, and very tedious; but the whole thing did me a great deal of good. I thought Miss Clarke very cruel at the time, when I heard the children frolicking under the trees, while I was a prisoner with the hateful needle and thimble. But I did not think so when I carried home my pillow-case finished; and my mother examined it carefully, and said it was very nicely made for a little girl. I told her somewhat complainingly how I had been kept after school; and, she said, Miss Clarke had done just right; that I should never be a good sempstress if she allowed me to dawdle over my work, or to hurry it.

L. J. II.

(To be continued.)

BELLS.—The invention of bells, such as are hung in the towers or steeples of Christian churches, is ascribed to Paulinius, Bishop of Nola, in Campania, about the year 400. It is said that the names of Nolæ and Campanæ, the one referring to the city, the other to the country, were for that reason given to them.

MARCH WINDS.

“ HARK ! how the storm howls in the chimney,
 And fast falls the pitiless rain !
 Say, what can the wild winds be doing,
 Abroad in the wood and the plain ? ”

“ Dear Ned, in the days of Old England,
 Whenever the monarch went out,
 Loud rang the shrill trumpets before him,
 And heralds proclaimed with a shout.

“ March winds are the heralds of spring-time,
 That gentle and beautiful queen ;
 They’re calling to tell us she’s coming,
 With mantle of freshest new green.

“ They whirl off the snow from the valleys,
 And send the rain into the earth,
 To rouse the small seeds with its welcome,
 And bid them prepare for her mirth.

“ And never were trustier heralds
 Sent forth in the sea-girdled isle,
 Than winds, with their loud sweep and bustle,
 Proclaiming the spring’s sunny smile.

“ So when they howl loud in the chimney,
 Their music shall chant you to rest,
 To dream of the beautiful spring-time,
 And flowers she bears on her breast.”

ED.

LETTER TO ANNIE AND MAMIE.

MY last letter to my dear little nieces was written to please the little "fun-lover." This shall be more especially for Annie, as I shall tell you of rather a sad event which happened in our poultry family the other day. You must know that we have one staid, grave young hen, named Jane, who is the mother of five plump and almost grown-up chickens; one of them, however, an adopted child, who belongs to the family of *no tails*, but a very comely biddy for all that. The other morning, as Lizzie approached the well rather hastily, she saw this same little No Tail (who had been standing perched upon the top of the well) start, flutter, and fall suddenly down into the water. She said not a word to us, but ran to the nearest neighbor for assistance. The first Uncle Herbert, Bella, or I knew of the accident, was a tap at the kitchen-door, and the appearance of an old man, a quiet, friendly neighbor, with an instrument called "creepers" in his hand. "Good morning," said Bella, "walk in and sit down, sir." His only reply after the "good morning" was, "I came over to see about that chicken down in the well." With that out went Bella to see what had befallen; and sure enough there was poor little No Tail swimming about down in the cold depth, too much chilled or frightened to stay upon the bucket where she at first perched. After some moments of unsuccessful work with the neighbor and his "creepers," I heard Lizzie exclaim, "There, quick! quick! I have got her!" Looking out of the window,

I saw them pull up the bucket with all haste, snatch the poor little drenched thing from the benumbing cold water, and carry her round to the kitchen. To the kitchen we all repaired; and then, dear children, such a bustle! Woollen cloths were brought out and heated, and wrapped around the little drowned chick (for she seemed to be hopelessly drowned); hot milk and water, burning with pepper, was put into her throat with a teaspoon. Alcohol was warmed in a small tin dipper, and rubbed over her body; then she was shaken and rubbed, bathed, breathed upon, toasted, bundled up in the hot cloths, and then unwrapped to be shaken and toasted again. Then she was hugged up in an old blanket shawl, and then fed with the peppered milk; Bella and I exclaiming all the while, "You will strangle and choke her!" "You will rub all her feathers off!" "Oh, she will be roasted! she will be suffocated! you will take her skin off! you will shake all the breath out of her!" Lizzie invariably replying, "You know nothing about it; you never brought a drowning person to life." Nor did she until now; for indeed we began to perceive a slight twitching, and then a faint gasp, and occasionally her eyes would partly open. With that, Lizzie exclaimed, "I will put her feet into hot water!" and, when chicky began to twitch so much more with her feet in the bright tin basin, we exclaimed, "You will scald her feet off!" However, she really soon began to seem alive, to breathe faintly, to open her eyes, and stretch her feet a little. Then she received a new rubbing, and a new toasting, more peppered milk, &c., until at length she was given me to *hug* in the old shawl, while Lizzie went to prepare a basket for her reception.

"I am glad she has a moment to rest," said Bella. The basket was partly filled with soft hay, whereon chicky was placed; and then all the hot woollens were wrapped over her, and basket and all placed upon the hearth. She seemed very comfortable indeed, in this position; opening her bright round eyes when any one went to peep, but never stirring a feather or making a sound. Thus she remained till dinner-time, when she looked so bright with her clear round eyes, that we ventured to offer her some dinner. Choice chicken, bits of cold tongue, and baked sweet apple, were placed upon the edge of her wrappings; and you would both have laughed to see her snap up the morsels, the moment she thought we were not looking. She had gained an appetite from her cold bath; that was very evident, for it seemed as though she never would be satisfied; but there she remained in her basket, never attempting to move, till, in the course of the afternoon, Lizzie, rather curious to see whether she could stand or move, removed the wrappings and took her out. She came out all downy, safe and sound; only her legs and feet were curiously stained and striped with a bright sea-green. I suppose they meant to look blue or purple, but that the bright yellowness would not allow. So the colors mingled together, and formed green; the very greenest pair of chicken legs you ever beheld. It was too cold and windy to put her at once out of doors, so Lizzie attempted to return her to the basket; but she had had enough of basketing, and resisted; but, not being able to run very fast, she got behind the stove, and kept dodging in and out, this side and that, in a most cunning and comical manner. At length it was thought best to put

her down cellar until her bedtime ; and there, behold, an old acquaintance greeted her. This friend was no other than "Lamie," a poor little deformed thing who had been conveyed there for shelter from the cold wind. We never knew what happened to this poor little chicken to make her lame ; but Uncle Herbert says, "She got lame carrying her monstrous great feet about." But it must be something more serious than that ; for she stands perfectly upright, as if upon her tail, and waddles about more and more upright every day. Still she does not appear to suffer, but is very tame, following our every footstep in the yard or garden, and waiting patiently at the door to be fed. All the children, and the grown-up people too, who come to see us, laugh at "Lamie ;" for, as she looks so brightly, brisk, and comfortable, they do not *pity* her, only laugh. And most heartily did we all laugh, when, taking revived little Miss "No Tail" down cellar in the basket, "Lamie" came waddling along, and, standing as it were tiptoe on her tail, peeped into the basket as if to ask, "What have you there ?" "No Tail" cried and yipped rather huskily for a while, especially when she heard "mother Jane" and her family outside clamoring each for the best place to roost. But, when at length she was sought to be placed among them all for the night, she and "Lamie" were perched comfortably together upon an old cheese press, fast asleep ! The end of this long story (which perhaps you will not think so very sad after all) is, that this little "No Tail" was standing in the sunshine upon the outer cellar-door, calling (rather hoarsely still) for her mother ; and I thought she looked very well ; and the legs which she ran off upon in search of her mother, I was glad to

find, were resuming their natural yellow once more. — Is not this a long story? I hope it will give you both pleasure; and, when you can make us the visit we all long for, you shall see "No Tail" and "Lamie." "Dinna forget," aunt Amy.

F. E. H.

January, 1852.

M O Z A R T .

MANY of the greatest musical composers have been remarkable for the precocity of their genius; but none have evinced their talents at so early an age as Mozart. He was scarcely three years old, when his father commenced teaching him the harpsichord, over which instrument he is said to have had a perfect control when only four years of age; but he was not, even then, satisfied with playing those pieces which were placed before him, but indulged himself in the composition of minuets and other light movements. He was scarcely five years old, when, on his return from church, he was found writing a concerto for the harpsichord, which was composed according to the strictest rules of art, but so difficult in its execution, that his father, who was a musician of no ordinary rank, declared that no one would be able to play it. "It is a concerto," said the child, "and must be studied before it can be played properly;" and, sitting down at the piano, said, "This is the style in which it ought to be executed," and attempted to give some idea of his conception.

This singular child was not less distinguished for the

mildness of his disposition, than for his extraordinary musical genius. To the warmth of his affections, we may in a great measure attribute the touching sweetness of many of his compositions, and the power which he afterwards exercised over the feelings of others. It is recorded of him that he would frequently ask those about him, "Do you love me?" and if answered in the negative, even in jest, he wept bitterly.

Before he was six years old (January, 1762), his father, who could not fail to perceive and value the extraordinary genius of his son, took a journey to Munich with his two children, to perform before the elector and the royal family. Young Mozart was here received with every mark of attention, and excited the greatest surprise in the minds of all who heard him. In the following autumn, he was taken to Vienna, where he gave concerts, and also in all the principal towns through which they passed. His father, writing to a friend, says: "On Thursday we arrived at Spes, where two Minorites and a Benedictine, who accompanied us, said mass, during which our little Wolfgang tumbled about upon the organ, and played so well, that the Franciscan fathers, who were just sitting down to dinner with some friends, left the table, and ran with all their company into the choir, where they were filled with wonder. The children are as merry as when they are at home. The boy is friendly with everybody, but particularly with military officers, as though he had known them all his life. He is the admiration of all."

At Vienna the Mozart family was received with kindness by the emperor, Francis the First, who was accustomed to call him his little magician. The sweetness of

his disposition, united with his extraordinary talent, brought him into great favor with all the members of the royal family; but so far was the attention of the noble and powerful from raising in his mind a spirit of pride, that it only developed the tenderness of his disposition. His love for music seems to have extended to the professors themselves; for he always preferred playing before them, performing with greater energy and care. Finding himself at one time surrounded only by the court, he turned to the emperor, and asked with great simplicity, "Is not M. Wagenseil here? he understands these things." The musician was sent for; and, taking his place by the side of the piano, the child turned to him, and said, "Sir, I am going to play one of your concertos; you must turn over the leaves for me."

The remarkable readiness with which Mozart made himself master of any musical instrument is proved by an incident which occurred soon after his return to Salzburg. During his residence at Vienna, a small violin was given him, upon which he frequently practised, and with what success may be gathered from the following tale related by Schachtner, the archbishop's trumpeter, who was present on the occasion: —

"Weulz, a celebrated violin-player, had called on the elder Mozart for his opinion of some trios which he had just written. The father played the bass, Weulz the first violin, and I was to play the second. Mozart requested to take this part; but his father reproved him for this childish demand, observing that, as he had never received any regular lessons on the violin, he could not possibly play it properly. The son replied, that it did not appear to him necessary to receive lessons in order to play the

second violin. His father, half angry at this reply, told him to go away, and not interrupt us. Wolfgang was so hurt at this that he began to cry bitterly. As he was going away with his little violin, I begged that he might be permitted to play with me; and the father, with a good deal of difficulty, consented. ‘Well,’ said he, ‘you may play with M. Schachtner, on condition that you play very softly, and do not let yourself be heard, otherwise I shall send you out directly.’ We began the trio, little Mozart playing with me; but it was not long before I perceived, with the greatest astonishment, that I was perfectly useless. Without saying any thing, I laid down my violin, and looked at the father, who shed tears of affection at the sight. The child played all the trios in the same manner. The commendations we bestowed upon him made him pretend that he could play the first violin. To humor him, we let him try, and could not forbear laughing on hearing him execute this part, very imperfectly, it is true, but still never to be set fast.”

The exquisitely delicate sense of hearing possessed by the young Mozart cannot be better described than by the mention of another anecdote. Wolfgang was very partial to an instrument that belonged to Schachtner, and often spoke of it as peculiar for the richness and softness of its tones. On one occasion he was amusing himself with his own little instrument; but, turning round and addressing Schachtner, he said, “If you have left your violin tuned as it was when I last played on it, it must be at least half-a-quarter of a note sharper than mine.” The remark naturally enough excited a laugh; but, when the instrument was brought, it was found to be as he said.

In 1763, the Mozart family commenced a new expedition beyond the boundaries of Germany; and the two children gave public concerts before princes and the nobility in all the principal towns through which they passed. An anecdote is told of Wolfgang, that remarkably shows the simplicity of his mind at this period. When at Versailles, Madame de Pompadour had him placed upon a table; but, as he approached her, she turned from him; on which he indignantly exclaimed, "I wonder who she is that she will not kiss me: the empress has kissed me." In 1764 he arrived in England, and was received with great attention by the king and royal family. After playing at sight before his majesty many pieces by the old masters, the king gave him the bass of one of Handel's airs, to which he instantly composed a beautiful melody. The father, writing to a friend, says, "A week after, as we were walking in St. James's Park, the king and queen came by in their carriage, and although we were differently dressed, they knew us; and not only that, but the king opened the window, and, putting his head out and laughing, greeted us with head and hands, particularly Master Wolfgang." — *Selected.*

ETERNITY.—The following beautiful answer by a pupil of the deaf and dumb school at Paris, contains sublimity of conception scarcely to be equalled: "What is eternity?" was the question; to which she immediately answered, "The life-time of the Almighty."

LETTER TO A SUNDAY-SCHOOL CLASS.

My thoughts are with you, my dear children, this beautiful, bright sabbath morning, even though I am not permitted to be present with you myself; and so I must write to you a few words out of the fulness of my heart. Returning health, after severe sickness, seems to bring with it a new life; not only a new life of the body, but of the spirit; and, while weakness prevents all active occupations, the spirit is bright and busy, and is full of gratitude. Since I have been sufficiently recovered to feel this new life, I have thought much about those little immortal spirits which God has committed to my charge in the Sunday-school; and it seemed to me that I would put some of these thoughts on paper to-day, in this calm, holy hour. I can bring your faces all before me, and look into the eyes of your minds, even though the four walls of my chamber shut me in. My quiet, sober Mary looks into my face with her earnest eyes, and has no thought which she would not have me read through those soul-windows. Clara and Margaret are eager as always to hear something new, some new idea of duty, something that shall better aid them to do right. Fanny, who always wants to *do* good, but tells me she sometimes forgets that the surest way to *do* good is to *be* good; and impetuous Kitty, who knows what is right, but says she never thinks of it till she has done something wrong, are with me too.

The lesson that our heavenly Father has taught me by my sickness has been one of gratitude. How I wish I

could fill your hearts with it as mine is filled ! At least the fountain must flow over into your hearts, and I must let my own experience teach you.

Do you know, my dear girls, how *much* you have to be grateful for ? You will tell me of home, and parents, and friends, and books, and above all of that blessed Book which contains the record of all that is dearest to our souls. I hope you are indeed grateful for these every day ; but are you grateful for every new blessing that God sends ? When the sunlight wakes you, do you think of Him who has wakened you ? Do you see his hand in the leaves that dance beside your window, and in the cool air that refreshes you ? I have so often tried to lead you to be grateful for these daily, hourly, and momently favors, that perhaps you will be tired of hearing me speak of it again ; yet I cannot help it. Every rose in the bouquet Kitty brought me seems to me, as it meets my eye, a separate cause for thankfulness.

Then, children, there are the powers of your bodies to be thankful for. Clara can perhaps understand how better than most of you ; for, when she was confined to the house by a sprained foot, she realized how little we can do if any part of our body is disabled, and how liable this same wonderful body is to injury. And how minute and tender must be the care of that Father who preserves us so constantly from danger and sickness !

Shall I give you yet another lesson which I have learned ? — our dependence. You all like your own way. You do not feel like being accountable for your actions. You do not fear to speak unkind words when you are in health ; but, when sickness comes upon you, you will feel that you have no will of your own, that you are

quite willing to be guided by others, and the unkind words you have spoken will fall back on your ear and reproach you, as she, to whom they were said, hovers near you on her ministries of love. You will feel then how God has bound the members of his great family together by ties that no one can break, and out of the very dependence and weakness of his creatures, when alone, has made the strength of the widely-spread brotherhood we call society. My timid Mary, I know, will love to think of this, and to think that when we feel our dependence most, we are really the strongest, because the most submissive to the will of our Father.

And then, Fanny, we can tell you how to do good in sickness. It is in the way you think least of, but never mind. I have often had my heart more touched by the quiet submission and patience of a sick person, than by the kindest offices of the same person in health. And that is a way in which you may do good, even when you would seem entirely unable. I have known persons whose whole lives have been lives of sickness, and yet who have strengthened those around them by their faith and patience, and uncomplaining submission.

Now comes the first stroke of the church-bells on my ear. Now I can hear the superintendent's bell ring, and the busy murmur of the classes stop, while all listen to the words of some sweet hymn, and then join in singing them. How long it is since I have heard those happy voices! And now comes the librarian, with his arms full of books to distribute; and now you are all leaving the vestry to go up into the beautiful house of God.

My heart is yet full, dear children. I could write all

day of the teachings of the last six weeks, did I not feel that the body needed rest. It is a frequent wish of ours that our friends may be spared from sickness. But have we any right to wish so? It brings a blessing which never comes to health; a blessing and a discipline to the spirit, if it is used aright. I would not exchange this blessing for any which hours of pleasure have taught me. I will only wish for my friends such a guardian spirit as I have had, to direct them, and teach them how the long nights of weariness and the days of pain may bring forth the fruits of the spirit.

I am well enough now to see and to talk quietly with my dear scholars, if they will come and see me. Do not be afraid of my sick-room: it does not look much like one now. My couch and my easy-chair are here, to be sure; but I have the bright sunshine, and the open windows, and lovely flowers. Come, then; for I long to see you, and have a friendly and pleasant chat with

Your affectionate

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

ED.

SAGACITY OF ANIMALS. — Plutarch, an ancient writer of great celebrity, informs us that the Thracians, when they were to pass a frozen river, used to turn a fox loose upon the ice; it being customary with this cautious and cunning beast to move very warily on such a dangerous surface, holding his ear towards the ice, so that if he heard the surface crack, or the water flowing beneath, he might retreat in season; but, if he perceived no danger, he would proceed boldly to the opposite shore!

WILLIE AND THE BIRDS.

A TRUE STORY.

A LITTLE black-eyed boy of five
 Thus spake to his mamma :
 " Do look at all the pretty birds ;
 How beautiful they are !
 How smooth and glossy are their wings !
 How beautiful their hue !
 Besides, mamma, I really think
 That they are pious too ! "

" Why so, my dear ? " the mother said,
 And scarce suppressed a smile.
 The answer showed a thoughtful head,
 A heart quite free from guile :
 " Because, when each one bows his head
 His tiny bill to wet,
 To lift a thankful glance above
 He never does forget ;
 And so, mamma, it seems to me
 That very pious they must be ."

Dear child, I would a lesson learn
 From this sweet thought of thine,
 And heavenward, with a glad heart, turn
 These earth-bound eyes of mine :
 Perfected praise indeed is given
 By babes below to God in heaven.

Selected.

WHAT THE PINE TREES SAID.

IT was a bitter cold morning; the sun shone brightly, but the wind blew a chilling blast over the new-fallen snow. "Come, little boys," said mamma, "you must go to Uncle Howard's for the milk." "Oh, it is so cold!" exclaimed Herbert. "So very cold!" echoed Arthur.

"Never mind the cold," answered mamma; "wrap yourselves up well, and walk fast, and you will soon feel warm."

Still the little boys lingered; the coats and tippets—the warm scarlet tippets their aunts had knit—were on, and their mittens in their hands; but still they lingered. "Run along, little boys," again said mamma; "go and hear what the pine-trees will say."

Arthur looked up: "I never heard them say anything; what will they say, mamma?"

"They almost always say something to me," answered mamma. "The other day, when I was coming home from Uncle Howard's, they said, 'Hurry home fast; little Bessie wants to see you; so do the little boys.' And one very bright morning I heard them say, 'How pleasant it is! how good God is! be cheerful, be happy!'" Herbert and Arthur listened with interest. "Come," said Arthur, "I should like to know what they will say to us."

They hurried out; and little Bessie watched them through the gate and up the hill, as long as she could see their red tippets. Soon they came to the pine-grove.

"I don't hear any thing," said Herbert. The wind

blew through the branches with a murmuring sound. "I hear something," replied Arthur, "but it is only 'How cold it is! how cold it is!' Run along, or you will freeze."

On they went; the wind was piercing cold; their fingers ached. Arthur was ready to cry; and indeed, when they reached their aunt's warm breakfast-room, the tears were beginning to start. But Aunt Louisa was very kind; she warmed their fingers, gave them a biscuit to eat, and, better than all, spoke kind, comforting words to them. Then, with their pail of milk, and a cake for Bessie, the little boys started for home. The wind was now behind them, the sun had grown warmer, and their hearts were full of pleasant thoughts. They forgot the pine-trees till they were nearly opposite them. Then they listened, and the trees seemed to say, "Happy little boys! how kind everybody is! Try to be good."

They were soon at home, and with bright faces sat down to warm their feet, and recount what they had seen and heard.

"And what did the pine-trees say?" asked mamma.

"Oh! they didn't really talk," replied Arthur; "but it seemed as if they were almost crying when we went, and they were as merry as birds when we came home."

"Ah! you have found out the secret," said mamma. "The pine-trees seem to say just what is in our own hearts. They sighed and complained when you were going, feeling cold and sad; but, when you came home bright and happy, the wind through the branches spoke of sunshine and happiness. Try to keep the kind, loving thoughts in your hearts, little boys; then the pine-trees will always echo back gratitude and love." D. F. A.

BIBLE LESSONS.

No. 3.—THE MEEKNESS OF JESUS.

OUR Saviour himself, early in his ministry, called upon all who were weary and heavy-laden to come to him; for “I am meek and lowly in heart.” We will ask you now, dear children, to think about the meekness of Jesus. It showed itself in the calmness with which he bore the taunts and reproaches of the Jews, and the silence with which he sustained the insults heaped upon him in his hours of trial and death. It shone in his whole demeanor, when he came forth before the infuriated multitude, wearing, in bitter mockery, the purple robe and the crown of thorns.

The prophets had foretold that the Messiah should be meek; and declared that he should be “led like a lamb to the slaughter,” and, “as a sheep before her shearers,” that he should be “dumb, and open not his mouth.”

How can children imitate the meekness of Christ?

You all know that we study his character in order to copy it. How can you do this? Are you ever laughed at for a shabby coat, or a cap which, your school-mates tell you, must have “come out of the ark”? If you say nothing to these jokes at your expense, or if you answer that you know your garment is shabby, but it keeps you warm; if you do this good-humoredly, you show a spirit of meekness. Perhaps you have been making something, in which you think you have succeeded very well. Your school-mate tells you, that he “doesn’t think much of it,” and perhaps holds it up

to the ridicule of others. If you do not get angry with him, and if you answer his rude speeches pleasantly, then you are following Christ's example of meekness.

We fear we see many a boy who reads this, throw down the book, and say that such a doctrine may do very well for *girls*, but that boys ought to have some *spirit*. Think for a moment, you who love to see *spirit*. Is it not more brave to do a difficult thing than an easy one? You answer yes, directly, and wonder why we should ask such a question. But we must go on. Is it not very easy to get into a passion when laughed at, and to use hard words, and perhaps even blows? And is it not hard, *very hard*, to keep your temper, and give the "soft answer," that "turneth away wrath"? You answer yes again; and now you see that if it is bravest, as of course it is, to do the most difficult thing, that it is bravest to show the spirit of meekness.

Sometimes you may be really injured by a playmate. He may occasion a false report against you, which may make you the subject of much blame. If you refuse to resent the injury, it may be taken for a sign that you have really done wrong. But then, remember the meekness of Christ; remember that he even suffered death; and that all those who would be like him must "take up his cross," and bear their trials in his spirit.

"Blessed are the meek" was one of our Saviour's first teachings "They shall inherit the earth," he said. They shall have earth's truest blessings,—love and peace and joy,—no matter what their station in life. Their inheritance shall be one which they will not leave behind them when they quit this world, but will carry with them

to another, where the presence of the Father shall make it richer and more divine.

Strive to be meek; for the child who has this spirit is truly "of the kingdom of heaven." ED.

ANNIE'S STORY.

(Concluded.)

FOR long weeks and months of that sunny summertime, that active, play-loving, and school-loving girl lay upon that tedious sofa, suffering intensely at times, and forbidden almost to move, on pain of rendering herself deformed for life. For a long time, the physician feared that he could not, by any means employed, entirely prevent the child's head from being drawn to one side, on account of the shrinking of the burned and mangled cords of the neck. But through the best of surgical care, through her own patient obedience to orders, and above all, through the blessing of God, the dear girl recovered, without finding herself disfigured in a way that would make her an object of pity to all beholders. Oh! it was a joy to her when the bandages were removed at last, and she was permitted, leaning on her father's arm, to step feebly into the yard, and see the sun setting over the high, green hill she loved to climb. She cared little, just at that moment, to know that she could never again wear a low-necked dress, that her throat must always be muffled high with a close band. And her parents, while they looked on their only daughter, preserved from de-

formity, thanked Heaven in their hearts, and dared not murmur.

One more little incident I must relate to you in connection with this story. The Judge had resolved at first to prosecute and punish the instigator and the doer of this injury. Little Clarence, who was now old enough to speak plainly, had doubled his little fists, with a swelling heart, and talked largely about the way *he* would serve that wicked boy, when *he* grew to be a man.

Before Annie was well enough to lift her head from the pillow, she motioned her father to her side one day; and, as he bent down, she said earnestly,—

“Papa, will you promise me one thing?”

“What is it, my dear,” asked her affectionate father. “Can you not trust me enough to tell me without a promise?”

“Papa, I heard you say that you were going to prosecute that man and boy. Now, *please not* to prosecute them, to please me: won’t you, father?”

The father did not answer immediately, his heart was too full; and she went on to say,—

“They didn’t *mean* to do *such* harm; and they are sorry, I am sure; they will never do so again. Promise me, dear father, at least, if they are sorry!”

“They deserve punishment,” replied Judge Tracy; “but, if you forgive them, my suffering little girl, they shall be forgiven.”

He stooped, and kissed her with a tear in his eye.

“Thank you, thank you, papa!” she replied, joyfully. “I know mamma will forgive them too. Will you call Clary? I’m afraid *he* doesn’t feel forgiving.”

Clarence trod on tiptoe as he came into the room, and

looked tenderly toward his sister, who lay so wrapped up in poultices and bandages that he could scarcely tell where she was.

"Come here, Clary," she said softly.

He laid down his cross-bow and arrow on the carpet, and came very gently up to the sofa.

"Kiss me, Clary, very carefully."

He bent down his rosy lips, and just touched the bit of her one cheek that was uncovered; and then he said, sympathizingly, "*Poor Annie! Clary loves Annie!*"

"Does Clary love Annie? Then he will promise to do one thing for Annie,—won't he?"

"Oh, yes, yes, Annie! what?" he exclaimed.

She took his chubby little hand in her thin one, and said very seriously,—

"Clarence, I want you to forgive that little boy that hurt me. He is sorry, and will not do so any more. I forgive him; papa forgives him, and mamma; and we will ask God to forgive him. Won't *you* forgive him too, Clary?"

The little boy's cheeks burned crimson, till his eyes looked glassy with gathering tears. He drew back a little behind the dress of his mother, who had approached, and seemed struggling with his stout, small heart.

"If he had hurt *me*, I would forgive him!" he burst out at last; "but he hurt *my sister Annie*, and he ought to be *dead!*"

He hid his face in the folds of his mother's dress, and sobbed loudly.

"O Clary," said Annie, sadly, "you can't say your prayers with such a feeling. Don't you know it says, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those that tres-

pass against us'?" and that means the little boy, Clary. Do, for sick sister Annie's sake," she urged, "to make me feel happy; do *try* to forgive him; won't you, brother?"

The boy stood with his breast heaving high, for a few minutes. It was *very* hard; and he almost felt as though he could not and would not try to forgive. But his sister's large loving eyes looked up so beseechingly! And then, there was a little voice pleading within his heart: it was the voice of conscience.

At last, making a violent effort, with tears starting from both his eyes, he whispered, in a subdued tone, "I'll *try*, Annie," and ran out of the room.

The "little boy" was called to the house. I do not know what was said to him, nor what sorrow for his naughty deed he showed; but he was freely and fully forgiven. If he lives until the next Fourth-of-July sun dawns upon the world, I am sure he will not dishonor that day, by throwing "fire-brands, arrows, and death" among innocent girls, *for fun!*

LINES

WRITTEN BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH, THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS DEATH.

EVEN such is time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have;
And pays us but with age and dust:
Who, in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God will raise me up, I trust.

THE MAGIC SLATE.

A STORY FOR SUSIE AND MATTY.

IT was a warm June morning. The locust sung in the horse-chesnuts, and there was hardly air enough to stir the roses which bloomed under the window. Now and then, a gaily painted butterfly sailed past; but, as if the weather was too warm for exertion, it settled on the rosebushes. The bees hummed drowsily in the clover blossoms, and the cows stood in the shade of the trees.

Little Annie Burr could hardly have been said to have been conscious of all these things, though she knew them, as she sat gazing dreamily out of the school-room window, most invitingly open, just beside her desk. Before her was a slate and book; but the pencil hung idly in her fingers. Why the teacher did not see her, and reprove her for her idleness, has always been a mystery; but so it was, and Annie sat in the same position, till the act of brushing off a fly, which had settled on her face, recalled her to herself.

She roused with a start, cast her eye on the school-room clock, and then on her empty slate with despair, and began to cipher as fast as possible. But the sums, to use her own phrase "wouldn't be done." At any rate, they were not done when the class was called; and Annie had "imperfect" marked against her name, and was told to carry her slate home, and finish her lesson there.

"Oh, dear!" sighed she, "it is *too* warm to study; and there is my geography-lesson to be learned at home too!"

Annie's home was too far distant to allow her to go,

and return twice a day : and she dined with her aunt, who lived near. When afternoon-school was over, she set out for home, with books and slate, and with a very melancholy face.

" Why, Annie, have you brought your slate home ? " asked her mother.

" Oh ! I looked out of window this morning, when I should have been ciphering. But I don't believe arithmetic was made for warm weather. I wish I could leave it off until the autumn."

" And then, my little girl, it would doubtless be as ill suited to cold weather. I am sorry I shall not be able to help you if you are puzzled ; but your father and I are going to see an old friend to-night, so you must work the sums out by yourself."

After tea, Annie loitered on the piazza, watching the sun, as it slowly sank behind the hills, and the moon as it floated up the east, until the twilight had melted into the moonlight. Then she turned reluctantly to the library, and seated herself with her slate by the study-lamp. But it was no easier to study now than in school. The moonlight streamed in at the open window, the leaves danced in the evening breeze, and their shadows made fantastic figures on the carpet. The grasshoppers now and then uttered a faint, shrill chirp ; and now a firefly shone out for a moment, and disappeared. Annie began a sum. It would not come right, and she threw herself back in her easy chair. " Oh ! if I only had a magic slate ! " thought she ; but she must have thought aloud ; for, at that moment, she saw a smiling figure standing in the moonlight, and heard a sweet voice say, " Should you really like a magic slate ? "

Annie rubbed her eyes to assure herself that she was really awake ; and then, finding she was, she said softly, " Oh ! yes, indeed, I should be delighted to have one."

" I will give you a few minutes to consider," said the figure, " and then you shall have it, if you are still sure it will make you happy."

Annie, you may be sure, did not change her mind ; and the fairy came forward to the table, and lightly touched the slate.

" Now," said she, " whenever you set down here the figures of the question in your book, they will go to work, and your sum will be done. But, remember, Annie, I shall not be here again for a year, and the slate may trouble you ; and you must promise me to use no other till I return."

Annie readily promised. " Certainly," she thought, " I shall never wish to use any other."

She eagerly rubbed out the figures she had made before and set down only those of the question in the book. One after the other, they arranged themselves in the proper form, and then the rows of multiplication began to grow, and the columns of addition were added up of themselves, and the amount set down. The question was performed in less time than it has taken to tell of it. Annie tried another and yet another, and in fifteen minutes her slate was covered. " Isn't it *splendid?*" she asked of herself ; and, when the geography-lesson was despatched, she went to bed full of delight.

She woke the next morning with the sense that something pleasant had happened. She ran to look at her slate. There were the long rows of figures, just as they had set themselves down the night before. She dressed

herself, as happy as a queen, and thought the fairy was very kind to select her from among all other children, and bestow upon her so valuable a present. The first cloud over her happiness was when her mother asked her if her arithmetic-lesson was finished. She felt she could not tell her mother about the slate; and that troubled her. Ah, Annie! you cannot enjoy it, if you must do it in secret. Annie only told her mother that her sums were done; but a strange, uncomfortable, guilty sensation crept over her, and as if she had been doing something wrong.

"What is the reason," said she to herself, "that I do not wish mother to know this?" Still she could not answer her question; and she went to school, troubled, thinking that perhaps after all she might get tired of her slate before the year was out. She went to the teacher's desk with the lesson, but was half ashamed to look her in the face, as she read off the answers.

Hardly had the school begun, when in walked two gentlemen of the district to examine the school. After various other exercises, they began to give out questions in arithmetic for the purpose of seeing how rapidly the children could perform them. There were girls in school four or five years older than Annie Burr; yet her hand was always held up the first, as a sign that she had finished. The gentlemen noticed it, and praised her for being so quick at figures; and, when they saw her face crimson with the shame of undeserved praise, they mistook it for the flush of modesty, and liked her all the better for it.

"Oh!" thought Annie, "if I only dared to break the slate!" But this she did not dare to do, as it would be

breaking the spirit of her promise to its giver, if not the letter. The thought troubled her so much that her afternoon-lessons were very imperfectly learned, and the teacher made up her mind that Annie Burr was one of those children who are injured by praise, and determined to caution the committee on their next visit.

A week or more went on in the same way. Annie's arithmetic was perfect; but her other lessons were entire failures. The consciousness of possessing a gift, and one which some unknown feeling tempted her to keep secret, weighed upon her spirits. She began to grow pale, and to lose her appetite.

"Annie," said her teacher one day, when Annie was sent to her seat in disgrace for a failure in a geography-lesson,— "Annie, I cannot imagine what has come over you. Your arithmetic-lesson used to be the one which troubled you the most. Now that is always correct, and your other lessons are *never* recited as they should be. I don't understand it."

Annie began to cry violently; but her teacher knew she had an impetuous nature, and supposed the tears were caused by her open reproof, which she hoped would make the child more careful.

Of course, Annie's loss of cheerfulness, and the piles of neglected lessons brought home to study, could not escape the eye of her mother. She questioned her daughter again and again; but Annie could not tell what was the matter. The words seemed to fail her when she attempted it again and again. Mrs. Burr determined to see Miss Wilson, and find out, if she could, whether any thing was amiss at school. Miss Wilson told her that she could not understand the change in Annie's behaviour;

that she had frequently spoken to her about it, but was only answered by tears. Mrs. Burr was troubled; but she resolved to watch Annie closely, and discover what was the meaning of such strange conduct.

Annie took her slate home one night, and left it on the library table, hoping the fairy would come in the night, and change it into a common slate again; but, in the morning, she found it had lost none of its wonderful properties. The next night she put the slate on the table, and sat down to watch for the fairy. Whether this fairy saw, in her far-off regions, little Annie's heavy eyes, or whether one of the figures on the slate had caught Annie's sadness, and had flown to the fairy with it, we cannot say; but Annie had not watched long before the graceful form again glided through the star-light, and approached Annie.

"Ah! my poor child," said she, "you have found out that a magic slate is not such a gift as you supposed; and you are ready to part with it."

"Oh! yes, yes!" cried Annie, "I have had no peace by night or by day. I felt guilty in school, and I could not be happy at home. I could not tell my mother or Miss Wilson of it; and, oh! how unhappy it has made me! Change it into my own old slate again, and I never will complain of the hardest task I have to perform on it."

"Annie," said the fairy, "let the lesson which the magic slate has taught you never be forgotten. Remember never to do or say any thing which you must *conceal*. The consciousness of any hidden thing will make your eye-lids heavy, and your heart sad. Let the remembrance of this slate teach you to be always candid and sincere. I take pity on you, and have

returned to change this slate." She touched it again, and floated away, before Annie could express her gratitude.

Annie's heart found relief in a long burst of tears. Then, wiping them away, she thought, "Now I can tell mother," and away she went in search of her. Mrs. Burr heard the story with some surprise; but she did not express it, because she did not wish to weaken its effect upon Annie, and because it had so wholesome a moral.

Annie went to school the next day with a light heart. Her lessons were well said, and even the arithmetic was easy, though she fancied that might be the effect of the wonderful power the slate had had. The incident cured Annie, too, of the foolish habit of wishing, as well as of all inclination to deceive; and, when she heard any one else do it, she always thought, "She has not learned the lesson from my magic slate."

If you ask us where we learned this story, dear children, we can only tell you it is a secret, and shall not give you the least hint of its source. ED.

READERS.—Coleridge says that there are four classes of readers. The first is like the hour-glass; and, their reading being of the sand, it runs in and runs out, and leaves no vestige behind. A second is like the sponge, which imbibes every thing, and returns it in the same state, only a little dirtier. A third is like a jelly bag, allowing all that is pure to pass away, and retaining only the refuse and dregs. The fourth is like the slaves in the diamond mines of Golconda, who, casting aside all that is worthless, obtain only pure gems. — *Selected.*

ANNIE GRAY'S JOURNAL.—No. 14.

THURSDAY.—Carrie and I stayed again in the school-yard, and played on the fence; and, just as I was walking along on the top, and thinking I was learning so nicely, an old gentleman came out into the garden, which is next to the yard, and called to know what we were doing there. He frightened me so, that I lost my balance, and fell over into the garden. I hurt my arm most terribly. The old gentleman came to see; and he told us never to get on the fence again, for we should certainly break our necks. Then he opened the garden-gate, and I went round again by the road. “O Annie! how your dress is torn!” Carrie exclaimed, as soon as she saw me. It *was* torn a monstrous great rent, and when I thought of mother, I felt unhappy enough; but Carrie said that her mother would run it together for me, if I would go home with her, and then perhaps Mrs. Long would not see it. “Your mother won’t care, will she?”

“Oh, no!” I told her, mother would not care; for I did want her to think that my mother was as kind and pleasant as hers is, and I answered very quickly before I thought.

Mrs. Monroe bathed my arm with arnica, and made me take some. Then she mended my frock a little, and sent Carrie to walk home with me. She is a very kind lady. Carrie came into the house with me, to keep Mrs. Long from scolding, she said. But no one noticed me or my frock, and so she did not stay.

Friday morning.—After tea last night, Mrs. Long

spied out my torn dress. She looked as red as fire, and talked as loud and as fast as she could to me.

"Well, miss, I guess your mother will pay you for that ! *I would!* Now, to-morrow, do you come home the minute school is done ; if you don't, I will take you in hand."

She made me, too, angry. I don't wish to play, I don't wish to see mother, or anybody ; and last night I thought I never should go to sleep. It frightened me to think I had disobeyed my mother, and it frightened me to think that I had told Carrie a *lie* ! Oh ! I am sure I did not mean to. The moment I had said it, I thought to myself, "That is not *true*." My mother *will* care very much, indeed. She has often called me her little neat daughter, and thanked me for being careful of my clothes, because she says she must sit up very late at night to keep us all neat and clean, she has so much to do. And I disobeyed her ; she will care more for that. I never can tell her about that.

Friday evening. — Father is coming home to tea very early, that he may go to the Seawood Depot to meet mother. Mrs. Long says it will be too late for us to sit up, and see her. I don't care much now. Oh, dear ! When I first came home, I was to be *so* good, and Mr. Earniste told me to be a good child, when he said "Good bye ;" but I have not been, and I don't believe I ever shall be a good child again, unless I can live at his house with Grace.

Saturday morning. — As soon as mother came last night, she sent up word that we might put on our dressing gowns, and run down to see her. Father came up to put Eddie to bed ; but Eddie was too sleepy even to look at us. But mother — I should not think she would be so glad to see us, when she was gone only such a little

while. She looked into our eyes and held our hands, and kissed us a great many, many times; and I had been so naughty, that I did not want my eyes looked into. I don't see how people can grow very bad, indeed, when it is such a trouble, and so sorrowful, to do one or two wrong things. Aunt Mary has sent for us to spend the day there, and May is calling me to dress. Now I shall have to tell!

Saturday evening. — I want to write how kind mother was to me this morning. When I asked her what frock I should put on, May said, "Your blue gingham, Annie, and white apron; then we shall be alike." And mother said, yes, that would do. My throat felt like choking, when I said, "That dress is *torn*." The tears would come; and when I got it to show her, and she looked so surprised, and asked me how I did it, then I began to cry as though my heart would break, and only said, "I fell down." I wanted to tell her the rest, only I cried so that I could not speak a word. She tried to comfort me, and said that my tears would spoil all my day's pleasure; that I must dry them up at once. "Another frock will do quite as well, my child. Come, see, May is almost ready."

She has just come into our room; and, when she saw me writing, she said, "Annie, you are too young to write so much—it is making you pale and thin. I must have you play more, and let the Journal be laid aside, and rest for awhile." It is being naughty, and not the Journal, that makes me feel sick; and, if the tears would stay away, I would have told mother so. Nobody but Eddie cries so much, and I used to laugh at him; but I will not say more, now I know how bad it is.

Sunday afternoon. — Sunday-school was so pleasant, that I asked mother if I might write in my Journal a little while. She smiled, and thought a moment; then she said that I might write a little every Sunday, if I wished; but not on any other day,—at least for the present.

Miss Everett talked with us about our hymn this morning. That made me think to ask her what harm there was in wishing to be loved, and she said,—

"That depends upon how we wish it; but Annie, love, I think the less *you* think about it the better." When I asked her why, she put her arm around me, and asked me if I had ever been sorry to think that other children were loved more than I was; whether I cared more about being loved than being useful and loving to others. Emma Howard came and stood the other side of her; and she told us a story about herself, when she was a little girl, and went home from boarding-school for her first vacation. She acted just as I did when I first came home,—*very selfishly*, she called it. Instead of trying to help her mother, she went away, and cried that her mother was too busy with company to amuse and talk with her. She said that her brother Henry laughed at her so much that it made her think, and she was ashamed of it afterward. She gave us a text to learn about Jesus, how he came "not to be ministered unto, but to minister;" and next Sunday she will talk with us about it.

Eva has come home to-day. She and Eddie are delighted to see each other; but Eddie is so feeble that the doctor thinks he should be taken to the seashore. May is trying to print a letter to sister Em. F. E. H.

STORIES OF DOGS.

WE know children like stories of these faithful animals, and we have selected two very good ones for their amusement this month.

A lady of Dorchester says: "We have a fine dog of the mastiff breed, who takes great interest in all home affairs, and he seems to think that the poultry (of which we keep a great many) are under his especial protection; and woe to the unlucky rat, weasel, cat, or skunk who dares venture within the precincts of the yard. One morning this summer, I was in my room; and, hearing a commotion in the yard, I looked out, and observed a fine speckled hen of the Dominique breed in great distress, running from a deep earthen water-jar to the dog (who was asleep about a rod from the jar), and back again. This she repeated two or three times. I saw that one of her chicks (a few days old) had fallen into the jar, and was about going to its relief, when the dog sprang up and ran to the jar; he seemed to deliberate for a moment, then put his nose deep into the jar; and, not succeeding in taking the chicken out, placed his paw upon the edge of the jar and upset it, when the chicken ran off and joined the brood, much to the relief of the old hen. The dog, after deliberately lapping his paws, quietly returned to his nap; and I, thinking that such 'instinct' was worth recording, wrote it down at the time in my diary; and you may, if you please, give it to your readers."

"A gentleman of this city has long possessed a little dog named Caper, a favorite and playmate of the children

in his owner's family. A few days since, while going home to his tea, followed by 'Caper,' he observed the latter to stop and examine attentively another dog which was lying alongside a fence, suffering from a broken leg, and starvation. With some difficulty 'Caper' was induced to trot along, frequently turning round to look back upon his brother in affliction. On arriving at home, the little daughter of the gentleman proceeded to give 'Caper' his supper; but, being suddenly called away, dropped a large piece of meat, which the little dog no sooner perceived than he bolted hurriedly the morsel he was masticating, seized the larger one, and, holding his head erect, trotted out with the meat in his mouth. Surprised at this remarkable performance on the part of their little pet, two of the children followed 'Caper' at a distance, and saw him go back to the poor dog with the broken leg; and, after exciting its attention, presented it with the meat! Upon calling to 'Caper,' he ran back, jumped and frisked about, and by every indication seemed to exult over his exhibition of canine Samaritanism. We repeat that there is no doubt of the truth of this incident, and ask whether any one can adduce a more touching instance of charity and sympathy for suffering."

ED.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.—A good conscience is better than two witnesses. It will dispel thy fears, as the sun dissolves the ice; it is a staff when thou art weary, a spring when thou art thirsty, a screen when the sun burns thee, a pillow in death.

ANSWERS TO THE CHARADE IN THE
JANUARY NUMBER.

We have received two answers to this Charade, which we gladly give below, and hope some of our readers will send us as good ones to the Charade of this month.—ED.

I.

WHILE storms howled loud, there sought an *Inn*
 An ancient, wandering *Jew* ;
 His supper, when they brought it in,
 He quickly said would never do.
 And would you know the reason why ?
 The bread, alas ! was made of *Rye* !
 Now, was not that an *Injury* ?

FANNY.

II.

WHEN the long, toilsome day is o'er,
 All wearied with the storm's loud din,
 How gladly does the traveller seek
 The welcome shelter of the *Inn* !

How often, in our own dear land,
 Without a home, with friends so few,
 We see, amid a stranger-band,
 The poor, forsaken, outcast *Jew* !

When the long summer days have gone,
 And autumn's glorious time is nigh,
 Ripe on the stalk, before us hangs
 The golden wreath of yellow Rye.

Still hear we sounding in our ears
 That voice which speaks to us from Heaven,
 "Forgive, my child, all *Injury* here,
 As thou wouldest ever be forgiven."

A CONSTANT AND LOVING READER.

Gloucester, Mass.

CHARADE.

TAKE three-fourths of a Turk, spare what portion you
 please;

He is sitting cross-legged, and smoking at ease;
 This will give you my first: then to open your door,
 Your drawer or your trunk or desk to explore,
 My second you take; and, if it be lost,
 'Tis a source of vexation, of trouble and cost.
 My whole is a biped of dignity rare,
 Formed to move on the ground, or to rise in the air;
 Over those who surround him he holds a control,
 And, though not a constable, bears a red poll.

Selected.

THE SACRED LAMP.

AN ALLEGORY.

ONE bright summer morning, a little child, who had been unconscious of every thing, gradually awoke. First he felt a dreamy, indistinct pleasure, and slowly began to distinguish the objects around him. He was in a beautiful wood or forest, which was clear from all undergrowth, and filled with the loveliest flowers it is possible to conceive of. Some were very large, of deep hues and strange fragrance; others could hardly be seen, as they nestled close to their green, sheltering leaves, and had a breath so sweet and low that you must stoop to inhale it. Bright birds were fluttering from tree to tree, and so tame that they came and perched upon the little child's shoulder, as he called them. Timid deer, with their large black eyes and slender limbs, came now and then to drink of the brook that wound along, with aplash and murmur, beneath the bending shrubs, or over a moss-grown, fallen tree.

The child was very still for a long time, looking at these beautiful things, and wondering what they were for, and how he had come there, until one bird, more beautiful than any he had seen before, tempted him on into the pleasant path open before him. The bird flew on, with its sweet luring song, its bright wings glancing through the green foliage, now hidden, now again in sight; and the child followed. The path wound pleasantly along; the light came down softly through the trees;

and the south wind stopped to flutter the foliage, and breathe a warm, soft kiss upon his brow.

Suddenly he came upon an open, grassy glade. The brook widened and formed a little lake, in which there were strange shadows. Curious, plume-like fern-leaves grew on the sloping bank, which was dotted with crimson berries and white lilies of the valley. There were patches of green moss, like the softest, brightest velvet, and trees that bore strange flowers, and fruits that gleamed like gold in the sunshine. Yes, these made the strange shadows on the lake. The child looked up to see from whence they fell, and saw the blue sky above the tops of the trees, and the sun shining in the heavens. He could not look at it more than an instant, its brightness was too wonderful and too glorious. But it brought a strange thrill to his heart, like a sudden gleam of light falling upon the grass. He had not always been alone in this forest !

He could remember, dimly and darkly, it is true, of a home, his father's house, surrounded by trees a thousand times more beautiful than these, and with a brightness in itself like that of the sun. He was happy no longer. His face had a sad, troubled look, as the recollections came and went through his mind, like the dim shadows playing upon the lake.

"O my lovely home!" he said mournfully. "How did I wander so far away! how came I here alone! I shall never find you again, for there is no one to show the path through the forest."

And the echo sent back his lament plaintively.

It was true, every thing was pleasant around him; but the child seemed to feel, that this beauty could not

compare with the loveliness of his father's house. And, besides, he was alone here, and his little heart longed for the friends and companions who were still in the beautiful mansion.

Suddenly there was a sound as of wings in the still summer air, and a beautiful being bent over him. She wore a robe of dazzling white, and her eyes were full of strange tenderness. The heart of the little child seemed to be comforted by her presence, and he ceased to lament for his home.

When she spoke to him, her voice was far sweeter than the murmur of the brook, or the sighing of the trees, or even the song of the bird, which had lured him to the glade.

"Poor, little wanderer!" she said, "you have indeed the home that seems to you now like a dream. It is far more lovely than you could picture, more glorious than the sun itself; and there are friends who wait for you there. Will you not come to them?"

"Oh! gladly," said the child. "So gladly! Will you lead me there?"

"No, I cannot stay with you," answered the beautiful stranger. "You must seek your home alone."

"But I have no guide! The thick forest is around me, and I shall be lost if I try to come. I do not see any path; I cannot go alone."

"See!" and she held towards him a small alabaster lamp, of perfect and exquisite workmanship. "I have brought you a guide, that shall lead you safely to your home. It will throw light upon your path in the darkest places; and its pure, steady radiance is clearer than noon-day: there is the way before you, through the dark thicket."

Beyond it you will come to two paths ; but enter that on which the light of your lamp will turn, and follow it boldly. You may meet with dangers, and wish to turn back to this bright glade ; but remember that your father's house is far lovelier, and that you are going home. Keep your lamp ever in your hand, and do not suffer its light to die out ; then you need fear no darkness and no danger."

The child would have uttered one more entreaty for his visitant to remain with him, but she had disappeared as swiftly as she came ; and he was once more alone, but for the birds and the voice of the brook. But he held the lamp, and he knew it was not all a dream. He turned it slowly in his hand, admiring its perfect shape and purity ; and, as he did so, a soft gleam of light, paler yet stronger than the sunshine, fell upon a path through the thicket before him. He started up joyfully, nor did he once turn to glance again on the beautiful scene he was leaving.

The thicket was dark and close ; but the lamp burned steadily, and the child hurried on. After a time his steps began to falter ; for he missed the sunshine and the birds, and it seemed more lonely than ever. So he was very joyful when he had passed it, and came upon another glade like the first ; only there was no lake there.

" And here I was to find two paths," he said to himself. " Oh ! there they are before me. I hope it is not that one which goes into the thicket again ; the other is so broad and pleasant. I can see birds there, too. What a dismal, narrow road the other is ! I am sure it could not lead to such a beautiful place as my father's house."

So he looked for the gleam of light ; and, though it

pointed clearly to the narrow way, he persuaded himself that it shone equally on both, and he could choose the one that pleased him best. He did not stop to recall exactly the directions of the stranger, but ran forward, as if he feared to think about the matter at all, as his mind was decided on the choice.

The path was certainly very inviting. It was shaded by the same kind of trees that grew beside the lake, with golden fruit that hung so low he could almost reach it. Delicious berries hung in clusters from the bushes beneath their shade, and he crushed the crimson juice from those that grew on the low vines amid the grass. How cool and refreshing they were, as he plucked them eagerly! But his lamp was in the way; and, while he ate, he thrust it in the folds of his dress, that he might have both hands free. He forgot his haste after a while, and strolled along as if he had nothing to gain by his journey. The path grew broader and more inviting at every step; he had left the narrow way far behind.

And now the recollections of his home grew fainter and more indistinct. He went on, it is true; but he thought he should reach it sometime, and it was very pleasant where he was, and he would loiter as it suited his fancy, while the hot noon went by.

On and on, farther and farther into the pleasant way; farther and farther from the narrow path.

Once he thought of his lamp; but the sunshine was so bright, it would be folly to use it; and he said to himself, "How could I ever have hesitated about that path? What if I had gone into that dismal thicket, over the rough road?" So he danced and sang in the bright sunshine, along the pleasant way.

But at last he could not help seeing that the flowers were not such as he had first met, but seemed more like gaudy weeds. They had lost their fragrance. The birds were silent, and the deer crossed his path no more, like gentle companions as they had seemed. Dark clouds obscured the sunshine, and the child's heart sank within him as he trod wearily along.

He began to think once more of his father's house.

Now the path led over dismal morasses, that shook even with his light step, as if there was destruction beneath. It was still bordered by those gaudy flowers; but the sky grew darker and darker every moment, so that he could scarcely tell where to tread. He grew frightened, and would have turned back; but the way was dark and uncertain. Afar off was the low mutter of the coming storm; a fierce wind moaned in the tree-tops. Still on and on went those weary little feet the faster for his fears, and farther and farther from where he had left the narrow path.

Then evening came, and the storm in all its fury. The heavy raindrops fell on the child's uncovered head; the thunder roared through the depths of the forest; and he fancied that he heard the hoarse call of hungry wolves, ready to spring upon him. At last, panting and struggling on, he fell exhausted over a ragged branch that projected by the road-side. Ah! now he was sorrowful enough, when the thought of his home came to him. He felt it was still afar off, and that the path he had so wilfully chosen could never lead him there. He thought of the lovely gardens and the friends he had lost for ever, and he cried out in bitter anguish and pain.

It was then that the thought of his lamp came to

him, and he drew it quickly from his bosom. But, alas ! it was dim and rayless in his hand. Then he remembered he had been warned not to let the flame die out ; and his last hope fled. But see ! it is not quite extinguished ! There is a faint silver radiance shining through the alabaster vase. Flickering faintly, rising more steadily, the light is there once more ; and the child starts up from the miry bank, and joyfully holds it forth in the dark night. How the clear, silvery beams scatter the blackness ! It turns and trembles, — like the needle of a compass, in every change of position still pointing to the pole, — until it has rested at length upon the narrow path.

The child watched it with almost fearful eagerness. Far distant was the narrow way, and many a dismal step between. But any thing, any thing, rather than the horrors by which he was surrounded ! The swollen brook seemed to cut off all access ; but he breasted its waves, the silver light gleaming upon their foam. Once more he trod the quaking morass ; but his steps slid not, for there was light upon his path : he heeded no longer the heavy splash of the storm, as its spent rage died away among the distant hills. And at last, with worn and bleeding feet, with robes soiled and torn, and a face pale with weeping, the child had gained the narrow rugged path that he had turned from in the sunshine. How joyfully he passed along, unmindful of its roughness ! for he knew there was safety in its ascending track, and even the lamp burned clearer and brighter, as he clasped it closely to his heart, filled with thankfulness for its blessed guidance.

The darkness had no terror now, for he needed but to

see his steps, and turned not to the right hand nor the left, as he hurried onward. "Oh! when would the night be passed?" and then the lamp would send a more cheerful radiance before him, as if it were a comforter as well as guide. So the weary hours wore on, and the child toiled onward, faint and way-worn, through dangers that he would have shrunk from by the light of day; but he did not even glance round him, so intent was he on watching lest he should stray.

At last the deep shades of the forest brightened. He had reached its borders, and the fair crystal towers of his father's palace rose before him. Far brighter than the sun, the dazzling radiance streamed far upward and around, making a glorious day! And while the child with tearful eyes raised his clasped hands in a struggling, though silent entreaty to be admitted to its blessedness, the golden gates flew open; and a company of shining seraphs, they seemed to him, came out to meet him, and to bear him tenderly through the stately portals. — *Mrs. Alice B. Neal.*

TELESCOPES. — It is said that the use of telescopes was first discovered by one Jansen, a spectacle-maker, at Middleburg, in Holland; whose children, playing in the shop, casually placed a concave and a convex glass in such a position, that, by looking through them at the weather-cock, it appeared much larger and nearer than usual; and, by their exclamation of surprise, excited the attention of their father, who soon obtained great credit for this valuable discovery.

WILLIE AND HIS BROTHERS.

FOR OUR YOUNGEST READERS.

I KNOW three little boys who are brothers; their ages are eight, six, and four; and they have one little baby-brother, whom they all love very much indeed.

I should like to tell you about these little boys; for they are pretty good children, although they do naughty things *sometimes*; but then they are always sorry for it, and do not like to grieve their kind parents and friends; and if they are told any thing is *really wrong*, and *forbidden* them, they very seldom do it.

I shall not tell you their real names, although they are real children, and now living in a beautiful pleasant town, near Boston, where they go very often. The eldest we will call Willie, the next George, and the next Henry. The baby's name is John, and they sometimes call him "little Jack;" he is a dear cunning little fellow, and I will tell you more about *him* by and bye. My first chapter shall be about Willie.

When he was a very little baby, his father and mother spent some time in a pretty country-town, where were beautiful groves, hills, and waterfalls, which made it very pleasant; and they would often put their little Willie into his carriage, with their luncheon, books, and work, and drag him to the grove, where they would remain a great part of the day.

Willie would go to sleep, and take a three-hours' nap in his carriage under the trees; and his father would read aloud to his mother, while she made clothes for her little boy. Sometimes she would leave her work, and run to

see if a snake or frog had hopped in to trouble her dear baby ; but he was always sleeping sweetly, or else with his earnest eyes looking upwards, talking in his baby language to the moving leaves on the trees, or examining his fat dimpled hands, which he seemed to admire very much.

CHAPTER II.

WILLIE'S FIRST TRIAL.

When Willie was three months old, his father thought he was quite old enough to go to sleep in his little cradle without rocking ; but his mother could not bear the thought of having her darling cry for his accustomed evening song, with which she had always lulled him to sleep ; but she knew it would be better for Willie, in the future, if he learned to take care of himself, and not be dependent upon others ; and the sooner he commenced this teaching, the better it would be. Therefore she decided to make the attempt, and his father promised to be present to see how his little son bore his first trial.

When evening came, his mother undressed little Willie, gently washed him, put on his night-dress, and carried him to his father to receive his good-night kiss. She then laid him in the cradle, rocked him a few times, kissed his little fat cheek, and then left him ; going out of his sight, and taking her seat by his father, who was sitting by the window at the other end of the room, reading.

Willie lay still about five minutes, expecting, I suppose, his mother would appear ; then he began to make a little complaining noise, which soon increased to a *real*

cry. His mother rose to go to him; but his father stopped her, saying, "Better not. I expected he would cry; and he will cry again to-morrow, and the next night; but you must be firm. Do not go to him."

Presently, the cry deepened into a perfect roar; and up flew his little feet, kicking the sides of the cradle, and his arms feeling about for his mother,—his poor mother, who was sitting, crying *almost* as hard as her little boy, and thinking how could she ever persevere if her precious baby should appear to suffer so much. His father was pained too; but he did not shed tears; for he felt he must be firm, and comfort and aid his mother, who was ready to spring towards the cradle, if he let go her hand, which he held in his own.

For an hour, little Willie roared, and kicked, and struggled, until he was nearly exhausted; then the cries lessened, and gradually he sobbed himself to sleep. Oh! how hot he looked when his parents again bent over his cradle! His little lips were pouted, as if he thought himself very ill-used, and he sobbed sadly in his sleep. Many times in the night, his mother rose from her bed to go and look at her darling Willie, to listen if the sobs had ceased; and when he awoke, and she took him up to give him some milk, how glad she was to see his pleasant smile again! For he had forgotten all about his trial, or thought perhaps he had had a bad dream.

The next evening, Willie behaved no better; the next he cried as if he was very badly cared for; but, in a week more, his mother could put him in his cradle, give him a love-pat and a kiss, and leave him. He would then lie very quietly, listening to his father's voice as he read aloud to his mother; and, when she looked at her baby

again, she would find him, his little fat arms thrown up over his head, sweetly sleeping, with a very pleasant smile on his face.

Then his mother was glad that she did not yield when her little boy resisted, and seemed so bent upon having his own way. She wished to make him *obedient*, and teach him good habits of discipline. She thought of the future; and, although it was hard for her to bear, she would not spoil her child by indulgence, and allow him to grow up expecting to have his own will and way in every respect. Some children I have seen, who seem to think they can gain any thing by crying and teasing; and I hope, if there are any such who read this, they will try very hard to conquer such a naughty, self-willed spirit, which will increase the more it is indulged, and, in the end, make *them*, and all around them, unhappy.

S. S.

(To be continued.)

PAPER MONEY.—The origin of this species of circulating medium is perhaps of higher antiquity than has hitherto been suspected. The Chinese, who have anticipated so many of our most curious and useful inventions, seem also to have a claim to this; for in a curious compilation, entitled, "The Names, Laws, and Customs of all Nations," printed in 1611, it is said, "They (the Chinese) have *paper money*, four square, and stampt with the king's image; which, when it waxeth old, they change with the king for *coine* that is new stampt."

A WET SUNDAY.

"OH, this *is* dismal! What shall we do with ourselves all this long day? If it were not Sunday, we could play up in the garret, under the eaves; but now I have read every book in the house, and Charlie is taking his nap. What can we do?"

Aunt Mary looked up from the book she was reading. There stood Etta Willard by the window, with one eye on the heavy clouds and pouring rain, and the other turned with a most despairing expression on aunt Mary.

"It *is* rather a trying day for you," answered the lady; "and, if we were not two full miles from the church, I think I should try to walk. But I know, as the case is, we should be most thoroughly wet, and poor Gipsy's foot is too lame for him to carry us; so Etta, we must make the best of it."

"Ah! *you* can make the best of it, Auntie, for there are plenty of books for grown people, and you do not tire of reading; but Phil is in despair, and has taken off his boots, and says he means to go out barefooted, and wade in the puddles, and Milly is in the kitchen watching the cook; and we are all tired of reading."

Aunt Mary put a mark in her book, closed it, and then she said to Etta, "Call Phil and Milly, and we will see if we cannot get over a little of this tiresome wet Sunday."

Phil was summoned from the front door; and Milly came from the kitchen, with the kitten in her arms, and sat down at aunt Mary's feet; while Phil stretched him-

self, at full length, on the rug; and Etta curled herself up in the great rocking-chair.

"Now," said aunt Mary, "did you ever try whether you could amuse any one else on a day like this?"

There was a surprised murmur from the little people, that indicated that they had never thought of such a thing.

"No! Then I must talk to you about that presently. But, first, do you know what our Saviour said about the Sabbath?"

"The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath."

"Yes; Jesus told us that the Sabbath was made for man, that it was given him to rest his body from the week's toil and labor, the mind from its care and anxiety, and the soul from its trials and temptations. It was given him for his spiritual improvement. But he said man was not made for the Sabbath. The Sabbath was not to be a tiresome restraint upon his pleasures, and a hindrance to his pursuits. It was not to confine him by a set of stiff laws, like the rigid regulations of the Jews, which made it a violation of the Sabbath for the disciples to pluck a few ears of corn and eat. How then ought children to spend that part of the Sabbath which they have at their own disposal?"

"I suppose they ought to read good books," replied Phil; "but, aunt Mary, I like story-books the best. People who write books do not make them right. They put in too much preaching."

"I think they should read good books, Phil, but not *all* day. Too much reading is good neither for the mind nor the body. I think children on Sundays should

try to do holy work. Etta looks surprised. But there *is* holy work. Martha, the farmer's wife, at the foot of the lane, seldom goes to church, because she is obliged to stay at home and take care of her little child. Now, would it not be holy work, and holy *play* even, for Etta to stay with little Dick on some Sunday, and let Martha go to church?"

The children all liked the idea of holy work very much, and asked aunt Mary to tell them some more about it.

"It would be holy work, then, if Phil or Etta should take the bible some Sunday afternoon, and go down to poor blind Mrs. Dane's, and read to her. Her daughter is so busy, and works so hard all the week, that Mrs. Dane does not think it right for her to do any more than is necessary on Sunday, so that reading is a great treat to her. Supposing too, Phil, that you were walking by yourself quietly on Sunday, and suddenly saw a cow push away some bars, and get into Mr. Stimpson's corn-field; would it not be holy work to drive him out? Would you think it right to let the cow eat up the corn, because it was Sunday, and there would be some excitement, and even fun, in driving the animal out?"

Phil did not exactly know whether it would be right or wrong, but said he should run and drive away the cow, without thinking what day it was.

"But," said aunt Mary, "it is much easier, I know, to do holy work on a pleasant Sabbath than on a rainy one. But, now, can neither of you think of any holy work to be done on a *rainy* Sunday?"

"I know what you mean, aunt Mary," cried Etta, with sparkling eyes: "we might take care of little

Charlie, and amuse him, and let mother read quietly by herself."

"That is very well, Etta: I see you understand me. Can you think of nothing else?"

Auntie waited a moment; and, receiving no reply, she said, "You can all take care of each other, and amuse each other. If Milly calls Etta to the window to see the drops on the leaves, Etta must remember that it is holy work to amuse her, and do what she desires; and then, too, if Etta wants Milly to help her sing, 'Jesus, tender Shepherd,' or 'Little children, come to me,' Milly must remember that it is a part of her holy work to oblige Etta; and, if Phil's voice cannot sing the tune, he must remember that it will be holy work for him to keep silent; or if his sisters wish to read and sing together, and little Charlie interrupts them, he will be doing the same work by taking him away, and amusing him by himself. It is holy work for Etta and Milly to set the table for dinner, when Charlie wakes, and must be taken up, just as Hannah has begun it.

"And there is another way to pass a pleasant hour, and that is to think of all God's blessings as they are shown in something round you. For instance, here is this very rain,—Milly called my attention only yesterday to the yellow wilted leaves of the corn,—this rain will go down into the earth, and send up freshness into the drooping leaves, and help to ripen the green ear. The grass, too, is standing up stiffer and stronger. The birds, that you all think will be so wet, are provided with a sort of oil, that can cover their feathers, and protect them from the dampness; and they turn their little

bright eyes up, as if to thank God for the rain. But, hark! there is Charlie's voice: he is awake.

Phil scrambled from the rug, darted off, and soon appeared again with the rosy little fellow, wrapped in a blanket-shawl.

"Was it holy work to take him up, auntie?" he asked, laughing.

"Yes, dear Phil. Any thing which does good to our fellow-creatures in any way, or that makes them truly happier, or that is doing as we would be done by, is holy Sabbath work. But there is the dinner-bell."

"The dinner-bell!" cried the three children. "Has this morning, that we thought would be so long, ended already?"

Etta put her arms round aunt Mary's neck, and kissed her; saying, "Here is some one who has done holy work to-day."

ED.

SAGACITY OF THE MULE.—It is stated in an Irish paper, that, at a short distance from Dublin, resides a gentleman who owns a pair of beautiful mules, which he caused to be imported from Spain, at a great expense. It is related of these animals, that they will regularly go to a pump in the yard, and while one puts his mouth to the spout and drinks, the other works the handle by raising and depressing it with his shoulder. When one of them has satisfied his thirst, he changes places with his companion, and returns the favor which he had received!

LOUIS KOSSUTH.

PROBABLY all my readers, young and old, have heard a good deal about Kossuth, the Hungarian governor. Everybody knows how, when he landed on our shores at Castle Garden, in the city of New York, he was received by the citizens of this republic. His name soon became a familiar one in the country. It was in everybody's mouth, almost. Scarcely any thing was talked about, for a while, but Kossuth and Hungary. But I wonder how many of my readers know much of the history of this man, and what he has said and done to entitle him to so much respect. Presuming that a sketch of his life would be interesting to you all, I will give you one, which I condense, in part, from "Harper's Magazine:" —

Louis Kossuth (pronounced *Kos-shoot*, with the accent on the last syllable) was born at Monok, Zemplin County, in the northern part of Hungary, on the 27th of April, 1806. His father, who had served in the Austrian army during the wars against Napoleon, was a lawyer, and a small landowner. His mother, who still survives, is said to be a woman of extraordinary force of mind and character. Kossuth thus adds another to the long list of those great men who seem to have inherited their genius from their mothers.

When a boy, he was remarkable for the winning gentleness of his disposition, and for an earnest enthusiasm, which gave promise of future eminence, could he but overcome the obstacles of obscurity, and procure means to obtain an education. He was not destined to long

remain unnoticed. A young clergyman was attracted by the character and genius of the boy, and voluntarily took upon himself the office of his tutor, and thus first opened before his youthful mind visions of a broader world than that of the miserable village of his residence.

But these serene days of powers expanding under genial guidance soon passed away. His father died, his tutor was removed to another post, and the gates of knowledge seemed again to close upon the boy. But, by the aid of members of his family, themselves in humble circumstances, he was enabled to attend such schools as the place furnished. Little that was worth knowing was taught there, however; but among that little was the Latin language.

It was through the door of that language that the young dreamer was introduced into the broad domains of history, where he could range at will through the immortal past. History relates nothing so spirit-stirring as the struggles of some bold patriot to overthrow or resist arbitrary power. Hence, the young student of history is always a republican.

When just entering upon manhood, Kossuth went to Pesth, the capital, to study the legal profession. Here he entered the office of a notary, and began gradually to make himself known by his liberal opinions, and the fervid eloquence with which he set forth and maintained them. Men soon began to see in him the promise of a powerful public writer, orator, and debater.

Kossuth, having completed his legal studies, and finding no favorable opening in the capital, returned, in 1830, to his native district, and commenced the practice of law with much success. He also began to make his way

toward public life by his assiduous attendance and intelligent action in the local assemblies.

A new Diet was assembled in 1832, and he received a commission to fill the place of an absentee. In this position his duties were more those of a counsel than of a delegate: however, it was a post much sought for by young and aspiring lawyers, as it gave them an opportunity of mastering legal forms, displaying their abilities, and forming advantageous connections.

Kossuth early made himself known as a debater, and gradually won his way upward, and became associated with the leading men of the liberal party. He soon undertook to publish a report of the debates and proceedings of the Diet. This attempt was opposed, and a law proclaimed, which forbade such a publication.

For a while he evaded the law, by having his sheet lithographed; but his presses were soon seized by the government. Determined not to be baffled, he employed a large number of scribes, and had his journal written out. Then, to avoid seizure in the post-office, they were circulated by private couriers. This was a period of intense excitement on the part of Kossuth. He attended the meetings of the Diet and the conferences of the deputies, edited his paper, read almost all the works on politics and political economy, besides studying French and English, that he might be able to read the debates in the French Chambers and the British Parliament. During this time, it is said, that he allowed himself but three hours' sleep in the twenty-four.

Though twice admonished by government to discontinue his journal, it was still sent forth, penetrating every part of the kingdom. So great was the influence thus exerted

toward liberty, that the government finally determined to crush it entirely. Accordingly, on the 4th of May, 1837, while Kossuth was walking in the vicinity of the fortress of Buda, he was seized, thrust within the walls of a dark, damp dungeon, where he was confined for three long years. Kossuth was now regarded as a martyr to the liberty of speech; and his imprisonment did much for the cause of freedom. Liberal subscriptions were raised throughout the country for the benefit of his mother and sisters, who were dependent on his exertions for support. His patriotic fellow-laborers did not cease to work upon the public mind; and, when he at length was released from his unwholesome dungeon, he found his countrymen ready for the work of self-deliverance. Among those who were inspired with admiration for his political efforts, and with sympathy for his fate, was Theresa Mezlenoi, the young daughter of a nobleman. She sent him books, and corresponded with him during his imprisonment. In 1841, soon after his liberation, they were married, and she has proved an excellent wife.

He issued from prison in 1840, bearing in his weakened frame, his pallid face, and glassy eyes, traces of severe sufferings, both of mind and body. He repaired for a time to a watering-place among the mountains, to recruit his shattered health. He mingled but little with the society there, but preferred to wander among the forest-clad hills and lonely valleys. It was evident that mighty thoughts were revolving in his mind.

Soon after his liberation, he became the principal editor of the "Pesth Gazette," which a bookseller, who enjoyed the protection of the government, had received permission to establish. The name of the editor was now sufficient

to electrify the country; and Kossuth at once stood forth as the advocate of the rights of the lower and middle classes.

In 1847 he was elected a member of the National Assembly for the city of Pesth. No sooner did he take his seat in the Diet, than the foremost place was conceded to him, and he became at once the champion of his country's cause. He roused the whole nation to a sense of its wrongs, and demanded from Austria a restoration of the rights of the Hungarian people. He claimed her old constitution, which had been wrested from them long years before. He sought no new privileges; he only demanded that the old degree of independence should be restored to Hungary. He carried the assembly with him. A deputation was appointed to wait upon the emperor, of which Kossuth was the leading member. The emperor yielded; the Constitution was conceded, the Cabinet appointed, and its life and soul was Louis Kossuth. The tidings of this event were proclaimed amid the wildest transports of joy; and every house in Vienna blazed with the illumination of rejoicings. Never had so great a work been accomplished in so short a time. Never had one man shone forth so proudly pre-eminent as Kossuth through all this struggle.

But this joy did not continue long. Ferdinand proved treacherous, and set himself at work to destroy the laws he had sworn to support. He revoked his own acts, and plunged into a war with the country whose independence he had but just confirmed. Kossuth became again the soul of the contest. His clarion-voice summoned the millions of his native land to the defence of their rights. His genius organized, disciplined, and directed their

armies. Courage, method, and power sprung up at his word. Victory waited upon his steps, and a final triumph seemed within grasp.

Russia now poured forth her hosts to the aid of Austria, in crushing the liberty of Hungary. Still the struggle continued, and Hungary was yet victorious. At last she fell, not in open war, but through the purchased treason of a Hungarian general. Kossuth and his companions fled. They entered the Turkish empire, and threw themselves upon the hospitality of the sultan, who promised them a safe asylum. Austria and Russia demanded that the fugitives should be given up; and for some months it was uncertain whether the Turkish government would dare to refuse. At length the exiles were asked to abjure the faith of their fathers, and embrace the Mohammedan religion, when they would have a right to claim the protection of the government. Kossuth refused to purchase his life at such a price. Finally they were cast into prison at Kutayeh. Nations wept over the fate of Hungary; and the sympathies of millions in Europe and America went with Kossuth and his companions to their Turkish prison. At length, through the interposition of the United States and British governments, these imprisoned exiles were set at liberty, and conveyed from the Turkish dominion, and beyond the savage ferocity of Austria, on board the United States steam frigate "Mississippi," which was sent out for that purpose by our government.

Kossuth and his companions were borne to America; where the noble champion of liberty was welcomed with a warmer and more enthusiastic reception, perhaps, than any man who has ever approached our shores. He is the

living leader of a lost cause. His country is ruined, its nationality destroyed. Yet his efforts have not been wholly lost. The tree which he planted in blood and agony and tears, though its tender shoots have been trampled down, will yet spring up again, to gladden, if not his heart, yet those of his children or his children's children. The man may perish, but the cause will endure. There is no man living whom the tyrants and oppressors of Europe regard with greater dread than Kossuth.

Kossuth has a wife and three children. Mrs. Kossuth is an estimable lady. From all that I can learn of her, she is worthy to be the companion of the illustrious chief.—*Woodworth's Youth's Cabinet.*

MY CHILDREN.

Selected.

I HAVE two little darlings,
With eyes of deepest blue:
There's just a year between them,
And the younger is not two.
I watch their minds expanding
With fond and earnest hope,
Like fragrant little blossoms
Whose petals daily ope.

Frank says he's mother's rose-bud ;
And little brother Willy,
With skin like alabaster,
Is my budding water-lily.

I call them both my mock-birds ;
For like music to my ear
Are their merry little voices,
So silvery and clear.

What dew is to the flowers,
The rainbow to the sky,
Are these children to my pathway,
Which they cheer and beautify.
They fill my heart with gladness,
With thankfulness and praise ;
They chase away my sadness,
And leave no gloomy days.

Then blessings on my darlings,
Bright blessings from above ;
God grant their tender boyhood
Miss not a mother's love.
Oh ! may my days be lengthened
Throughout their early youth,
To lead them in the pathway
Of Honor and of Truth.

God grant to me his spirit,
To guide their souls aright ;
To teach them by example,
To walk "as in his sight."
And, when this life is ended,
May all whom he has given,
United, form a family
Within the courts of heaven.

"IT ISN'T FAIR."

WE like to sit and listen to the conversation of children, and we like to have them familiar with us, so that they will talk together as freely when we are present as if they were alone. From this fancy of listening to what they say, we have learned a great deal of the workings of their little hearts, filling up the blanks by the very vivid recollections of that not *very* long distant time when we ourselves were children. Many a story have we learned in this way, and now we propose to tell our little friends one of these.

"It isn't fair," we heard Emma Chapin say, in a tone of deep vexation, as she parted from a schoolmate at the gate. She walked up the gravelled path, opened the front door, and threw down her books with a *fling* that betokened an irritated state of feeling. Presently she came into the sitting-room, again muttering, "It isn't fair."

"What isn't fair, Emma?" asked her mother, who was but too well accustomed to her daughter's grumbling. "Why, Miss Wright isn't fair! She is all the time making new rules! Now she says we must have credits for writing as well as recitations, and I shall be at the foot of the class. I verily believe she made the rule because she was sorry I gained the head last month, and she wants me to get down; but it isn't fair!" Here Emma broke off with an extremely injured and indignant air.

"Miss Wright," replied her mother, "if she has

thought of you individually at all in making the rule, probably supposed it would be a means of inducing you to take more pains with your writing. But, tell me, are the other girls as angry as yourself?"

"Oh! no. Some of them think Miss Wright is such a piece of perfection that she cannot do wrong; and some of them are glad because they are good writers. There's that stupid Ruth Allen, who can scarcely tell how many twice two are, and she was delighted because she happens to write a handsome hand."

"You have said enough, Emma," returned Mrs. Chapin gravely. "I am very sorry you show so selfish a disposition. Do you remember, when last fall Miss Wright tried her new plan in arithmetic, how delighted you were, because you happen to be quick at figures, and thought you could maintain a high place in the class? I dare say, Ruth Allen felt very sorry at that time, that her teacher had made the arrangement; but I very much doubt whether she made herself and her friends uncomfortable by fretting about it. You are unfair; unfair to yourself, because you know you are doing wrong; unfair to us, because you are making us uncomfortable, and *very* unfair to your judicious teacher, because you are accusing her wrongfully."

Mrs. Chapin paused, and Emma went from the room silenced, but not convinced, and with a sullen look upon her brow, which denoted that she would have said, "It isn't fair," again, had she dared.

Emma came down to breakfast the next morning with a very bright face, which clouded over the moment mention was made of her school. She said nothing, however, but looked very uncomfortable. Scarcely an hour after, and

just as Emma had taken her books and left the house, we heard a pleasant voice say, “Good morning, Emma. I am glad to see you, for I like to have company on my way.” The child’s reply was made in so strange a tone, that we involuntarily bent forward to see who the first speaker was; and Mrs. Chapin said, “There is Miss Wright. I do not wonder Emma feels ashamed to answer her cordial greeting; but I am not at all afraid that Emma will dislike Miss Wright. She has a very strong influence over her scholars, and she knows how to use it most judiciously; but I am very much afraid lest Emma should acquire a selfish, exacting, and suspicious spirit.”

Let us follow Emma to school. Her walk with her teacher had made her thoroughly ashamed of her unjust words against her, and she really resolved to take pains with her writing. But she felt still more how wrongly she had behaved, when she showed her copy, and heard her teacher say, “My new plan has begun to take effect. Don’t you think it a good one, Emma?”

“I’ll never say ‘It isn’t fair’ again,” thought she as she took her seat. But a deeply rooted habit needs more than one severe fit of self-reproach to remove it from the character.

Recess came, and the merry group were skipping back and forth in front of the door, or standing in groups laughing and talking. Emma said to a little girl beside her, “Katie, you know you are going to walk with me this afternoon.”

“Oh!” answered Katie, “my cousins came from New York last night, and I must stay at home to entertain them, or go out with them.”

Emma then turned to another of her friends, and made an engagement for the afternoon.

When the time came, and Emma and her friend Mary were walking together "up north," as the phrase of the town-people had it, they met Katie with one of the school-girls, Sue Appleton, coming towards them, on the other side of the street. As neither of them lived in that direction, the conclusion was plain in Emma's mind, that Katie had no cousins staying with her; or, if she had, she had only made an excuse of their visit in order to go with her more favored companion Sue.

We must here tell our readers, that Katie had had one besetting sin,—deceit. This she had quite overcome, and was now never known to tell an untruth. But all her schoolmates knew that she once had been deceitful, and it is easy to suspect a person of a sin to which they were once liable. Emma, therefore, said to Mary in a very unkind tone, "Well, Katie's at her old tricks again, for all Miss Wright thought she had improved so much."

"I am afraid she *has* said what was not true," replied Mary; "but you can ask her to-morrow."

"Indeed, I shall do no such thing. If she chooses to go with Sue Appleton rather than with me, I shall not ask her any thing about it; but it isn't fair, for I engaged her yesterday."

Company, when Emma reached home that night, prevented her from telling her grievance to her mother; but she woke the next morning full of it. "I'll caution the girls against her, if that is the way she is going to behave," she thought to herself. So she started for school quite early, and began to whisper her caution, as

she called it, round among her friends. How many times she repeated her favorite phrase, we should not dare to say; but she found abundant sympathy, and many to agree with her in her ungenerous belief that Katie had practised a piece of deception.

Accordingly, poor Katie was looked upon with suspicious eyes, but did not notice the change in her companion’s treatment for several days. At last, when she did observe it, she was counselled by her mother to be silent, and wait for time to bring all right.

“Come,” called Emma Chapin, one day in recess, “I am going to get up a party to go to Schuyler’s Pond after water-lilies. My brother said he saw quantities of beautiful ones there, close by the edge of the pond.” And she proceeded to invite every girl in school but Katie. Sue Appleton, being absent, was also uninvited; but one of the girls said she would go to her house, and ask her to come.

“Are not you going to ask Katie?” said one of the little ones. “No, indeed! Let her stay at home with her New York cousins,” said Emma; and the child was silenced. Just as they agreed to meet at four o’clock, the bell rang, and no more could be said till after school. Katie put her books in her satchel, when school was done, and hurried home without waiting to speak to any of the girls. She threw her books down on the table, and began to cry so violently that she could not speak. When her mother found that she had really been slighted and left out, she said, “I know this is very hard for you, Katie; but perhaps you will find out the meaning of it in a day or two; and, if you are conscious of doing right, try not to let this occurrence trouble you. We

will go to Boston this afternoon, and see cousin Esther."

Sue Appleton called for Katie to go to school the next morning. "Did you have a pleasant time at the pond?" she asked; and then, without waiting for a reply she went on, "I was *so* sorry I wasn't well enough to go. How many flowers did you get?"

"I wasn't invited," quietly replied Katie.

"Wasn't invited?" repeated her companion; "why, Lizzie Davis told me *all* the girls were invited."

"All but me," returned Katie.

"I declare," cried Sue, her face flashing with indignation, "I'll find out what this means. It's too bad. Have you any idea why you were not asked?"

"Not the slightest. Mother told me I had better keep silent."

"I suppose *you* had better, but I know a friend of yours who will not."

"I should be glad to know," she called, as she entered the school-room, "why Katie was not asked to go to Schuyler's Pond yesterday."

"Oh!" cried half a dozen voices, "it was because Emma Chapin proposed the party, and she was not willing to have Katie go."

"What has Katie done?" demanded Sue. "She is as good a girl as Emma."

"I know nothing about it," answered one of the girls; "only Emma says, that Katie engaged to go to walk with her, and then told some sort of a story about her New York cousins for an excuse, and afterwards she was seen coming from 'up north' with *you*."

"That's a pretty thing for Emma to say, when she

knows nothing about it. Katie’s mother sent for me to come and spend the afternoon with her. I had to go ‘up north’ on an errand for my mother before I could go to Katie’s house, and she went with me. That is all; and Emma Chapin is an ungenerous girl.”

The tide of feeling, which among school-girls is very violent, was now turned against Emma; and she was assailed, the moment she entered the room, by various reproaches. “You said Katie had told an untruth, and she hasn’t,” shouted one. “You ought to be ashamed,” cried another; and Emma was soon weeping angrily in the midst of the room.

“It isn’t fair,” cried she.

“Don’t say that, Emma,” said Miss Wright, coming from a recitation-room. “You have been so unfair towards Katie, that you ought not to expect fairness toward yourself. You have wronged her both in word and deed, and have made her by your representations uncomfortable for a week. This is *unfair*. Never let me hear you make use of that phrase again. When you are about to do it, think whether it is not your own selfish or unjust feelings that are not fair, and never blame another till you are perfectly sure you are not yourself to blame. I am not sorry that the spirit you so often manifest has brought you into trouble. I hope it will be a lasting lesson to you and the whole school, never to allow yourselves to think or to say, “It isn’t fair.”

ED.

NEVER act in the heat of emotion: let reason answer first. — *Richter.*

THE LITTLE SAVOYARD.

FROM THE FRENCH.

“ My child, thou must depart !
 My love is all that I have here for thee :
 In France is wealth, but here is misery :
 Go, though it break my heart.

“ Before my strength was gone,
 Wearied and happy at the day’s decline,
 I watched thy smiles : though penury were mine,
 I still possessed my son.

“ But I am widowed now ;
 — I have no resource left, — health fled with joy.
 Leave thy poor mother, orphan of Savoy !
 God wills that thou shouldest go.

“ Once more I must caress thee !
 My son, forget not thy forsaken hearth ;
 But bear this kiss upon thy distant path, —
 This kiss with which I bless thee.

“ Yon oaks dost thou discern ?
 I hope I can go forth with thee thus far :
 Four years ago I left thy father there,
 But he did not return.

“ If he could lead thy way,
 I might with fewer tears see thee go hence ;
 But scarce ten years, and thus without defence !
 What can I do but pray ?

“ Where will thou look for aid ?
Alone, among the harsh, for such there are,
No mother’s smile to teach thee how to bear :
 Oh that I had but bread !

“ The will of God be done !
Let not the thought of mother sadden thee :
To please the rich, thou must sing cheerfully ;
 Then weep not thus, my son !

“ Sing, it will ease thy woe :
Here, take thy marmot and thy scanty load,
And sing thy cradle-songs upon the road,—
 My songs of long ago.

“ Had I the strength to roam,
I would go with thee ; but the second day
Would see me droop, and sink beside the way :
 I fain would die at home.

“ Observe my last request, —
Ask not the poor ; beg from the rich alone :
Thy father said it. Now, farewell, my son !
 Go thou, and be more blessed.” —

Day sunk behind the steep :
The mother said, “ We must part here, my son.”
Through the oak-wood the child went on alone,
 Looked back, but dared not weep.

Portsmouth, N. H.

LETTER TO A BOY ON LEAVING HOME FOR SCHOOL.

MY DEAR SON,— You are now eleven years old, and, to-morrow morning, are to leave home for school. If you should get into trouble, you will not be able to ask your parents, nor your brothers or sisters, what to do. You will have to judge and act for yourself. I shall be very anxious about you,— and anxious, above all, that you should always do what is right. You will often be tempted in ways which I cannot foresee; but there are certain rules of conduct which it will always be important for you to follow. I write them down with the request, that you will read them over every Sunday morning, and consider how far you have followed them.

1. Let nothing tempt you to tell an untruth. To tell a lie is generally as mean and cowardly as it is wicked. If you have done any thing wrong, no matter how severe the punishment, never try to conceal it by a lie. Tell the truth, and the whole truth, no matter what the consequences. I do not mean that you should tell tales of others. Be silent about the faults of others; but never tell an untruth to hide your own. Keep an open heart, so that you need not be ashamed to look others full in the face. And, that you may not be tempted to tell a lie, try never to do what you would be ashamed to have known.

2. Be disinterested. Be always willing to give up a pleasure for the sake of another's advantage. If the question is whether you or a companion shall enjoy some-

thing, and only one can have it, give it to him. A greedy and grasping boy, always afraid lest he should not have his share, always thinking of how much he can get, and looking with envy on those who have what he wants, is a very miserable creature. Especially be generous towards those who are not as well off as yourself; towards those that are younger or weaker, or who, without any fault of theirs, are overlooked and neglected. Do not associate with bad boys, and never let any one persuade you to do wrong; but, in any matter of mere pleasure, be ready to give up your share to any one who is anxious to have it. Be generous and kind and considerate towards others.

3. In regard to your studies, I want you to form three habits. First, When you study, study as hard as you can. Do the most you can in the shortest space of time. Secondly, Whatever you learn, learn thoroughly: be it little or much, learn it thoroughly. And, thirdly, If you have several lessons to get, learn the hardest first. If possible, begin the day with learning the hardest lesson. You will feel better and brighter for it all the day, and every thing else will be comparatively easy. These three rules may seem very simple to you; but I would rather have you follow them, till they become a habit, than possess all the mines of California.

4. Your mother has given you a Bible, which I hope you will read for her sake as well as your own. One other thing I want you to do. Every morning, when you wake, think of God who has preserved you through the night, and begin the day with asking his blessing and guidance. And at night, when you go to bed, think whether you have done any thing wrong; and, if so, ask

the forgiveness of God, and seek his help, that you may do better in time to come. There will not be a night or morning when your parents will not pray that God may bless their absent boy. And when you pray to Him, think of those who love you, and whom you have left behind, at home.

I might give you a great many more rules, and I might make these much longer and more particular; but I give only a few, in order that you may better remember and follow them. There can be none more important to you; and, if you really try to follow them, I shall not be much concerned about other things.

One thing more. Whether you do right or wrong, is to depend mainly on yourself. I ask you to read over these rules at certain regular times, in order that you may know whether you are following them or not. You need not talk about them to others. This is something for yourself. I want you to form the habit of doing right, without talking about it, and whether others do it or not. Do it because it is right, because it will gratify your parents, and, above all, because it is what God would have you do. Remember that He always beholds you; that He will help you, if you sincerely seek his help; and that, if you do what He approves, it is of very little consequence whether you have the praise or blame of your companions. That He who is over us all may bless and keep you is the earnest prayer, my dear child, of

Your affectionate father,

E. P.

ANNIE GRAY'S JOURNAL.—No. 15.

SUNDAY, Aug. 6.—I did not go to school to-day, because I have had such a cold; so now I am going to copy cousin Stella's story. I almost forgot it before, though I like it so much.

ESTELLE'S STORY.

Last winter, when mother had a great many cares, she gave me the care of little Arthur's morning bath. But she gave so many charges, and father added so many cautions to the pleasant task, that I used to laugh, and tell them that Arthur would never be a boy, if he were always to be treated so delicately. Every morning, mother asked, "Are you sure that the room is warm enough, Estelle?" and father used earnestly to add, "Don't have the water too cold; and don't let him stay too long in the tub."

He was the baby treasure and delight of the whole household, but so fair and white then that he looked like a delicate snow-drop. I knew how much tender care he required; yet I always smiled at so many morning counsels, and thought they were forgetting how old and trustworthy I was. But for all this there came one careless morning. It was the day before Christmas, and I woke early; but the wintry view from my garden window was so beautiful,—the trees covered with ice, and your favorite pear-tree, Grace, just before the window, drooping so gracefully with its load,—that I lay still looking out, and thinking happy thoughts about the merry, blessed

Christmas-time ; when Amy came bounding through the door, and straight to my side upon the bed.

"Stella, we want you to get up this very moment, and have breakfast. We want you to walk with us ever so far ; down to Mrs. Gradeful's with our Christmas presents, and up to Miss Lee's, and *everywhere*. Marian and I are all ready." And with that she began to untie my night-cap, and smooth my hair, and chat so fast, that I found, — yes, indeed, — it was more than time to be up. Marian came in too, with her earnest assurance, that it was "*a perfectly beautiful morning*," and new entreaties that I would go with them as soon as breakfast. Off they ran to the kitchen to "*hurry up*" breakfast, they said ; while I, having given my promise, went to get ready baby's bath. I felt so glowing and glad, so eager to be out in the pure Christmas air, that I forgot my usual carefulness, and never noticed Arthur's little white cheeks and cold shivers, till father came into the room in great trouble and sorely displeased with me. He said the chamber was cold and the water cold, that I was unpardonably careless, that the child would certainly be ill ; but I could not imagine such a thing. "I will warm him in a half-moment, father," I said, "with my rubbings and huggings and kissings ;" and so I did : but father's anxious trouble was not easily vanquished. Even baby's bright eyes and rosy cheeks, at breakfast-time, failed to dispel the cloud upon his face. That grieved me ; but father's frowns never linger long ; and out in the exhilarating frosty air, with the glittering beauty all around, and my little sister's overflowing joy pouring itself out so brightly, I forgot all care and sorrow, — forgot that sorrow and wrong-doing had any place in so

beautiful a world. We turned into a lonely road, which had scarcely been trodden; and there we ran through the snow, frolicking and singing, until quite out of breath. Our calls, too, were pleasant; everybody seemed grateful and happy. Miss Lee begged that the children might stay, and dine with her. And, leaving them, I had a more quiet walk home, and began to think a little seriously,—not that Arthur could be ill, but of father's anxiety and displeasure. It was wrong in me to cause him pain, even if I thought it unnecessary. I knew that, yet I could not make myself sad about it. I resolved that at dinner-time I would be very attentive to him. I will tell him how much pleasure his gifts gave, and what a joyful time we had. I can always cheer him easily if "I try." But he did not appear to need any cheering. He was full of funny jokes, and promised to take tea at a family party with mother, if I would remain at home, and be housekeeper. This I gladly promised. Arthur was sweet and happy until bedtime; but, just after I had left him in his crib, I heard such a strange hoarse cough, that I went back to look at him. He looked very quiet and sleepy; so I went down stairs, and soon forgot him in my reading. But, before long, I heard that cough again; and then, as I listened, a little restless cry. I began to fear then that he *had* taken cold; and if, I thought, he should be ill through my carelessness, what should I do? Taking my book to his room, I sat there, trying to read, but thinking all the time most anxiously of him, and watching his every breath, until father and mother returned. Father's first reproachful words were, "That careless bath this morning! I knew then that he would take cold. He will have the croup."

But mother only said, quietly, "Oh, I hope not!" She wrapped him in blankets, and gave him some medicine, saying that he had probably taken a little cold, and would be better in the morning. How I blessed her in my heart for her placid spirit, and for her kind thought of me! She promised to wake me if he was worse in the night, said that he was not subject to croup, and with that comfort I tried to sleep. But such a night,—so long, so sorrowful,—I can never forget it. It seemed to me as if my little brother had been ill, *dreadfully ill*, for a few hours; and then, in the midst of great suffering, had suddenly died. It seemed as though we were all inconsolable; the light and joy of our home gone; as though mother, in all her calm gentleness, was too sad to be comforted; and father — but I could not dare to think even of him. Something kept whispering to me, "*And your carelessness did it all.*"

Annie darling, Grace my pet, did you ever, in all your lives, do the smallest wrong thing without suffering more a thousand times than all the pleasure which it brought? My punishment was to me a long and dreadful one, though it came only to my thoughts for one night. When the tardy morning at length came, and I hastened to Arthur's crib, there he was safely and tranquilly sleeping, more dear to me than ever before. His gentle, quiet breathing seemed to me a message of forgiveness from my heavenly Father. My Christmas prayer for that blessed day was, "Lead us not into temptation; deliver us *from evil*;" and my Christmas carol, a new song of joyful praise, so sweet and so glad that it made music in my heart for many happy weeks afterward.

F. E. H.

THE WALK.**A PARABLE FROM THE GERMAN OF AGNES FRANZ.**

ON a beautiful spring morning, Anna, Meta, and Robert, three children of a tender age, went, accompanied by their father, to ramble upon a neighboring mountain. They had heard much and many times of the splendid view, which could be seen from the highest point, and burned with curiosity to see now with their own eyes the great wonder of nature. They had already reached the foot of the high mountain; little Anna and Robert sprang cheerfully and nimble as gazelles up the steep path, while Meta, unaccustomed to climb mountains, remained wearied behind, and at last confessed, weeping, that she could go no farther.

Her brother and sister stood near her, sorrowful; for they feared lest their pleasure also might be ended; but the father, who did not wish to disturb their joy, tried to pacify the little one, and counselled her to remain for a while in the meadow, which lay on one side of them, and in which were some peasant women mowing the grass. Meta, with an effort, restrained her tears; when her brother and sister left her, she would not show how difficult it would be for her to remain behind alone. But they promised to collect for her all the singular flowers and little stones which they could find on the top of the mountain, and then the ramblers went on expeditiously.

When they had gone some distance, Meta could no longer restrain her tears; she bowed her head upon a mossy stone, and wept bitterly that all her hopes had been in vain, and she could not see the desired rocky

picture, of which she had heard and dreamed so long. Sadly rustled the high pine-trees over her, as if they would join in her complaint, and this only increased instead of softening it ; it seemed as though the little one would die of pain and sadness. Then, when she at last raised her eyes, she descried a violet in the moss that looked at her with its open blue eyes so questioningly, as if it would say, “ Dost thou then wholly overlook us, that thou weepest so bitterly, as if thou wast deprived of all joys ? ”

Meta bent down to the violet. The sight of it surprised her joyfully ; for in her garden the first children of the spring had long since passed away. She was just about to pluck it, when a bee fell into it humming, and concealed itself in the cup of the violet. Meta saw how the little animal drank with content the sweet dew from the fragrant flower ; how it intoxicated itself with its fragrance, and finally, refreshed and singing joyously, flew away. “ I will not break the violet,” said she to herself : “ perhaps nature spared the sweet flower designedly, in order yet often to refresh other little creatures with it.”

When she looked around farther, she remarked that the place upon which accident had cast her, might not, indeed, be so empty and poor in joys as she had believed it to be ; for on the right and on the left sprung up the greatest variety of plants and the most lovely flowers. Here a cluster of daisies thrust forth their slender stalks, full of fragrant little bells, out of their green thick leaves ; there bowed down the primroses, yellow as gold ; while the playing zephyr wafted away sweet dust from heads of flowers of the young willow-plots, and filled the place

with fragrance. Then resounded through the air such joyous hummings, chirpings, and other sounds, as though only to-day had the pleasure and joy of spring been spread through the happy circle of the wide living world.

"How kind is the good God to me!" said Meta exultingly, "and how unthankful it was to shed tears here, where every thing affords enjoyment and entertainment!"

And she stood up, and went from one flower to another, and could not satisfy herself with looking at the enamel of the meadow, and at the movements of the bees and butterflies, who sported joyously around her. Now she returned, both hands filled with flowers, to her place. "I will twine for myself a wreath, as a remembrance of this beautiful place!" said Meta; and she sat down on the mossy stone, and began the many-colored weaving.

When she took up a violet, she remarked an ant-hill very near the trunk of the tree under which she sat; and the grass and little stems in the vicinity formed shady passages, through which the busy inhabitants of that hill went out in various directions. She laid down the flowers, and carefully observed the little creatures. Sometimes she saw them in great haste climb up the trunk of the pine-tree; sometimes return heavily laden, and vanish in the hill. The longer she looked at them, the more was she delighted with the actions of the busy little animals.

Curious to see the interior of their residence, she ventured at length to open the hill with a little stick; but she only crumbled off a little of it, that she might not destroy the artistic work. But how did she start

back, when now suddenly the whole ant-world appears, in anxious tumult, to stream out of the little crevice. The whole hill was covered in a moment; the threatening danger appeared to have disconcerted all the quiet inhabitants, and caused a general commotion. All crossed each other; some, bearing great burdens, staggered away; and Meta concluded, from the anxiety of these laden ones, that they might be mothers, who bore away their children; and this made her repent of having disturbed the poor creatures by her curiosity. When the crowd had dispersed a little, she perceived that the hill contained long arched passages; and the artistical building had been erected so wonderful and so convenient by these little animals alone. She could find no end to her astonishment; and involuntarily she cried, folding her hands,—

“ How great is God, that he has taught such skill to the smallest creatures, and has also cared for their existence; that he has placed in these little hearts the feeling of tender care, which teaches these little creatures to bear burdens which are so large for them ! ” She sank ever deeper in reflection upon the power and goodness of God. It was as if only now, for the first time, were her eyes opened to the countless wonders of love. She observed more carefully every flower, every insect, which met her look; and in each she found a new summons to love, and loudly to praise its wise Creator.

“ Poor Meta ! how long thou hast been obliged to sit here and wait, while we have seen so many splendid things ! ” So cried her brother and sister, hastening on before their father, and embracing their solitary sister with tender love.

"Do not pity me, ye dear ones," replied she: "whatever you may have seen, I also have learned as well as you to admire and love the Creator." And she told them, with amiable pleasure, of the violets, the bees, and the ants; and what she had discovered and felt about them all.

Much moved, the father clasped the cheerful child to his breast. "I wished to make thee more intimately acquainted with the greatness of the Creator," said he kindly, "yet thou couldst not follow us to the top of the mountain; then the loving Father cared for thee in my stead, and guided thy look to his more sacred laboratories. Thou hast now looked upon God's greatness in little things; and thine eye tells me thou hast recognized it, and felt it. May the impression which his more powerful works have made upon thy brother and sister be the same; and may honor and love towards the great Father of the world never grow cold in your hearts! Then will he always be around us, and the smallest space will be a temple, where thankful devotion and love may offer their service to God."

Roxbury, Mass.

GLASS.—"It is certain," says Pliny, "that the most valuable discoveries have originated in the most trivial accidents. As some merchants were carrying nitre, they stopped near a river which issues from Mount Carmel; and, not happening to find stones for the purpose of resting their kettles upon, they substituted some pieces of nitre, which the fire gradually dissolving mixed with the sand, and occasioned a transparent matter to flow, which, in fact, was nothing but glass."

THE FIRST BIRD.

I'VE heard a sound to-day,
 That sent my heart away
 Into the Spring ;
 It was a little bird,
 Whose warbling note I heard
 While on the wing.

And thus we ever learn,
 That Spring-time will return
 To make us blest :
 Then let me not complain
 At wintry storms again ;
 God knows the best.

D. F. A.

March 12, 1852.

EDITORIAL.

Our little readers will be sorry not to hear more of "My Thimbles;" but the ill health of its author is a sufficient excuse for its non-appearance in this Number.

Will E. G. and our friend at Portsmouth, N.H., receive our most hearty thanks for their contributions? That of the former we have reserved for next month. S. A. D.'s answer to the Charade in the February Number came too late. We were sorry not to print it, as it was a very good one.

We were very much pleased to receive the following answer

to the Charade in the March Number from a very young as well "loving reader." We print it to encourage all our little friends to do likewise.

ANSWER.

Three-fourths of *Turk* makes *Tur*, you know ;
 My second then a *key* doth show ;
 My whole, a bird of common race, —
 The *Turkey* looks you all in the face.

Boston, Mass.

A. H.

We give below a Charade, or rather a Rebus, from the "School-fellow," which we hope will call out the ingenuity of our readers :

A FRUIT, whose purple clusters peep
 From out leaves green and bright ;
 A gem, which seems within to keep
 An ever-changing light ;
 A noble bird, with piercing eye,
 Which soars above the cloud ;
 A flower, of bright and gaudy dye,
 Fit emblem of the proud ;
 A ray, which gladdens many a heart,
 Without it sad and drear ;
 A thought, which will not from us part,
 And fills our soul with fear.

Learn but the name of each bright thing
 Which I have mentioned here,
 And their initials then will bring
 Your answer, reader, dear.
 It is a noted German name,
 And loudly noised abroad by Fame.

M A Y M O R N I N G.

"PLEASE ye, Miss Fanny, it's time to be *stirrin'*," spoke a rosy-cheeked Irish girl, on a bright May morning, as she unfolded the warm nest of little sleeping Fanny Wyman.

"Go away! I don't want to get up—I won't get up now!" pettishly and drowsily muttered the half-asleep child, pulling back the coverlet over her eyes.

"Do ye mind that ye *wulled* me to rise ye *airly* this mornin'?" persevered the good-natured girl, after some minutes. "The sun 'll be *winkin'*, and the May maids 'll sure for to be *rousin'* betimes." A merry shout from the yard just beneath, and a creaking of the little gate, did more to rouse little Fanny than all her pleasant words. Startled fairly to her feet, she sprang out of bed, lifting her heavy eyelids from her dull eyes, with a very doleful expression of countenance.

"Fanny—Fanny Wyman!" chirped little Dolly Baker, her seat-mate in school and chosen "crony," climbing up to the window, and thrusting in her sunbonneted face; "come! we're all here! Why, Fanny isn't dressed!" she exclaimed, in a disappointed tone. "Do, *do* make haste, Fanny!"

"Not dressed, lazy girl?" cried Sarah Tucker, a larger girl, crowding her head forward. Sure enough, there she stands in white for all the world like a ghost! Girls, come along, we can't wait for sluggards; the dew will be off the meadows!"

Sarah Tucker was taller, by half her curly red head, than any of the other school-girls; and she considered herself quite competent to be the general of the little company; pleasant to her favorites, but very often harsh in her speeches to those who did not please her.

"Oh, *do* stay!" cried Fanny, trying to untie her cap-strings with trembling fingers, and, of course, pulling them into an obstinate knot. "I *will* hurry!"

"*I'll* stay for you, Fanny dear, if you'll only come quick," spoke gentle little Dolly, as the rest ran gaily off.

"No, my dear!" said a kind voice at the chamber-window; and Dolly, looking up, saw Fanny's mother bending between the white curtains. "Fanny was bent on sitting up late last evening to look at the pictures in her new 'bird-book,' as she calls it; and I expected this consequence. None of the other girls must suffer for her dilatoriness. Go with the others, Dolly: Fanny will come after you!"

"O Judy! make haste, untie this knot!" cried Fanny. "How clumsy your great fingers are! Give me my gown — no, not that first!"

"Asy! take it asy, Miss Fanny."

"I guess *you* would take it asy, if it was *you*! There! I have put on one black stocking and one white one! Oh dear! I *never shall* be ready!"

She *was* ready, notwithstanding this speech, in about seven minutes; and, without stopping to tie her cape-bonnet, she bounded off in pursuit of the others. Not very pleasant were her feelings as she went along, trampling down the young shoots of green grass at the roadside; for she had thought herself in too great haste

to say her morning prayer. "I should think they might have waited," she murmured to herself. "I'll never call Dolly Baker *my friend* again, see if I do!"

The "May girls," after leaving Mrs. Wyman's yard, had gambolled along by the road, until they came to a gray, broken stile.

"Come, girls, let's take the cross-cut to the grove," said Sarah Tucker.

"But may-be Fanny won't know the way we have gone," timidly remonstrated little Dolly, who had just come up with the band.

"Nonsense! if she comes in any reasonable time, she'll see us before we cross the meadow; and if she does not, she may go round, that's all. I don't believe she'll be coming at all."

They danced across the meadow, bathing their eyes and cheeks in the May-dew, and were chirruping to the larks in the edge of the grove, when Fanny passed the stile, with her head drooped towards the ground, too busy with her own troubles to notice them. So, on she went by the longer path.

The girls crossed the "creek," as a brook, nearly dry in summer-time, but now swollen to a respectable size by the spring rains, was called, on the "log bridge" of the wood-cutters, and formed themselves soon on the sunny side of the hill, the spot where the May-flowers bloom earliest and sweetest.

"O girls! don't come here!" shouted Sarah,—the very words to bring them all like bees about her,—as she dropped down and spread both her arms over a mossy hillock. In a moment, Laura, Lizzie, and half a dozen more, were scrambling with her for the white and

rosy wreaths of the "trailing arbutus," the New England "May-flower."

"Oh, what a thick spot!" "How beautiful!" exclaimed one and another.

"This shall be Miss Linton's," cried Laura, holding up the brightest bunch of all. "I know she will wear it in her hair all school-time. Just look, it is rosier than a peach-blossom!"

"Checkerberries, girls! mammoth checkerberries, that have been growing under the snow all winter!" shouted Sarah. "A penny a piece on my knoll, young ladies, if you please!"

"Hark!" cried Dolly, "I thought I heard a bobolink!"

"Bobolink, bobolink! what do you think?" echoed Lizzie.

"He isn't up yet; he is as lazy as Fanny Wyman," exclaimed Sarah Tucker.

"Where *can* Fanny be," spoke Laura, jumping up.

"Oh! snug enough, in the middle of a feather bed," replied Sarah, laughing. "My mother says everybody is lazy that doesn't sleep on a straw bed!"

"It *is* her, I do believe," exclaimed Dolly, as the sound was again heard from a distance. She came over the top of the hill, and disappeared down the sloping bank. "Fanny! Fanny! *here!*!" cried she, running along by the brook-side.

Fanny rose up from behind a maple log, with tears running down both her cheeks. She had lost the path.

"Why don't you come over here?" called Dolly.

"I can't get across," she sobbed, in reply.

"Oh! come along to the bridge."

"I can't; there's a swamp between!" and Fanny held up one muddy shoe, as a testimony to the poor success of her attempt.

"Oh! there *must* be some way: don't cry, Fanny; 'crying never makes the sun shine,' mother always says, and I'm sure it won't make *bridges* grow. Come up the creek. Oh! here is a nice log, all the way across!"

"I can't," said Fanny again, lifting her foot upon the end, and then taking it down hopelessly. "I can't walk on a round log!"

"Oh! try; take that long pole for a cane, and maybe you can."

After a good deal of coaxing, Fanny wiped her eyes, and ventured. She had reached the middle of the log with cautious steps, when she looked down into the deep water, and her courage failed. "O Dolly!" she screamed piercingly, "I shall fall! I shall be drowned! Oh! oh!"

It seemed as though her scream awoke a merry breeze in the woods, for it came brushing along just at that moment, and — you remember she had not tied her sunbonnet — swept it from her head fairly into the middle of the stream. Dolly Baker sprang upon the log, ran along to her, caught her by the hand, and almost pulled her to the bank. The bonnet had floated away, waving its pink cape in farewell to them.

"What shall I do? What will mamma say?"

"I don't believe she will scold you, — I know *my* mother wouldn't," said Dolly, tenderly and sympathizingly. "There, tie this great white handkerchief of mine over your head." By this time the sun had arisen in all its brightness, flashing through the leaf-buds in

the tree-tops, and waking every bird from its sleeping.

"Hurra! and so you're come at last!" cried Sarah, as the two friends came up over the hill, with the sun-beams shining full into their faces.

"Well, Miss Fanny, I guess you will have to be satisfied with what you can get at this late hour. Well done! what has become of your head-gear? Did you leave it under your pillow?"

"Do, be still, Sarah," urged Dolly, in a whisper. "Fanny lost her bonnet in the brook, coming over the log; and it floated off."

"Oh, I am *so* sorry!" exclaimed little Lizzie. "Fanny, you may have half of *my* bonnet, if you will put your head in. Look! father says it is large enough for two. There, don't cry: I'll show you some May-flowers."

"I don't want any May-flowers," sobbed Fanny, sitting down upon the mossy knoll. Sarah Tucker's unkind words made her more and more miserable; and, instead of jumping up and "laughing off" the jokes of her companions, she shrunk away into her own wretched little self.

"I don't want any checkerberries!" she exclaimed again.

"There is a lady's slipper, Fanny,—oh, *such* a beauty! *Do* take it!"

"I don't want *any* thing!"

"Oh, do let the cry-baby alone!" called Sarah, impatiently. The other girls were kind-hearted, but they thought Fanny was very unamiable and impolite to refuse all their presents and comforting words; and so they did leave her alone.

"Girls," cried Laura, in a few moments, "I say the baskets are all heaped full, and here is a handful to fill Dolly's."

"We may as well go home, then," said Sarah. "I rather guess *you* will be wanting to be going through the village before everybody is up, Miss Fanny," added she, laughing.

Fanny Wyman was not a passionate little girl, although she was rather dilatory, and a very sensitive one. She had looked forward to this Maying party for six weeks, promising herself a great deal of pleasure from it. Her disappointment, therefore, was almost more than her eight-year-old heart could bear; and the more, as she could not help feeling that it was all owing to her own foolishness. So she walked a little behind the others, very silently, dropping round, hot tears into her empty flower-basket.

"Why, what *is* the matter?" exclaimed Mrs. Wyman, as her little girl walked into the breakfast-room, with the tangled hair blown over her red eyes, a white handkerchief upon her head, and great tear-drops on her cheeks.

Fanny laid her head upon her mother's shoulder, and sobbed, "I lost my pink bonnet, mamma!"

"Lost it! how?"

"In the brook. I—I thought I was going to fall in, and so"—she cried too violently to speak.

"Hush—hush, my dear child, mother is not going to blame you there! Tell me all about it calmly."

Fanny finished her sad story, while her mother stroked softly her tumbled locks.

"Well, go and wipe your eyes, and brush your hair

for breakfast," said Mrs. Wyman, cheerfully, at last; giving her a comforting kiss. But remember one thing, my dear, — the consequences of *sitting up too late, and of getting up too late!*" — MARY IRVING.

A SPRING WALK.

YOU are now accustomed to walk with us, my little friends; and your eyes brighten at the proposal. Let us take a long walk, and see all the beauties of this beautiful day. We were wise not to take May-day for our excursion; for now how many flowers are out, and how soft the air is! What! Lizzie? If little Alice Lee could only go! We can stop and ask her mother if she may; and we can carry her to Mrs. Green's at the edge of the wood, if she is soon tired.

Oh! yes! yes! Mrs. Lee will trust her, since auntie is with us. Here is little Alice, pale as the white violets we expect to find, and she is not unlike a white violet; for she is modest and timid, and, with her hand in auntie's, walks quietly along. She is hardly strong enough yet to caper on with companions of her own age, and prefers more sober, though, we trust, not less cheerful company. This is a shorter path to the wood; and whoever finds the first violet is, you know, to direct our movements. Take care, Annie; the most haste is often the worst speed: that little fall has interrupted your progress, and you are behind in the race. But the wood! the wood! Here are the samaras, or dry fruit of the elm, strewing the ground, and the grass shooting up

around them. How the oak-buds are swelling ! and here is the tree, the red, red maple. Look at those beautiful clusters. No, Willie ; the tree is too light for you to climb, and bring them down. We may find a stronger one, but must let that remain unstripped.

What shall we do, little Alice ? We cannot run on, and we must let them find the violets. The fresh air has brought some color into your cheeks. But what is that, close by the foot of that birch, whose light green leaves look so beautifully fresh ? Stoop down, Alice, and pick it. I'll shout for you : it is the first violet ! Alice has found the first violet. Alice has, however, no directions to give. It is happiness enough for her to be out in the fresh, free air, and feel its light currents fan her cheek ; and she cares not in what way you enjoy yourselves. Run on, and we will walk slowly to the great rock on the farther edge of the wood, and rest ourselves there, and wait for you.

Ah, my little Alice ! we are in sight of the rock, and, we are glad for your sake, only a few steps more. See how beautifully it is canopied with the light birches and maples, while, over all, spreads one of our graceful American elms, its huge boughs covered with the great leaf-buds, just beginning to open. You must sit in auntie's lap, Alice ; for, although we have had no rain lately, the stone may be damp, and we should be sorry to cause you another fit of sickness through our carelessness.

How still it is in the wood ! We can hear the birds twitter, and break into short, quick songs. And, can you see, Alice ? on the branch of that oak tree, — not the topmost, but the one next, — a bird is building its nest. See how busily she works there, and now her mate has

brought her something like a piece of straw. She takes it from him, and away he flies in search of more. Now you can watch her, as she weaves in that piece. How quickly and skilfully she uses her little beak ! With our ten fingers, we could not do it as well. It is not a robin, and we cannot tell further than that. We have had small opportunity to watch these beautiful and interesting creatures.

But hark ! there is Annie's laugh, and a glimpse of a pink dress through the trees. Now come the children. " Oh ! we have had such a beautiful time, and found so *many* flowers." " And we have each taken our two prettiest flowers to form two bouquets for Alice and you, auntie." How lovely they are ! What a profusion of violets and houstonia, and how many columbines ! And here are wild lilies of the valley, and anemones ! Ah ! you have been down by the brook, for here are white violets ! And Ned's hand is full of the sanguinaria. He has been up on the rocks. Wild geranium too ! this is quite early in the season for it. There are only two or three, however. It is generally the companion of the wild rose. Butter-cups too. It was well you did not forget them. They are emblems of a sunny, cheerful heart ; and both the emblem, and the beautiful grace it signifies, ought to be dear to us. But where did you find these dog-tooth violets ? Our searches have never discovered any before. It is rather early for these, too, if we remember rightly.

But now sit down on these scattered stones, and rest awhile ; and observe how lovely and still every thing is. See that bird which we have been watching so long, and hear the quiet sound of the waters of our little brooks.

What thoughts does the return of spring bring to you, children ?

" It makes me think that God has again fulfilled his promise, that seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, should not fail."

Yes ! we may indeed love and trust our kind Father in heaven, who, through thousands of years, has still caused the beautiful, never-varying round of the seasons.

" I think spring teaches me the love of God, in scattering so many beautiful flowers around, which are of no use except to make us happy. You know, auntie, the hymn says, —

God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree
Without a flower at all.' "

Yes ! dear Lizzie, and there is yet another spring-thought which comes to me, though perhaps it would not occur to you, who are so much younger. Can you think what it is ? No? Then we must tell you. You all came to walk with us last autumn and last winter. You saw in autumn how everything was dying, though dying in beauty, like the sunset which closes the day. You saw in winter how earth was buried in sleep and quiet, and now you see how every thing has wakened from that slumber, and appears fresh and beautiful. Can you tell us, now, of what we are thinking ?

We are thinking of the resurrection. Spring is the resurrection of nature. We see our friends sicken and droop like the leaves in autumn ; and then they lie before us, with death covering their mortal part, as the snows

of winter wrap the earth. But we have seen the spring clothe the trees in beauty; and though the winter of the body may be long, yet we know that its spring will come, for we have faith in Him who said, "I am the resurrection and the life."

Come, dear children, let us go, and strive, after this morning's lesson, to fit ourselves for the beauty, the unutterable glory, of the spring-time of eternity.

ED.

LETTER TO FANNY AND EDDIE.

You were so much pleased with aunt Amy's stories about poor "Lamie," and little "No Tail's" unfortunate exploration of the moss-grown well, that I thought perhaps you would like to hear some stories about the beautiful colts we have here. Do you like horses, Eddie? I think you do, because I remember the smiling, happy face you wore, when you rode around the house upon aunt Lizzie's pony.

Well, these colts are larger and far handsomer than pony, and much *gayer* too, I assure you. They are just of an age, and just alike, except that "Billy" has a nearly white face, while "Charley" has only a white spot upon his. When we cannot see their faces, at first we can scarcely tell them apart. Yet "Charley" is more graceful, and handsomer in every way; and then he has so expressive a face, as if he knew a great deal more than he could find a way to tell. We often think he looks very *sad*; but, if you could see him bound over the

ground, with his mane and tail flying, every motion so airy and full of grace, you would not think him *ever sad*. It seems then as if he were too full of life and joy, and must dance away his exuberance of spirits. I do believe he is the most gentle, loving, and knowing colt ever seen,—a very *prince* among horses; and we should all feel sadly enough if any accident should befall him. “Billy” has not been here so long to win our affections; and beside, though I am very sorry to say so, poor “Billy” has not been so kindly trained, and is, we sometimes fear, a little *vicious*. He sometimes makes a most uncalled-for use of his heels, thrusting them in unoffending pony’s face, or against the sides of the old black horse, as they attempt to pass him in the stable. One night last week he used them so vigorously as to “stave out” a large hole in the side of the barn, which quite astonished us in the morning. However, he seems quite satisfied himself with the feat, for he finds it quite a pleasant *look-out*; and, whenever there is any stir or noise in the barn-yard, or anywhere about, you may be sure to see “Billy’s” head peering through his ragged window very knowingly and comically. He very often makes us laugh, as he surveys the cattle, or the poultry, or the children playing around. But one of the pleasantest things about “Charley” and “Billy” is the *love* they bear each other. When they come to the well to drink, they must put their heads *together* into the pail, and they will not be separated for a moment. Sometimes “Billy” is led by a halter, while “Charley” is quite free, and longs to gambol away over the meadow; so he will frisk about, and make-believe run away, and sometimes seem to *try not* to follow “Billy” back to the

stable; but he cannot part with his dear mate, and soon capers after him at full speed.

When they are harnessed, they seem to be *talking* to each other all the while; perhaps they wonder where they are going now, or wish the days back again when they could frisk about the fields all day long, and not have to draw heavy wagons and sleighs. But I rather think they *like* to work, and be useful, like some children I know; for they go very briskly and swiftly, and "paw" the ground with their feet quite impatiently, when stopped.

Perhaps you would like to know that "Miss No Tail" (I think we should call her *Hydro* now, or some such name) has grown quite a demure, little pullet, and begun to lay eggs for us. Her two first eggs were the very funniest, tiniest little hen's eggs you ever saw, and I packed them snugly in wool for the boys to take to their city-home, that they might raise some chickens as funny-looking as "No Tail." As for poor Lamie, we thought she grew thin, and walked more and more *erectly* upon her tail; and so a kind neighbor one day put an end to her distresses, and our anxiety for her, by ending her life. We missed the little creature very much; for she always waited at the door, and ran about after us so comically, and her misfortunes and *patience* had made her dearer to us.

Uncle Herbert often wishes he had you, or some of his dear nieces and nephews, here to frolic with; and he, aunt Amy, and Lizzie, all send you "oceans" of love with this long letter from

AUNT BELLA.

F. E. H.

BIBLE LESSONS.**No. 4.—THE PITY OF JESUS.**

We wish to talk with you now about the *pity* of Jesus, about his infinite compassion. We know how many times he showed this by healing the sick, by feeding the hungry, and by weeping at the grave of Lazarus. If you read his whole history, you will see how his words grew more and more compassionate, as his life drew to a close. You will see how he wept over Jerusalem, as the thought of its destruction and miseries came over him, and on the day of his crucifixion, when, bearing the cross, he turned to the women who followed him weeping, and uttered his pitying and consoling words.

Perhaps a want of pity for misfortune is a rare fault among children. A child has rarely come within our observation whose sympathies were not quickly excited by tales of sorrow and suffering. But, children, how many of you show pity in action, as well as by the moistened eye and the throbbing heart? Perhaps you do not know what we mean by showing pity in action. If you see an old or infirm person walking on a slippery pavement, you show your pity for their age or infirmities, by assisting their tottering steps. If you see a person carrying too heavy a burden, your pity is active if it leads you to carry it for them, or to bear part of the weight yourself.

The little girl who, not long ago in this city, stood at the corner of the Common, and disposed of a basket of

candy and apples for a poor old woman, who had become too ill to do it herself, showed active pity, and followed perhaps unconsciously, but as truly as a child can on the earth, the example of our Saviour in this respect. So, too, with those two little sisters in a neighboring town, who ran to raise an old man who had fallen in the street, when older and abler persons hung back from assisting him, and who supported him, until some gentlemen, touched by their good example, came forward to lead him home.

You can show pity, too, in another way. Is there a child in your school who is ignorant or awkward, or whose dress is shabby? If so, I am afraid you have often laughed at him. But search your own heart, and see if there be not in it some compassion for his awkwardness, ignorance, or poverty; and, if so, never laugh at him again, but show that you pity him by ceasing to make him an object of ridicule.

The Holy Scriptures say that "like as a father pitith his children, even so God pitith them that fear him;" and our blessed Saviour has shown us how God's compassion is extended towards us, by his acts of compassion while he was here below. Our Saviour has told us to be perfect as our Father in heaven is perfect, and this can only be by thinking upon and following the example Christ set us. The apostle Paul, in one of his beautiful letters, bids the disciples to be pitiful.

Try then, children, to carry this feeling of compassion into your daily life. Learn to look kindly on the infirmities and failings of others. Much of the scandal, and many of the harsh, unkind judgments of men towards each other, would be avoided, if the spirit of compassion was more widely cultivated. Strive in youth to acquire

that heavenly quality, which is so near the highest and most perfect of all the virtues — love, lest the habits of scandal and harsh judgment grow upon you, and refuse in later life to be shaken off.

ED.

SPRING FLOWERS.

We find them in the quiet nooks
And in the shady glen,
And bending o'er the running brooks,
Far from the haunts of men.

We find them where the sunbeams lie
The glistening leaves among,
The violet's blue and loving eye,
Where woodland notes are sung.

And in the gently flowing stream
We seek the cowslip fair,
And bind it into gorgeous wreaths,
To deck the children's hair.

Still, as we listen to the songs
That through the woodlands ring,
Sweet thanks are rising in our hearts
For the gentle flowers of spring.

E. G.

MOTES AND BEAMS.

"WHAT makes you so thoughtful, Lucy?" asked Mrs. Arnold, noticing that her daughter, a girl of twelve, had been sitting for some time silent and unemployed.

Lucy started, resumed her sewing, and replied, "I was thinking of the verses father read this morning; and I do not quite understand them. It is the passage about the motes and beams."

"Take my little Bible from the stand, Lucy, and read me the verses," said Mrs. Arnold.

Lucy obeyed, and read the third, fourth, and fifth verses of the seventh chapter of Matthew. "Now, mother," she said, "I know it does not really mean that a man would ask another to let him take out a mote, while his own eye had something much larger in it; but I do not exactly know what it does mean."

"It is a figurative expression, my dear," answered her mother, "which I think I can very easily explain to you. You remember that our Saviour had been speaking of the eye as the light of the body; and do you not recollect our conversation about that?"

"Yes, mother; you said that it is through our eyes we receive the light around us, and the more healthy and clear our eyes are, the better we can see all things around us; and that a very little thing, like a grain of sand, lodging accidentally in the eye, would cause us to be, for a time, almost deprived of sight."

"And what more, Lucy? What was the spiritual meaning?"

"That, in the same way, unless our minds were pure and ready to be instructed, we should not be able to understand the truth that the Saviour taught; and that all sin weakens our moral sight, as disease does the bodily eye."

"Very well remembered, my daughter; and in the passage you have just read, our Lord teaches us, by another illustration, that we should not be always ready to discern and condemn the faults of others, while we may ourselves have faults as great or greater. It is a very common thing, not only among children, but among older people, to complain of others for doing the very same thing which they themselves do, or something very similar, and quite as blameworthy. And it is quite as foolish for us to attempt to cure the faults of others, before we have endeavored to cure our own, as it would be for a man to try to remove a mote from another's eye, while his own was so diseased that he could scarcely see. What is the trouble, Maria?" asked Mrs. Arnold, interrupting herself, as her second daughter entered, with a face by no means pleasant, and eyes bearing the traces of tears.

"Alice is so meddlesome, mother! I wish you would forbid her to touch my things. She has broken my prettiest cup, and now I have only three left. It is too bad."

"Where did you leave your tea-set, Maria? In its place upon the shelf?"

The little girl's cheek flushed. "No, ma'am; I forgot to put it away, after Ellen Grey was here."

"Then which is the most to blame? The child of five years old, who finds her sister's playthings on the

window-seat, and very naturally makes use of them; or the little girl of ten, who continues to leave her things out of place, in spite of all we can do to teach her better?"

Maria seated herself by the window, without answering; not quite ready to own her fault, but less disposed to blame her sister. Lucy looked up expressively at her mother.

"Yes, Lucy, this is a case in point; an apt illustration of the 'motes and beams.' And there is another; Mrs. Casey beating her boy for using bad language, and doing the very same thing herself. There are examples in plenty of this very common fault."

Maria was a quick, intelligent child, and had heard enough of the conversation to form a correct guess as to the subject of it. "I heard James Foster scolding little Tommy this morning, for spilling some ink on his writing-book," she said. "Was not Tommy's carelessness a mote, and his brother's anger a beam?"

"Indeed it was; but, my dear children, instead of looking around to find illustrations in the conduct of others, let us be careful not to furnish instances of the same fault in our own."

Lucy folded up her finished work, thanked her mother for the explanation, and, turning to her sister, whose pretty face had recovered its sunshine, proposed to go out to the barn, and swing; a proposal readily agreed to. It might have been a week or so after this conversation that the two girls returned from school one afternoon: Lucy, as usual, walking slowly and steadily along; Maria, also as usual, tossing her satchel of books in the air, instead of a ball, or frolicking with Rover, who had

bounded out to meet them. They hung up their bonnets and bags,—Maria so carelessly that she was obliged to put them up a third time before they remained safely on the hook,—and then went into the sitting-room. Alice and Charley were playing in one corner; Mrs. Arnold was busily at work.

“O mother!” exclaimed Lucy, “Fanny Bennett brought Laurence to school with her; and you can’t think how foolishly she acted with him. She calls him Lolly,—such a silly name!—and then she talked to him as if he was a baby: “Tum to sissy, darling,” and so on. Only think, mother! and he as old as Alice. Why, Charley can talk plainer than Laurence Bennett, and he is not three yet.”

“I should not think Laurence would talk plain,” interposed Maria, who, though a pleasant-tempered and affectionate child, had a secret fancy for contradicting her sister, when opportunity offered. “Nobody ever talks plain to him.”

“But it is so silly,” persisted Lucy; “isn’t it, mother? I asked Fanny how she could act so babyish with that great boy; and I told her Charley could talk plain enough. Can’t you, Charley?” turning to her little brother, who was by this time in a game of romps with Maria.

“And what did Fanny say?” asked Mrs. Arnold.

“Oh! I don’t know; she said he was a baby once, and all the baby she had now, or something like that; and then she tied on his hat, and led him home.”

“And I saw tears in her eyes,” said Maria. “I don’t care how silly she acts with Lawrence; it is no business of mine. Fanny Bennett is the best-natured

girl in school, and the best scholar too. She never takes offence at any thing, and helps us just the same, even if we tease her."

"Lucy, my child," said Mrs. Arnold, seriously, "what sort of spirit was it that prompted you to speak rudely and unkindly to your schoolmate? Fanny is gentle and forgiving, amiable and intelligent; and, with her many virtues, can you not overlook one weakness? Lawrence is her only brother, and she has no sisters. She loves the child, perhaps, more than you have any idea; and as to the baby-talk, how many people there are who use such language! If I do not forget, it was some time before I could induce you and Maria to speak to Charles as you ought; and if I had not forbidden you to speak to him or play with him, unless you would speak as plainly as you would to me, I am not sure that he would be able to talk now. I really do not think you should blame Fanny. But what could have been your motive?"

"Motes and beams again," said Maria, half aloud, as she ran past her sister, carrying Charley, and followed by Alice. Lucy looked after them a moment, and then turned to her mother, her eyes filled with tears of shame and penitence.

"It was what you say is my besetting sin, mother, — envy. Fanny had gained the prize I so much wanted to gain, and I felt unkindly to her. It was a mote, as Maria says, that I had found in Fanny's eye, and my own —" Tears choked her voice. "Mother," she resumed after a pause, "was it envy made me complain of Maria for being vain and pert, when she recited so much better than I?"

"I fear it was, Lucy; and, if you desire ever to be happy, strive to banish that unholy spirit from your heart. Envy leads to hatred, and hatred,—I need not tell you what the Bible says of that. Resolution, prayer, watchfulness, strive with all these weapons, my daughter, to banish this deadly foe; ask yourself, when tempted to find fault with others, if this beam is still removed from your own eye, and rest not until it is removed. I am sure you will try, Lucy, for my sake; for your own; for the sake of him who said, "Blessed are the meek."

"I will try, mother; I will, indeed;" and Lucy hastened to her chamber, to commune with her conscience and her God.

"Mother," said Maria the next day, which was Sunday, "did you see that child before us, who kept getting up and down, and piling up the hymn-books, and making such a disturbance?"

"Yes, I saw him," answered Mrs. Arnold; "and I also saw a little girl, older than he, who turned over the leaves of her library-book so much as to disturb her mother and sister, and who paid almost as little regard to the services as did the child before her."

"Motes and beams," said Lucy, with a smile.

Maria laughed. "I think it is," she said; "but I was so sleepy I thought I must keep awake somehow. Mother, I think I'll take 'Motes and Beams' for my motto. I fancy I am rather apt to find fault with others; and perhaps, if I keep a bright look-out for my own beams, I shall not be so likely to see other people's motes."

"And I will do the same, Maria," said Lucy; "and

let us put each other in mind when we forget it, so that we may make our eyes clear enough to see our duty."

"O Lucy! I don't want to see duties any plainer, until I perform them better," cried the thoughtless girl. "Besides, I have you and mother to tell me. But I do mean to remember the motes and beams."

"I trust you will," said Mrs. Arnold; "and I think the consciousness of your own faults, which such a remembrance will produce, will be a great incentive to your endeavors to correct them. Only bear in mind, that resolution is almost useless without prayer; and prayer without effort is but a mockery."

Maria laid her rosy cheek against her mother's, and promised to follow her advice. Lucy said nothing; but Mrs. Arnold knew, from the expression of her countenance, that her heart was in the work, and she offered a silent prayer for the souls' health of her beloved children.

A. A.

ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY.

WE have lately read a most interesting life of this princess, of which we make the following abstract, as being well fitted to form one of a series of lives of holy women. Elizabeth of Hungary lived so many years ago, that the history of her life seems somewhat uncertain; but enough is known of it to show how lovely was her character, and how full of charitable deeds was her life.

Elizabeth of Hungary was daughter of Andrew II. king of Hungary. At an early age, her hand was pro-

mised to Lewis, son of Hermann, landgrave of Thuringia and Hesse, and one of the greatest princes of Germany. It was in the year 1211, and she was but four years of age, when she was carried to the court of the landgrave, to be brought up in the land of her future husband.

The childhood of Elizabeth was marked by a piety and purity both touching and rare: even then, God seemed the centre of her soul, heart, and desires. Her father allowed her a yearly income, worthy the daughter of a king; and all of it that was at her disposal went to the poor. Her propensity to give was irresistible; she drew down on herself the murmurs, and almost the aversion, of the officers of the household, by lingering about the kitchen and pantry, in order to pick up fragments of broken meat, which she bestowed in charity.

Elizabeth was about nine years old when the landgrave, who had always loved her very tenderly, died. Her betrothed was now sovereign prince; but he was still too young to rule his dominions, or possess any power. With the landgrave, Elizabeth had lost her only efficient protection. Sophia, his widow, disliked her; and her daughter Agnes, vain of her dazzling beauty, looked down with contempt on the humble Elizabeth. Her love of retirement, her modesty of bearing, her tender familiarity with the poor, and the affection she showed for the young Hungarian attendants sent with her by her father, were imputed as so many crimes to the little stranger. But, in the midst of their ungenerous persecution, Elizabeth found a faithful and steadfast friend in her future husband. He loved her for those virtues which drew down on her the envy and hatred of others; nor was she less dear to the generous and chivalrous

heart of the youth, for being persecuted by all save him.

In 1220 Lewis married Elizabeth in the midst of splendid festivities. Both were remarkable for great personal attractions; yet their outward graces were far surpassed by the inward gifts of their high and noble natures. Lewis had early chosen for his motto, "Piety, chastity, justice;" and he remained true to all it implied. He was faithful to his God, to his love, and to his people. He delighted in pious exercises; in the society of monks and learned men; in the relief of the sick and the poor; to whom he often gave his own garments. With all this he was a valiant knight, excelling in all martial exercises, and so full of daring that without arms, and by the mere might of his strong heart, he once quelled the rage of a strong lion, and made him lie cowed and subdued at his feet. It was seldom that the two could bear to be apart. Elizabeth braved heat, frost, snow, and overflowing rivers, the worst roads and most violent storms, for the pleasure of accompanying her husband. If he could not take her with him, she clothed herself in widow's weeds, and lived in deep retirement until the time of his return. Then, indeed, she adorned herself carefully; and ran forth to meet him with the joyful eagerness of love.

In the midst of a saint-like life, Elizabeth kept up a cheerful spirit: she was gay and merry in the very midst of the penances she inflicted upon herself. She saw no sin in innocent amusements, where she never placed her heart; she shared in the festivities of her court, and danced and played like other ladies. She blamed those whose gloomy and severe faces were a reproach to religion. "They look," said the cheerful Elizabeth, "as if they

wished to frighten God. Let them give him what they can gayly, and with a willing heart."

This free and generous spirit by no means led Elizabeth to love or indulge in the vanities of the world. She once went to Eisenach magnificently clothed, covered with jewels and wearing a golden crown; but as she entered the church, and beheld the image of the crucified Saviour crowned with thorns, she was assailed with so devout an emotion, that she fell into a swoon. From that day she resolved to renounce dress, unless when state occasions or the will of her husband should oblige her to wear it, as a token of her rank. Though rigid to herself, Elizabeth was to others full of tenderness and charity. Her husband set no bounds to her liberality, yet was she ever short of money. Several times, when his court was visited by foreign princes or ambassadors, Elizabeth could not appear before them, because she had given away all her rich garments to the poor: this was with her a constant practice.

Elizabeth is called "Patroness of the Poor." Her whole life shows how truly she deserved the title; her affection for them was constantly expressed, and she left her stately castle at Wartburg to visit them in their own wretched homes. At home she still thought of the poor; she spun for them with her maidens; and often got coarse food prepared for herself, that she might know, by personal experience, how they fared. Lewis permitted his wife to build a hospital on the slope leading to the castle of Wartburg. Twenty-eight sick or infirm persons were admitted within its walls, and were daily visited by Elizabeth, who loved to bring them food herself, and thus spare them the trouble of climbing up the steep path to

the castle. She often went down to the town on similar errands of charity; and, to shun observation, generally took a narrow and dangerous path, still called Break-knee. There is a poetical legend told by the now Protestant inhabitants of the spot where the good Elizabeth once lived. It is said that, as she once went down thus, loaded with meat, bread, and eggs, wrapped up in the folds of her mantle, she was met by her husband, who opened her cloak, and found it filled with red and white roses.

But, in the course of a few years, a great dearth afflicted all Germany. The poor were dying by hundreds. The charity of Elizabeth was then boundless. The landgrave was away; but Elizabeth did not hesitate to distribute all of the large sums in the treasury amongst the poor. Notwithstanding the opposition of the officers of the household, she opened the granaries of her husband, and gave away all the corn: it amounted to the value of several towns and castles. She caused as much bread to be baked as the ovens of the castle would hold, and daily gave away the hot loaves to those that came to ask for them: their number often amounted to nine hundred. Elizabeth went down herself to the weak and infirm, that could not climb the steep roads leading to the castle at Wartburg. She went down to them morning and evening. She founded two new hospitals at Eisenach, and attended them with a zeal that nothing could check. The orphan children, whom she treated with peculiar tenderness, no sooner saw her, than they ran to meet her, and clung to her garments, crying, "Mamma, mamma." She made them sit around her, gave them toys, and only caressed the more tenderly

those that were most afflicted. Elizabeth still found time to visit the houses of the poor. The prisoners were not forgotten by her; she visited them frequently, prayed with them, dressed the wounds their chains had inflicted, and, when they were detained for debt, bought their liberty. When Lewis returned, he clasped his wife in his arms, and kindly said, "Dear sister, how fared thy poor people this bad year?" She gently answered, "I gave to God what belonged to him, and God kept as what was mine and thine."

Hitherto Elizabeth had known much happiness. God had given her three children, honor, great wealth, and every earthly blessing, while the affection of her husband had increased rather than diminished. Heavy calamities followed this prosperity. A crusade was preparing for the year 1227, and Lewis took the cross. Elizabeth accompanied her husband to the frontiers of Thuringia, and parted from him with sad presentiments. These were sadly verified: Lewis died on his way to the Holy Land, a few months after their separation. Elizabeth was overwhelmed with sorrow; nor did she suffer from grief alone. The two brothers of the landgrave, to whose care she was entrusted, resolved to despoil her and her children of their inheritance. They cruelly drove them from the castle, and ordered that no house should open to receive them. Of all those whom Elizabeth had succored, a poor priest alone ventured to give her a night's lodging. Elizabeth's spirit rose with her trials; and she was able to thank God in the midst of her sufferings. Her relatives at length took up her cause; and she went to reside with one of her aunts. Her uncle wished her to marry the emperor Frederic II. who desired the match

ardently; but she refused with modest firmness. Her sorrow for her husband had not yet subsided.

She was afterwards restored to the castle of Wartburg, from which she had been expelled. The remaining years of her life were filled with an heroic charity that almost surpasses belief. She was now rich, but her wealth belonged only to the poor. She lived in a little house, and earned her livelihood by spinning wool; while thousands subsisted on her bounty, and the sick were cared for in the hospital which she had founded immediately on her arrival.

She died in all the transports of a heavenly piety, in the year 1231; being then little more than twenty-four. A burning fever seized and carried her off quickly. Several times during the course of her illness, she was heard to sing with ravishing sweetness. Rarely has a life so varied and so brief been graced by so many virtues.

The hospital which Elizabeth built at Wartburg is there no more, but the little fountain that once belonged to it exists; the clear waters still flow in their stone basin, surrounded with grass and flowers. It is still called "The fountain of Elizabeth." — *Sunday School Gazette.*

OUR actions are our own : their consequence
Belongs to Heaven.

Selected.

THE FIRST RAIN.

Ellen. How it rains, mother ! I shall not be able to go to church this afternoon, nor to Sunday School ; and I have read until I am tired. What shall I do ?

Mother. It certainly rains too hard for us to venture out, my daughter ; but the hours need not be wasted. Bring your little Bible, and let us talk about the first rain we know of.

Ellen. The first rain, mother ? Did it not always rain ? There must have been rain in the garden of Eden, or every thing would not have been so beautiful there. Oh ! no. It says here, Gen. ii. 5, 6, that it did not rain, but "there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the face of the ground."

Mother. I suppose the mist rose every evening, and fell in heavy dews, as is still the case in the Eastern summer. The first rain mentioned in history lasted over a month.

Ellen. Over a month without stopping ! Oh ! you mean the Deluge. How dreadful that rain must have been ! Mother, did anybody but Noah know that it was coming ?

Mother. It is probable that he warned others of it ; for St. Peter calls him a preacher of righteousness, and speaks of the long-suffering of God waiting while the ark was preparing, a period of a hundred and twenty years. Space was given them for repentance, but not one believed him ; not even when they saw him collect his family, and the animals he had selected, into the ark, a week before the rain began. Perhaps they thought him mad. Such a judgment had never been known before ;

and they did not believe in the God whose spirit had striven so long with them in vain.

Ellen. What an enormous vessel it must have been, to hold two of every bird and beast in the world!

Mother. It was certainly very large, being 450 feet long and 75 wide ; but we need not suppose that all the beasts in the world were represented. Only part of Asia was then inhabited by men : that was all the world they knew of, and the flood may have extended no farther. It is unnecessary to suppose it swept the unknown continents man had never trodden. Of the animals around him, Noah was commanded to preserve a pair of each kind, adding five of each clean or eatable species, to serve for food and sacrifice. These he gathered into his light ship of gopher-wood, or wood full of pitch, made quite water-tight. Here his little family of seven persons followed him, and “the Lord shut him in.” They only had obeyed him, and they only were safe ; shut from the horrors that reigned without.

Ellen. What is meant by “the windows of heaven were opened, and the fountains of the great deep broken up” ?

Mother. The Hebrew idea of the sky was of a solid dome of crystal ; a firmament dividing the land and sea below, from the waters that they imagined were above the sky (Gen. i. 7). When rain fell, they said that windows had been opened in this vault of heaven. By the other expression is meant that the ocean rose and poured over the land ; perhaps an earthquake heaved up the bottom of the sea, dashing all its waters upon the land, as has taken place partially since in some great earthquakes. Notice the description of the rising flood,

in ver. 17, 18, 19; each expression stronger than the last. "And the waters increased, and bare up the ark." "And the waters prevailed" (overcame every opposition), "and were increased *greatly* upon the earth." "And the waters *prevailed exceedingly* upon the earth, and all the high hills under the whole heaven were covered." Read the rest of the chapter! in how few graphic words are described a scene of horror and desolation of which we can scarcely conceive; fear, distress, agony, gradually giving way to the silence of destruction, as "all flesh died that moved upon the earth." That was the end of the old world: the new begins in the welcome words, "And God remembered Noah."

Ellen. Mother, how long was he in the ark?

Mother. It was a year before he came forth: of that time the flood prevailed five months; and seven months it was retiring, and the earth was drying. Read how the dove brought Noah the good news of returning peace and safety. The olive-leaf has ever since been used as an emblem of peace.

Ellen. Why did not the raven come back?

Mother. He probably did come back to rest on the roof of the ark, as it says he "went forth to and fro," but he never sought shelter and food again, as the gentle dove did, because the raven found plenty of food in the dead bodies left behind by the flood. At last the joyful intelligence was brought that the earth was green again. Then came the word of the Lord bidding them go forth; and oh, how sincere must that sacrifice of praise have been, standing on the dry earth again, the clear sky above, while the rainbow was painted on the retiring cloud as a token of the sure promise, "The

waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh." Ellen, look! before our eyes even now is the sign repeated!

Ellen. Oh, what a splendid rainbow! How beautifully the setting sun is scattering the clouds! The rain is over: how glad I am that we never need fear another flood!

Portsmouth, N. H.

GRACE'S SNOWDROPS.

THEY came when chill March winds were out,
'Mid sleet and driving rain,
And seemed to whisper, "Never doubt
That spring will come again."

And then I thought my little Grace
Was like a snow-drop white,
As brave the cold and storm to face,
As fearless, and as bright.

I wished her spirit might be found
Pure as the emblem flower,
And innocence her paths surround
With all its blessed power.

The snow-drop lifts its little form
When all around is drear,
And looks to heaven amid the storm
As in the sunshine clear.

And so I wished that faith in God
Might to my Grace be given,
That she, throughout life's changeful road,
Might fix her eyes on Heaven.

ED.

M Y T H I M B L E S.

(Continued.)

My first silver thimble had been anticipated through a whole winter with no small interest. Already I had learned that brass was not so valuable as silver, nor silver as gold. I saw that my mother and aunts wore silver thimbles, while our cook and chamber-maid had brass ones. Our dress-maker, or mantua-maker as we called her in those days, had both; and the tailoress came to make my brother's jackets, with a queer thing without a top, which always puzzled me. Five girls only at our school had silver thimbles, and they were big girls, over ten years old. So, first by delicate intimations, and then by open importunity, my ambition for an article rather beyond my years was made known; and all due advantage was taken of my eagerness to win it. My father promised me the boon, if my sampler should be finished by my birth-day.

That sampler was a magnificent and elaborate one, at least in the opinion of the little maiden who delved through it, from big A down to little figure 9, and the bunch of strawberries on one side, the bunch of grapes on the other, and her own name and age between. I had been long perplexed to choose between this tempting fruit-design, and a more imposing one, containing a monument and drooping willow, which appealed strongly to the sentimental part of my nature. But *unfortunately* I had not lost any relations, and I did not wish to put "Sacred to the memory of—" unless I could fill

the blank with some real name. And then one of the big girls who had worked it to be framed for her mother's parlor, in honor of a dead grandmother, told me that it was a mourning-piece, and that, if I worked it, perhaps my mother would die ; which frightened me so, that I speedily decided on the strawberries and grapes. What great yellow spots there were on the strawberries ! how out of all size were the dingy purple grapes, no bigger in proportion than currants ! But the royal embroideress of the Bayeux tapestry could not have gazed on her handiwork with more unmingled satisfaction than I did, when the last weary stitch was drawn forth, and Miss Clarke held it up before the school, saying, — “ Done by a little girl, only nine years old to-morrow.” When I went home, my mother kissed me, my father patted me on the head, and told me I should choose my own thimble; and my brothers made believe they were going to eat up the grapes and strawberries.

The next day I went to the jeweller's with my mother for the great purchase. I was not so absorbed in my own business as to have no eyes for the glittering wonders about me, and would have gladly stayed all day. My mother wore very few ornaments, and for the first time I wondered at it. How she could resist the rings and pins I could not imagine ; and when one of the clerks, observing my curiosity and admiration, showed me a *real diamond*, such as I had read of in story-books, I almost looked upon it with reverence, so early are conventional ideas caught from such books. I did long to buy it for my mother, and thought how it would sparkle as she poured out the tea. I wondered if any but princesses ever wore diamonds, and who in the world would

ever buy this particular diamond ring. My mother had to call me more than once from my reverie over the glittering bauble, and it was well for me that there was quite a variety of patterns among the silver thimbles "for misses." Some that had pretty wreaths drawn upon them would not fit, and those that did fit seemed to me not so pretty as those that did not. In my hour of prosperity, I am afraid I was rather hard to please; but my good mother did not get out of patience, and I was soon ashamed of being unreasonable. At last we found a thimble which could not possibly be considered too large or too small, with an ornament upon it, and a little space wherein my initials were immediately cut, to my infinite delight. And so I was the mistress of my first silver thimble, and walked exultingly home, feeling myself as old again as I was the day before, and forgetting, until I went to bed, that there were such things as diamond rings in the world. What share they had in my half-dreams, I will not say.

With that silver thimble, I made my first shirt! I mean one for my father. My noble purpose was to be kept a profound secret from him, and nobody found that task so hard as I did. I was in the habit of sitting with him at dusk, and telling him all my mighty affairs, in which he always *appeared* interested. Once I was just breaking out with — "O father! I have got to the fine stitching on the wristbands!" when I remembered myself, and stopped with an ejaculation and a silly laugh. Another time I asked him if he ever saw any thing so funny as the little side-gussets; and, when he inquired what I knew about gussets, it was quite to my relief that my mother began to talk to him about James's new

school-books. Day by day, and week by week, I worked on. In the mean time, geography and history began to interest me, and I had to study a little at home in order to keep up with my classes. But Miss Clarke never suffered any thing to interfere with the two hours of needle-work *every afternoon*; and as my mother helped me with my lessons at home by hearing me read and recite them, and explaining them to me, I had plenty of time for exercise. A romp I was, that must be owned. No girl dared swing so high; none could run so fast; none beat me at ball, hoop, or jumping-rope. The swinging high was the one thing in which my disobedience troubled a kind mother; and of that I was cured by a severe fall, which lamed me for a month.

And so by the slow, sure, industrious two hours in a day, the shirt was finished the week before New Year's Day. It was not a little soiled, though my mother and Miss Clarke were very particular; and I had no idea myself, that it would be so regenerated by the process of washing and ironing. When my mother called me to see it on the clothes-horse, so nicely starched, and pointed to the very button-hole, over which I had a fretful crying fit a fortnight before, I took a lesson of encouragement which I have never forgotten. She showed me, too, how much I had improved and learned during the process of making it, and talked to me very pleasantly about the real help I should soon be able to give her in making clothes for my father and brothers.

The next morning, my father found his new shirt lying by his bedside, with a label pinned on it,—“Made by Lucy Jarvis Pemberton, for her beloved father;” and, before I was out of my little bedroom, he

tapped at my door to thank me for the best birth-day gift he had ever had. "I like to know that you are a good scholar, my child," said he; "but I am still better pleased if you are going to be patient, industrious, and willing to work for others." I wondered if making a shirt proved all this; for I remember feeling very lazy and reluctant to go on with my job sometimes, half sorry in my heart that I had undertaken it. But now I was quite happy, and determined, since everybody seemed to think it of consequence, that I would be a good needle-woman.

It was not long that I had to rely wholly on the approbation of others for stimulus. By the time my first silver thimble was outgrown, I had learned some "fancy needle-work." I had worked a bag and a ruffle; I knew how to scallop and point, and hem-stitch; I could "fagot," and do "seed-stitch," and "satin-stitch," and French knot, all old-fashioned now, the very names grown obsolete. A real pleasure it was to see these wonderful things coming out from the point of my needle, as it were. As I grew more expert, I really enjoyed work for its own sake, and it made a pleasant variety from my lessons. Now and then, some interesting book would charm me beyond the stated hours for sewing; but my mother was vigilantly careful that I should not get into irregular habits, and did not suffer me to be tempted much by works of fiction. Free access to them, I suppose, would soon have made my stated occupations very irksome.

L. J. H.

(To be continued.)

TRY AGAIN.

MANY and many a tale, we doubt not, have our young readers heard, with this very title ; but, notwithstanding, we are tempted to tell them a chapter from Charlie Wright's experience.

This little fellow was a warm-hearted, affectionate boy, with as much, but no more understanding than falls to the lot of most boys. He was easily discouraged, and ready to give up all effort, at the faintest shadow of difficulty. He sat one winter's evening, the perfect picture of despair, at the round table, by which his brothers and sisters were seated at their lessons. His mother, from her arm-chair at the fireside, watched him for a quarter of an hour ; and then, seeing no change in his position, called him.

" What's the trouble, Charlie," she said in a pleasant voice. " *I never* shall understand Fractions," replied he. " The master showed the whole class how to do them to-day, and all said they understood them ; but I could not ; and when Mr. Burke explained them to me alone after school, it was just as bad. He waited as long as he could with me, and then told me I must carry the sums home, and do them there."

" Where is your lesson ? "

" Oh ! in Common Denominators. I have stumbled along as far as that ; but here I am fairly puzzled ; so puzzled that I don't comprehend one word of what I have learned. And then here are the mental exercises ! How can one-fourth of nine be nine-fourths of one ? I

have learned to say it, because I hear it so often; but I am just like Aunt Lucy's parrot, which says what it does not understand."

"A long chapter of distresses, Charlie! Are you more stupid than your schoolmates?"

"Only in arithmetic, and it is of no use for me to try to understand it. I may as well determine not to care about it, and be satisfied to be at the foot of my class, or be put down into a lower one."

"I am not sure I can make you understand your questions in arithmetic; but I am very sure I can make you understand the mental exercises. Go to the closet, and bring me nine apples and a knife."

"Nine apples and a knife!" repeated Charlie, as he rose to obey his mother, "I don't see what they have to do with mental arithmetic."

"I hope you will see soon," said his mother, "and always be indebted to apples for something more than gratification of the palate."

Charlie soon returned with the fruit. His mother took nine of the apples, and cut them in quarters; Charlie all the while looking at her in the most profound astonishment. She then took one quarter from each of the nine apples, and put them on the corner of the table. "Is not there one-fourth of nine?" she asked; "is there not one-fourth of nine distinct apples?"

"Why, yes, to be sure."

"Well, then, are not these pieces, which are one-fourth of nine, just the same as nine-fourths of one? Each is a fourth of one apple, and all together make nine-fourths of one."

Charlie jumped up, and clapped his hands. "I see
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it ! I see it ! " he cried joyfully. " I could eat the nine apples for very gratitude."

" I cannot allow you to express your gratitude in such a wholesale manner," returned Mrs. Wright. " You must be partial, and limit your expressions to one-ninth of the friendly aids ; but these are not common Denominators. Go and *try again.*"

Charlie's countenance fell ; but he went with a little more spirit back to the table, and began again to make figures, and to rub them out. " Oh, dear ! " he sighed at length, " I might as well try to read a page of Greek. These questions will *not* come right."

His mother looked at the clock, and saw that the hand pointed to nine. " You had better go to bed," said she. " You are tired and sleepy, and that helps to discourage you. Go, and rise very early to-morrow morning, and then perhaps you will be able to do them."

Charlie needed no second bidding ; for he was entirely wearied with the very sight of slate and pencil, and of a book, whose dogs-ears, if they were not to be interpreted as a sign master Charlie was a dunce, at least showed that a great deal of time and study had been bestowed on the unfortunate pages. He took the lamp, and the book and slate ; and, bidding his mother and brothers good night, was soon in a sound slumber.

Waking with the gray dawn the next morning, he sprang out of bed, but abated his alacrity somewhat, when he remembered that a dose of arithmetic must be taken instead of his usual morning sugar-plum, a frolic with his little laughing brother Fred. " Now I certainly will try hard," said he. So to his task he went ; and, after an hour of the hardest work he had ever done, the greater part of the lesson was finished.

But now arose a new trouble. There was the breakfast bell, and the questions were not all done. "Mr. Burke will be angry," thought he to himself, "and I might as well have done none at all; for I could not be scolded much more for entirely neglecting it."

Breakfast being over, Charlie went whistling to school in spite of his unfinished lesson. The school-exercises went on, and nothing was said about his task in arithmetic. Charlie thought it had been forgotten, especially as the recitations closed a quarter of an hour before school was done, and no mention was made of it. He had a long debate between his inclination and his conscience, whether, as inclination seemed to advise, he should say nothing about the lesson, and rejoice in his "*good luck*" in having escaped it; or whether he should tell Mr. Burke that he had done as many questions as he could, and patiently bear whatever reproof his teacher might be disposed to give him. Conscience gained her point at last; and, just as he had determined to speak to Mr. Burke, that gentleman rang the bell for dismissal, and requested Master Charles Wright to remain a few moments.

After the other boys had left the room, Charlie left his seat, and walking up to the teacher's desk, said, not without some fears as to the result, "I have not done all these questions, sir. I could not cipher at all last night; and my mother told me that I must go to bed, and try to perform the questions in the morning. So I began to cipher as soon as it was light enough to see; but I had not time to finish all. I wish I was not so stupid," he added mournfully, "and then I am so slow at figures."

Mr. Burke took the slate, and saw that the questions were right. He put his hand on Charlie's head,

and said, "I'll excuse you from the rest, my boy; but, as I was going home yesterday, after having explained your lesson to you, I remembered a story which I thought might encourage you, and enable you to be more willing to try again, when you despair of acquiring any thing."

The mention of a story would, at any time, have kept Charlie Wright from the most boisterous and frolicsome sport, and now a story from the master! He sat down accordingly in a chair near, and fixed his eyes on his teacher, who said, — "When I was a boy, I knew a little fellow of about your age, who had exactly the same difficulty with his arithmetic-lessons which you have. He often told his parents and his teacher, that he never would be a merchant, but that he wished to go to college, as less arithmetic was required for a profession than to be a merchant.

"George's father had always been an invalid, at least since George could remember any thing; but the family lived in very great comfort, and, notwithstanding the father carried on no business, was one of the richest in the village.

"A sudden attack of illness rendered George fatherless; and before his mother had recovered from the effects of the stunning affliction, came letters from the head of the company in which most of their property was invested, saying that the company had failed, and all was lost.

"George's mother was a woman of great energy and spirit. She had an income of a few hundred dollars left, and she resolved to add to it by opening a millinery establishment in the village. 'George,' said she to her son, 'you must give up going to college? It sounds

hard, I know ; but so it must be, and, my son, remember that you are all I have left to me now, and you must not fail in the only path of life which is opened to you. Your uncle will receive you, and bring you up as a merchant, if you will qualify yourself in two years. To do this, you must understand arithmetic. Go to work cheerfully, my son, and work hard, for my sake at least, if not for your own.'

" George was very much affected : he spent half the day in inward struggles in his own room. How could he give up his pet college-plan ? ' I will *not* give up,' cried he, as an idea came into his mind. ' It shall only be deferred. I will qualify myself to go to my uncle ; but I will also qualify myself for college, and will, by some means or other, earn the money to carry myself through a course of education.'

" With this fixed resolve, George became a changed boy. Many and many an hour of toil did his arithmetic-lessons cost him ; but after a few weeks, though they still cost him much mental labor, they became easier. He still went on with his classical studies, determined to lose no opportunity for improvement. In his leisure time, he copied papers for the village lawyer, or sawed wood, or weeded in gardens, and thereby laid up gradually quite a little sum of money, which he never would touch for any purpose whatever.

" When he went into his uncle's store in the neighbouring city, he proved so active, so intelligent, and so quick at figures, that his uncle, who had proposed to give him no salary for the first year, as he was quite young, being only thirteen years old, gave him fifty dollars. This he joyfully put by, with another fifty that he had

earned. As his salary increased from year to year, he laid up more and more money, till finally he acquired enough to enable him to enter college. As he had kept up and gone on with his classical studies, he was enabled to enter in a high class. He has now finished his collegiate education, and is busied in earning the necessary funds to carry him through his medical education; for he is to be a doctor. As for his mother, some fortunate change of times made her income sufficient to support her; and she is proud, I hope not foolishly so, of her son, because he was willing to *try*."

"That is a beautiful story, sir; only I wish the boy had done studying for a doctor; I should like to know that he had done all he desired, and to know that he was a good doctor. He ought to be."

"Well, Charles, if you will try hard in arithmetic, I will write you, when I have gone away, and tell you, as I learn them, the further fortunes of this man. But it will be several years before it can be said whether or no he is a good doctor."

Mr. Burke looked with such a comical face at Charles, that the boy could not help laughing.

"What is the matter, sir?" he asked.

"It occurred to me," said his teacher, "that you might have seen this man, in whose story you are so much interested. He has certainly been much in this town."

These words were followed by another look, which made Charlie spring into the air like a ball, and fairly fling his arms round Mr. Burke's neck with a violence which nearly threw him to the floor. "Oh! *you're* the boy! *you're* the boy," shouted the excited little fellow;

I'm *so* glad! It is *so* splendid! But will you really write to me next fall, and tell me how you are getting along?"

"Yes, my dear boy, if you will only do your best; and, as to my being a good doctor, you may have an opportunity to judge of that for yourself; as a shingle, with Dr. Burke on it, will certainly be placed on some house in this very town."

Mr. Burke's story had touched the right chord. Charlie did strive most manfully with his difficulties until they were overcome; but, like his teacher, he preferred a college-life; and when that was over, he chose, like him, a medical profession; and now below Dr. Burke's name on his office-door, you may read, "Dr. Charles Wright."

ED.

We are happy to be able to give our readers so good an answer to the Rebus in the April Number, and we heartily thank the kind friend who sent it. S.'s answer to the Charade in the February Number came too late for insertion.

We add, below the answer to the Rebus, a very good Charade, just received from our friend and correspondent, "Prairie Bird." Let some of our "Hill" or "Valley" birds send us an answer.

ANSWER TO REBUS IN APRIL NUMBER.

THE fruit with "purple clusters" is the *grape*, as all will see;

The gem whose light so changes would the *opal* seem to be;
The *eagle* is the noble bird who boldly soars so high;

The *tulip*, the gay floweret "of bright and gaudy dye;"
Hope is the ray that lights "the heart without it sad and drear;"

Eternity, the mighty thought the guilty soul doth fear.

Take the initials of the words which I've italicized,
They'll make the name of GOETHE, whose works are
highly prized.

H. M. K.

Worcester, Mass.

CHARADE.

My first dwells in the summer sky,
When birds love best to sing,
And on the hillside and the plain
Ten thousand blossoms spring.
But when within the shady grove
One floweret's sheathings burst,
It shows in pure and brilliant dye
The color of my *first*.

My second comes upon our ears
With glad or mournful sound,
Telling oftentimes of sighs and tears,
Or hours with pleasure crowned.
And in old aisles where on the tombs
Gaunt statues stood and beckoned,
Gray monks came forth to midnight prayers,
When summoned by my *second*.

Deep in the shadow of the wood
Where sunbeams seldom fall,
The prettiest blossom you can find,
It springeth green and tall.
The winds that kissed its graceful head
A gentle incense stole;
For nature lavished every grace
Upon my lovely *whole*.

PRAIRIE BIRD.

M Y T H I M B L E S.

(Concluded.)

AT the age of twelve, I deposited my first silver thimble, which had begun to pinch pretty severely, in a little velvet bag, and laid it away in my new morocco workbox. I have it yet. I sometimes look at it, with grateful recollections of a kind teacher and most judicious mother.

And now I left Miss Clarke's school, and went to a gentleman's seminary for young ladies, where no needle-work was taught. Here I had a great deal to do; and, within six months after, I began to take lessons in music, which, with the necessary practice and the time required for exercise, used up all the waking hours. I was amazed to find how days and weeks slipped away, and how little sewing I accomplished. I had actually begun to like it, and did not mean to give it up; but what was I to do? At last, one day, when it stormed so violently that I could not go to school, I determined to take some work, and sit down by my ever-industrious mother. I found myself looking for the easiest thing possible,—a ruffle or handkerchief to hem; and in ten minutes I was tired. Disuse had had its customary effect. I had used the needle so little of late that I had lost my interest in it; and I proposed to go and practise my last music-lesson again.

And now that which is usually and justly considered the greatest calamity that can befall a child, came upon me suddenly and fearfully. I was left an orphan; my father and mother were taken from me by an epidemic

within a fortnight, and my whole life was newly modelled. I cannot dwell upon those events, so sad and bewildering are the reflections connected with them; but some of the results are connected with my habits of industry, and the history of "my thimbles."

I went to live with an aunt, who had no children of her own, and whose affection and ambition soon centered upon me; but, alas! her views of the essentials in life and in character differed materially from those of my parents. In the simplicity of my childhood, I had but a vague perception of this; although conscious of such a general, universal change about me, that it seemed as if the old world in which I had lived for thirteen years had floated away, and left me on the strand of a new and strange one. It seemed to be an object to have me "put away childish things," even that very single-heartedness of childhood, and become a young woman—no, a young lady—at once; so I was sent to dancing-school, and a fashionable day-school, and took lessons in music.

For a while, I longed for the quiet hour of needle-work, when I might have time to think. But how could that be found, when every hour of the day and evening was occupied so pressingly! Study—study;—practise—practise;—write exercises,—go to French conversation parties in the evening,—little exercise in the open air,—no sewing,—no thinking! It was so mortifying not to recite well among the brilliant girls at our school! It would be so disgraceful if I were not able to play at my aunt's musical parties! And then came emulations and little rivalries to keep up the excitement; and I was whirled along from month to month,

from year to year, and did just what others did, and did *not* do what others did not,—and others did not touch a needle for weeks together.

My outgrown silver thimble was replaced, because somebody gave me a splendid little workbox on the first Christmas after I went to my aunt's; and I did struggle to use it occasionally for a year or so. But with disuse my skill diminished; and, as a natural consequence, my interest died away also. My aunt kept a sempstress in the family, and a part of her duty was to make and mend my clothes; and so, when I reached my twentieth year, I had a fashionable contempt for plain sewing,—could not conjecture how a single garment that I wore was cut or made,—and lived upon a succession of exciting occupations of one sort or another. I read four languages besides my own,—spoke three,—played brilliantly,—drew tolerably,—danced well enough to be on the floor evening after evening, till morning,—could criticize a new novel or poem cleverly,—write such graceful notes and letters,—and I had such headaches, and such seasons of nervous depression! It never occurred to any one that so exhausting a mode of life must bring on such effects.

I went to make a long-deferred visit to a country cousin, when I was about twenty, and, anticipating a very dull time, took my workbox as a “*dernier ressort*” against ennui. Probably I should not have thought of it as a resource; but in preparing for my rustication, and looking over a box of trinkets, I came across the *first silver thimble*, which I had laid away in fond recollection of those who gave it. As I was vainly striving to insert my finger into it, the remembrance of

the happy day when my mother stood in the jeweller's store with me, patiently bearing with my impatience, and of my father's approbation of my industry, and of the tranquil, pleasant hours when I sat sewing by my mother's side, came back so vividly that the tears rolled down my cheeks. I slipped the little old thimble into my elegant workbox, as if it had been a precious talisman; and that very afternoon I bought a quantity of Berlin wools, canvas, and a stock of patterns. Some of my friends had lately taken to working slippers and chair-covers most vigorously; and the possibility of returning from the stupid ruralities of B——, a proficient in this new fashionable accomplishment, was quite enticing.

I did bring home a gorgeous chair-cover for my aunt. Thanks to the pains that had been taken to educate my fingers in early life, they soon became expert in the new and fascinating task; and my aunt's chair was made up expensively by the best upholsterer in the city, and abundantly admired, and my *industry* commended by all visitors, except one.

That one was a widow, an early friend of my aunt's, who seldom came to see her; for their pursuits were very different. She was a person of some property and great respectability; but her life was devoted to charitable objects, and she never came to our house, I fancy, except on some such errand. She it was who quietly pronounced my work very beautiful, but did not launch into those commendations of my industry which, somehow or other, I had expected from her especially. I could not understand it then.

At twenty-two, I was about to be married. The

thought of my parents was much with me at this period of my life; and, one day, as Henry sat beside me while I was working an ottoman, I took the little precious thimble from my box, and showed it to him, — told him its history, and talked to him of my parents. He manifested great interest, and, by his questions, soon brought more distinctly before me the difference between the views of those who had begun my education, and those who had *completed* it. He looked thoughtful: I felt so. I had long had a dim perception of a solemn fact, — that I was wasting time, health, and strength. I knew, that, when I used to wear that little thimble, I was more industrious, more thoughtful for others, more prayerful and religious, more at peace, than I had ever been since. I was meditating upon it now, trying to understand how it was; and, as I turned the small thimble about in my fingers, I determined that the coming change in my life should be marked by a more conscientious investigation of duty in regard to the use of time. Henry could not have read my thoughts; but he asked me if I had more pleasure in working that fine thing on my lap, than when I was making the first shirt for my father; and added, with a smile, “Who knows? I may be so poor yet, that I shall be thankful for a wife who can make my shirts.”

It was a little strange, that, with so many costly gifts, I had never had a gold thimble; but I was well pleased when Henry brought me a very beautiful one the next day. I know not what came over me, some serious thoughts growing out of our conversation that morning, I suppose; but I secretly resolved, that, with my first gold thimble, I would do something actually useful.

But my habits did not favor such a purpose. A few weeks after our marriage, I met Mrs. Sinclair, the widow I have mentioned, in a store. She was buying a whole piece of unbleached cotton; and when I asked what she could possibly do with it, she said that several poor families in her neighborhood had just been "burnt out," without being able to save their clothes; and that some ladies of her acquaintance were to meet at her house, and sew for them. "Why," exclaimed I, "would it not be better just to give the poor people the stuff, and let them make their own things?" In the conceit of a young bride, I imagined this to be quite a sensible speech, for I had a vague recollection of hearing my aunt say that it was not a good plan to work for the poor; it was encouraging them in idleness. Mrs. Sinclair smiled and said, "One of these women is too old and infirm to sew, and has nobody to work for her; another is able and willing to sew, but she has a husband and five children, and you see it would take her a great while to provide each with garments, even if she could work from morning till midnight; but she must cook, wash, iron, and tend the baby, and do all sorts of things; and I don't exactly see how she is to find time, do you?"

I was silent; and she added, "Then there is a third family, a man and woman, with only two children; but the parents are both intemperate." I looked disgusted, and said, "Surely you will not sew for such worthless creatures?" "Why not?" asked Mrs. Sinclair; "the children are not intemperate, poor things, and are suffering for want of clothes." I did not know what to say; and Mrs. Sinclair left me to my reflections, while she attended to her business.

I had intended to begin a pair of slippers for my husband that afternoon ; but I could not help pondering on what I had just heard, and, just as Mrs. Sinclair was leaving the shop, I yielded to a strong impulse, and asked if I might come to her house with the other ladies. She seemed very much gratified with my request, though a little surprised. It occurred to me that perhaps she thought I could not do plain sewing ; and I confess I had myself some misgivings on the point. I told her so ; and she said, "But you work in worsteds remarkably well." "But that is so different," I exclaimed ; "however, I will do my best." I was ashamed to say how long it was since I had used a needle for any *useful* purpose ; a wholesome shame, and a new one for me. The very presence of such a sensible, excellent woman seemed to reveal the falseness of the standard by which I had judged my acquirements.

My husband smiled very pleasantly when I told him the use I was going to make of the rich gold thimble ; and said he would gladly give me one of pure diamond if he could be sure it would be always as well employed ; "unless," said he, "you would prefer to have the same cost in unbleached cotton ! " "That I should," replied I ; and went with a light heart to Mrs. Sinclair's.

In my long neglect of plain sewing, I had forgotten a good deal of my skill ; but that which has been taught early and thoroughly is easily recovered. In my humility I took a coarse sheet, and it certainly felt clumsy in my hands, and I am sure I should have exhibited a neater seam when I was thirteen years old. But it was finished in due season ; and the emotion with which I surveyed it and folded it up was very different from any

thing I had known for years. It reminded me somewhat of the hour when I finished my father's shirt ; and the tears came into my eyes at the remembrance.

I held up the gold thimble proudly to Henry when he came home, and informed him of the feat it had performed ; and again my parents rose before me, as with a glowing heart I received his few words of approbation.

All this may seem a small matter to be recorded ; but it led to some of the happiest hours of my life, — and is that a small matter ? My husband was a judicious, benevolent man. How many of the young men around me would have looked coldly on this newly-awakened interest in a young wife, if they had not actually laughed at it ! The gold thimble was only a symbol of what my husband valued in woman, — in a rich woman ; quiet, systematic, benevolent occupation, equally unpretending and efficient.

Our circumstances were affluent, and we were exposed to all the dangers of leisure ; of having nothing that made demands — apparent and pressing demands — upon our time and thoughts. And yet both of us, I suppose, had energy and capacity that required a sphere of action. We found it in connection with the various wise and beneficent institutions of the city.

I gave all the needlework of my family to poor persons who supported themselves by sewing ; and we lived nearly up to our income, giving, in various ways, all that our position did not require us to expend in our way of living ; and of that we took the liberty of judging by our own consciences, rather than by the expectations of our friends. Instead of going to balls, and giving balls, we spent a great part of our evenings

at home ; my husband reading aloud, and I — sewing ! very plain sewing it was. I went with Mrs. Sinclair when she took "my sheet" to the poor woman in B—— street, and that was the beginning of a new sort of visiting for me ; and out of my new sort of visiting grew constant employment for the gold thimble. It was a fancy of mine, that when, by way of variety, I did a little ornamental work for a friend, I took the silver thimble I had had for three or four years ; but when I had a garment to make for a poor person, I loved to use Henry's gift.

My health improved decidedly in this new mode of life. My walks to visit certain families in obscure parts of the city were long, but I did not choose to parade a carriage at their humble doors ; and was sure that the walks helped my appetite and digestion, and so benefited my general health. Then it was so satisfactory to judge for myself what would be most useful to a struggling family ; and so pleasant to see a ragged little girl put on the very frock I had been making for her the evening before, while my husband read Macaulay aloud ; — and the morning awakening was so glad, bringing neither headache nor heartache.

The days of the gold thimble were very happy days ; certainly not because it was gold, but because the uses to which I put it brought me peace at the time, and are still most pleasant to my remembrance.

I fear my narrative may not have incident enough for my young readers ; and I will weary them no longer. A sequel there is in my mind, but it may not be worth putting on paper ; and advice is so old-fashioned, I hardly dare conclude with it. I will only say to the

young girls who will read this effusion of mine to the end, that with "my thimbles" I have passed many of the best and pleasantest hours of my life. Using the thimble, I have planned, I have hoped, I have rejoiced, I have become quiet in my mind, I have thought of my duty to God and man, I have grown less selfish as I worked for others, I have prayed, I have been *happy*. I bless those who taught me to use and love "my thimbles," whether of brass, silver, or gold.

L. J. H.

WHAT IS IT MAKES ME HAPPIEST?

WHAT is it makes me happiest?

Is it my last new play?

Is it my bounding ball or hoop,

I follow every day?

Is it my puzzles or my blocks?

My pleasant *solitaire*, —

My dolls, my kitten, or my books, —

My flowers fresh and fair!

What is it makes me happiest?

It is not one of these;

Yet they are treasures unto me,

And never fail to please.

Oh! it is looks and tones of love

From those I love the best,

That follow me *when I do right*, —

These make me happiest.

Fresh Flowers.

BIBLE LESSONS.

No. 5.—THE FORGIVENESS OF JESUS.

PERHAPS no one virtue is more difficult for children, yes, and for grown people, to practise than forgiveness ; and yet all who would imitate their blessed Master must remember that his whole life was one of entire, complete forgiveness. From the earliest moment of which we have record, to his last hours of agony, when he breathed a prayer of forgiveness for those who were cruelly torturing him, how divinely, how beautifully, did he exercise this sublime spirit !

When Judas went out to betray him to the high priests,—when Peter denied him in the hall of judgment, even then, as he felt that those he had most loved, and who had partaken most deeply of his teachings, had forsaken him, a look of sorrow for their sins, alone disturbed his countenance.

Even the smallest child feels the sublime beauty of this Christian grace, and the smallest child is not too young to begin its practice. But some little girl or boy says that “nobody can help feeling cross towards any one who hurts or teases them.” We grant that there are only a very few persons in this world, who, with a natural sweetness of disposition, can *of themselves alone* be forgiving. But the same aid is offered to all, and *all* can be forgiving if they will but accept this aid. Our Saviour himself has promised to help all those who seek to do right, and he *will* help them.

We must read over and over again his blessed words. We must strive to fill our hearts with his spirit ; and the

more its blessed influence is awakened in our hearts, the more forgiving shall we become.

But remember one thing. True forgiveness is also forgetfulness of injuries. We have known those who said they forgave those who had done them wrong, and yet who would often speak of the injury they had received. These persons really supposed they had exercised forgiveness, and would not have returned evil for evil; yet, while its remembrance was rankling in their hearts, could they indeed forgive?

You have all heard the celebrated anecdote of the famous Roman Cato; and yet it is so applicable here, that we cannot forbear quoting it. A person struck him in the bath; and, when he returned an hour after to beg his pardon, Cato had forgotten it. This was the true spirit of forgiveness, the spirit of our blessed Lord himself, though exemplified by one who was a pagan, and had not had the benefit of Christian teachings. For how much are we responsible, who from our earliest years have heard the lessons of Jesus!

God himself is ever forgiving our manifold sins. Were they not forgiven, how miserable and wretched should we all be! Yet we pray to him to "forgive our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us." Let the little children, who morning and evening repeat this prayer, think what it is they are saying. Let them consider, that, if they manifest a forgiving spirit, they are indeed praying for forgiveness; but, if they are resentful in their dispositions, they are praying that God will forgive them *as they do others*, or that he will *not* forgive them.

Let every child pause, when he comes to these words

of our Saviour's prayer, and from his heart forgive all who have sinned against him, and then he may use its startling words ; and, above all, let each read so often the holy life of Him who was all forgiveness, that he may be able to follow his example.

ED.

GRACE DARLING.

NEAR the Northumbrian coast of England are twenty-five masses of rock, called the Farne Islands. The largest of these (Farne) is a desolate and barren spot. Over the greater part of it there is not a blade of grass, nor a grain of earth. The solid rock rises straight up from the deep sea, so that a person might step off into water one hundred fathoms deep, while its surface rises into black and jagged cliffs, between which are worn and dismal dells, filled with sea-weed and large round stones, worn smooth by the water, which rushes in at high tide, roaring and foaming. The rattling sound may be heard at a great distance. The edges are so sharp that ships cast upon them are cut and broken in a moment.

Longstone Island is a smaller rock about a mile from Farne, and through the channel between them the sea rushes with such force, that it is dangerous even in pleasant weather. During a violent storm, the scene among these islands is awful beyond description. Before light-houses were built upon them, shipwrecks were of

common occurrence; but now the Farne lights warn vessels not to approach the deadly coast. It is necessary that these lights should be constantly attended to, so that the keepers generally reside with their families on the islands, seldom crossing over to the mainland. In the year 1826, William Darling was appointed keeper of the Longstone Light-house. He is described as uncommonly steady and intelligent, and lived very happily with his wife and children on the lonely island.

Grace was born, Nov. 24, 1815, and nearly all her life was passed at the light-house; for it is only in the pleasantest weather that boats can cross to the mainland. But there was no time for idleness: she and her mother managed the little household, and a great deal of time was spent in reading and study. It speaks well for the family that all the children acquired a good common education, and Grace learned to write in an elegant and rapid manner.

Visitors to the island were pleased with her sweet and modest disposition. She was of the middle size, of fair complexion, and pleasant countenance, which ordinarily expressed nothing but mildness; but at times her eyes would flash with enthusiasm, and under her modest exterior there was an expression of firmness that showed her capable of the most exalted heroism. Often had she witnessed the most distressing shipwrecks; and, when her father would bring in the poor half-drowned wretches, it was her gentle care that watched over them, ministering to their wants, and soothing their hours of agony. She soon became known among sailors, and was called "The Little Guardian." But the incident which has spread her name over the whole civilized

world occurred when she had reached her twenty-second year.

The "Forfarshire," a large steam-vessel, sailed from the city of Hull, on the evening of Wednesday the 5th of September, 1838, having on board sixty-three persons and a valuable cargo. There can be no doubt that her boilers were in a culpable state of disrepair; for they were examined, and a small leak closed up before she left Hull. In this inefficient state the vessel proceeded slowly on her voyage. She entered the Fairway Channel, between Farne Island and the mainland, late the next evening; but here the storm, which had been all the while increasing, burst upon them in all its fury; and the ship rolled and pitched so fearfully that the leak in her boilers increased, the fires were extinguished, and she was tossed helplessly toward the shore. Men were stationed to pump water into the boilers, and the fires relighted; but the water ran out faster than they could pump. The captain, fearing that he should be driven upon the rocks, hoisted sail fore and aft in order to get her before the wind, and keep her off the land. Thus they beat about during the middle of that fearful night; the rain pouring upon them in torrents, and the fog hanging so densely around that they could not see the length of the ship.

About three o'clock in the morning, the Farne lights were discovered very near them, and the next moment they heard the horrible roar of the breakers directly before their bows. A scene of wild confusion and anguish followed; the screams of women and children, mingling with the hoarse voice of the raging elements. In vain the crew strained every nerve to turn the ill-fated

"Forfarshire" from the rocks ; she had become unmanageable, and every billow drove her nearer to destruction. Soon there came a huge wave towering like a liquid mountain behind them ; the trembling vessel was hurried along on its summit, and dashed on the sharp rocks, where the water descended sheer down a hundred fathoms. The shock was so terrific that most of the passengers were knocked senseless, hardly having time to recover before another wave came roaring upon them ; it lifted the vessel high above the rocks, and then rushing back, let her fall upon the sharp points with such force that she broke apart in the middle ; and the stern with the entire cabin, containing many people, was swept off through the tremendous channel between Farne and Lightstone. Some had previously put out to sea in the longboat ; and, after the ship parted, others plunged into the sea, hoping to reach a safe place ; but most of them were drowned. Nine persons still remained in the ship, crowded around the windlass, where their situation was truly deplorable, as the frail timbers might be swept away at any moment by the fierce billows.

The only persons in the light-house at this time were Mr. Darling, and his wife and daughter. The great lamps were lit at an early hour, and the family then busied themselves with their evening employments. As the storm increased, they did not wish to retire, but sat listening to the fearful sounds without. Sometimes they thought human cries were mingled with the shrieking blast. Then Grace would cling to her mother, and both send up their prayer to God to protect the mariner. Mr. Darling often went out to look and listen for a vessel ; but so wild was the uproar, that nothing could be

seen or heard, and they began to hope that no ship was near, when a cry of anguish, rising above the tempest, started them from their seats.

This time there was no mistake : they all rushed to the door, and through the darkness and storm could hear at intervals heart-rending cries. Then came a dull, thumping sound, as the "Forfarshire" struck the rocks ; and, after another piercing outcry, all was still, except the storm. "Have all perished ?" was the agonizing question of Grace, when they had listened in vain for a repetition of the sound. "Oh ! can we not save them ?" Nothing could be done till morning ; for, even if a boat could live in such a sea, the position of the distressed ship could not be found in the gloom of such a night. They ascended to the great lantern, and waited with anxious hearts for the approaching day. How sorrowful was the thought, that, while they were safe in their rocky tower, those poor people might be clinging to a spar in the waters, and even women might be struggling with the angry waves !

When the first light dawned heavily on the troubled deep, Grace strained her eyes in every direction. "There she is ! a ship. Look, father !" she cried ; and by the increasing light they dimly saw a dark object on the Farne rocks. The spy-glass was brought, and by it the father saw persons around the windlass, but indistinctly. He handed it to Grace, whose young eyes soon made out the nine sufferers. One object filled her soul with grief and compassion : among the miserable beings clinging for life to the windlass was a female form. Such a sight roused all her feelings ; and at once she formed the high resolve to rescue the sufferers, or perish in the attempt.

"Father, get the boat ready," she cried, forgetting that the storm, instead of abating, was wilder than before. "We must save them,—see! the ship is breaking;" and they watched the wreck growing smaller, as the waves washed away its timbers.

Darling shook his head sorrowfully at his daughter's request. "No boat can cross now," said he, pointing to the broad channel through which the foaming billows were flying before the gale.

Looking at the wreck again, they saw a man leave the company, and go to the broken end of the ship. He examined it carefully, as if calculating how long it would last. He soon returned, and seemed speaking to the others, while he pointed seaward, where the tide was coming in. Another cry of anguish was raised, and all fell on their knees, with outstretched hands imploring God's mercy. This decided the matter with Grace; she rushed down the winding stairs and out on the beach, calling her father and mother to help launch the boat. They followed, surprised at the sudden energy of their usually timid and quiet daughter. Already were her hands upon the boat, as though she would push it into the surf; and, in answer to her father's remonstrance against the mad adventure, she nobly replied that she was willing to risk her life for their safety.

Her courage seemed to inspire the father, and both pushed off into the channel. At first, the boat was tossed with ungovernable fury; and, as Grace had never before handled an oar, it was some time before they could get the bow pointed to the wreck. This done, there was no need of rowing; for the gale drove them along with fearful rapidity. The giant-waves tossed

their frail bark from one to the other like a mere plaything, curling over their monstrous heads as if to swallow them. How critical was their situation! — a single turn might dash the boat into splinters, or bury it in the roaring waters. Yet the heroic girl sat erect and calm,— obeying instantly every direction of her father to pull, back, or feather her oar, and all the while sending up a silent prayer that they might reach the wreck before it went to pieces.

There was need of haste; for, unless they could return before high tide, they were inevitably lost. They neared the vessel, where the sufferers watched them with a hope of preservation; but what was their astonishment to see that one of their deliverers was a woman! She seemed more like a guardian angel, and they earnestly prayed for her success, while across the channel were heard the supplications of the mother for the safety of her dear ones. It was a moment of breathless suspense. How could a small boat touch at the shore in a storm that had shattered a strong ship? But they succeeded; — the boat was thrown high up on the wreck; the sufferers threw themselves, or were dragged into it, and, after a perilous passage, all were landed at Longstone.

Grace's exertions did not end here: she assisted her mother to pay every attention to their unfortunate guests, giving up her own bed to the lady, who was very ill. When the storm abated, the survivors of the "Forfarshire" returned to their homes. The parting with this noble family, and particularly with Grace, was most affecting. They spoke of her everywhere as their deliverer, till the obscure light-house girl found her name in every newspaper, and that lonely ocean-rock became the

centre of attraction to admiring thousands, and was visited by the great and wealthy from all nations. The Duchess of Northumberland invited her and her father over to Alnwick Castle, and presented her with a gold watch, which she always afterwards wore when visitors came. The Humane Society sent her a most flattering note of thanks; the president presented her with a handsome silver teapot; and she received almost innumerable testimonials, of greater or less value, from admiring strangers. A public subscription was raised with the view of rewarding her for her bravery and humanity, which is said to have amounted to about £700. It is gratifying to state, that amidst all this tumult of applause Grace Darling never for a moment forgot the modest dignity of conduct which became her sex and station. She continued, notwithstanding the improvement of her circumstances, to reside at the Longstone light-house with her father and mother; finding, in her limited sphere of domestic duty on that sea-girt islet, a more honorable and more rational enjoyment than could be found in the crowded haunts of the mainland.

It is a melancholy reflection that one so young and gentle should have been taken away almost before the plaudits excited by her noble deed had died away. She was consumptive, and had long been aware that death was approaching; but it gave her no uneasiness. She was never heard to utter a complaint during her illness, but exhibited the resignation of a true Christian, and calmly awaited death, which overtook her on the 20th of October, 1842. Her funeral was attended by a multitude of persons of every rank, who were, no doubt, sincere mourners.

She became famous, not for any brilliant accomplishments, but simply for her goodness, and for acting well her part in the humble station she occupied. Let all remember that there is no condition, however humble, to which virtue and courage are not an ornament. — *Schoolmate.*

EARLY RISING.

BY LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

GET up, little sister : the morning is bright,
And the birds are all singing to welcome the light ;
The buds are all opening ; the dew's on the flower ;
If you shake but a branch, see there falls quite a shower.

By the side of their mothers, look, under the trees,
How the young lambs are skipping about as they please ;
And by all those rings on the water, I know,
The fishes are merrily swimming below.

The bee, I dare say, has been long on the wing,
To get honey from every flower of Spring ;
For the bee never idles, but labors all day,
And thinks, wise little insect, work better than play.

The lark 's singing gaily, it loves the bright sun,
And rejoices that now the gay Spring is begun ;
For the Spring is so cheerful, I think 'twould be wrong
If we do not feel happy to hear the lark's song.

Get up ; for when all things are merry and glad,
Good children should never be lazy and sad ;
For God gives us daylight, dear sister, that we
May rejoice like the lark, and may work like the bee.

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NEW YEAR'S NIGHT.

IT was a clear, cold night, the last night of the year, and so late that almost everybody was sleeping soundly, except those who preferred to watch the old year out, and the new year in. Mr. Fielding's household had long ago retired to rest; and the kind and careful mother, before she sought her own pillow, had softly stepped into the next chamber, to see if her two little daughters were comfortable and well. But she had been asleep also for more than an hour, when suddenly the church clock near by began to strike, and Lilian, the eldest child, awoke.

"One, — two, — three, — ;" she went on counting; "*twelve*, why it is New Year's day already. I wish Ada would wake up; but we must not get up these six hours yet, I suppose. Why, what is that?" and the little girl rubbed her eyes to make sure that she saw correctly. The moonlight filled the room, and every article of furniture was distinctly visible; but the door which led into her mother's chamber had vanished, and an arch had taken its place, through which she could see a space, as she thought, unending, but by no means vacant. In the very centre of the archway stood a female figure, wrapped in a white mantle, lavishly adorned with furs, and fastened on her bosom with a sparkling diamond. One hand was concealed beneath her mantle, and on her head was a golden crown. Around her, above her, behind her, as far as Lilian could discern any thing, was an innumerable multitude of

winged creatures, like children, only so very small ; some floating above the others, some encircled in each other's arms, but all clothed in pure white, and their wings so transparent that the light seemed to pass directly through them. Some of these were taller than the rest, and wore coronets of silver; and all seemed gay and happy. Those nearest the archway were wrapped in furs, like the queenly figure in front, and some of them seemed to hold books and toys in their hands ; but farther back Lilian could perceive waving garlands of flowers, and bright leaves, and heaped-up baskets of summer fruits.

What could it mean ? Lilian raised herself up, and looked towards the window. Surely she was awake. There were the bright moon and the stars ; there the houses and the church. She turned again to look at the bright vision : it had not disappeared. She laid her hand on her sister : "Ada, wake up."

"Ada will not wake," answered a soft silvery voice, that seemed to come from the archway. "My visit is to you, Lilian ; listen to me quietly. These bright creatures, which you see around me, are my attendants, my children ; for the coming year they are to be your servants. They will be with you constantly, when you work or play ; when you sleep or wake ; when you are well or ill. Only one will be permitted to attend you at one time ; and, when her appointed task is over, she will give place to another. You may not see them, Lilian ; but you may rest assured that one of them is ever at your side. They will aid you in all good purposes and endeavours ; and — for they are yielding spirits, and follow the will of those whom they attend —

they may be induced sometimes to aid you in evil. But bear this in mind, whatever they do for you, whatever you do or say, each one, as she departs from you, will bring me the account, and it will be written here."

The fairy queen, if such she was, drew from beneath her mantle a massive book with golden clasps ; and, as she turned the leaves, Lilian saw that not a word, as yet, had been recorded on the stainless pages. The silvery voice continued, and the child almost hushed her breath to listen : —

" My fair children can conceal nothing from me, Lilian. I shall know, by the varying hues of their wings, whether you have done well or ill, in their companionship. Perhaps you will learn to recognize their presence ; and sometimes you may catch a glimpse of them, as they come or go. But remember ! " and she pointed warningly to the golden-clasped volume, " this will contain the record of all you do, or think, or say ; and a word, once written, can never be effaced. Farewell, Lilian ; you will see me no more ; but you may learn, if you will, from your mother's lips, how best to use the ministry of your new attendants. Farewell ! "

A sort of low, sweet echo, as if from the multitude of winged creatures around, sighed out, " Farewell ! " and Lilian saw nothing but the door, which had suddenly resumed its former place. Subdued, thoughtful, and a little alarmed, she lay thinking of the strange scene she had witnessed, resolved to conduct herself that none save good deeds should find place in the wonderful book. But she began to feel sleepy ; and, as she had done when she came to rest in the evening, she uttered her simple prayer, and repeated her sweet evening hymn, and closed

her eyes to sleep till morning. Just as she did so, the deep-toned clock struck one; and, as she half opened her eyes, she felt a slight breezy motion near, as of something passing by, and saw, or thought she saw, the waving of white wings. But she was soon asleep, and did not wake till Ada's merry call of "Happy New Year, Lily!" roused her.

Very quietly and thoughtfully Lilian Fielding performed her morning duties; very seriously she pondered on the verses marked for her morning reading: "Wherefore, seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses." — Had her mother, then, known of the visit she was to receive, and so marked this verse, so strangely coinciding? Lilian was always serious and thoughtful at her prayers; but, this morning, it was with unusual earnestness that she repeated, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;" for the remembrance of the vision she had seen lingered on her mind. When she came down stairs, Mrs. Fielding noticed her unusual gravity; but she knew that all would be confided to her in due time, and she made no remark.

The afternoon was to be devoted to the visit of some young cousins; and the morning was spent in preparations. But ever and anon, in the midst of her busy movements, in her gay conversation with Ada, her plans for the afternoon's sport, Lilian would suddenly glance around, as though she half expected to see something near her. Afternoon came, and the cousins too; and the little presents, tokens of affection and good will, mostly the product of their own ingenuity and industry, were exchanged, with many thanks and praises. Among

the children was one who was unable, from an accidental injury, to join in the merry sports ; and after Lilian had seen the others fairly engaged in play, she slipped away to sit by him, to play with him, and talk with him. "Lily ! Lily !" called her cousins, after a time, " come, we want you." So she went ; and, with a little gentle entreaty to those who seemed unwilling, she persuaded them to choose plays in which George could join ; and soon his voice was heard as loudly and merrily as any of them. As Lilian bent over him to arrange his pillow more comfortably, and assist him in his play, she fancied something touched her cheek, and that she caught a glimpse of a shining form, with rose-colored wings flitting past.

An afternoon passes quickly and pleasantly, where all are disposed to be kind and obliging ; and, although the supper-bell rang an hour later than usual, all the little company were inclined to think it very early. Soon after, the cousins departed ; and while Mr. Fielding conversed with his brother, and Ada, her golden curls glittering in the firelight, sat upon the hearth-rug, and played with the beautiful new doll her uncle had just given her, Lilian followed her mother to her own chamber, and related to her the singular scene of the night before.

" It seemed so real, mother : could it have been a dream ? It has been in my mind all day ; and once I thought I saw one of the bright creatures ; but it might have been the waving of the curtain."

" It was no dream, my Lilian," answered Mrs. Fielding, " but a deep and solemn truth. I know your visitor well ; and her attendants are equally familiar to me.

The Spirit of the New Year it was who thus appeared to you ; and the winged forms around her were the Hours, the bright angel Hours, who bear away the record of our lives. What account have they given this day, my child ? ”

“ I am almost afraid to ask myself, dear mother ; but I have thought of them so much, that it has kept me from doing many wrong things. Once, to-day, I was very much vexed ; Fanny had disarranged my drawers, and broken my pretty little music-box. She did not mean to do it ; but she was very careless, and I spoke unkindly to her ; and then I remembered that my angry feelings and unkind words would be written in that book, and so the very first leaf would have a record of sin. I was almost afraid to look up, lest I should see the watching spirit, and see that its wings were stained ; but I saw nothing.”

Mrs. Fielding looked tenderly into the sweet, earnest face raised to hers, and said, gently, “ But though you saw nothing, my Lilian, you *felt* that a stain was upon them ; and this feeling led you to make instant confession of your fault to your cousin, and to ask her forgiveness. I trust and believe, that your immediate and sincere penitence, though it could not remove the spot, made it less dark, and even gilded its edges with a bright light. But, dearest, the colors of the angel pinions are but reflections from your own heart ; and, if that is pure and happy, the hours will be bright and joyful too. And remember this, that, in the midst of joy and blessings, a discontented and selfish spirit will cast a dark cloud over the rainbow hues of the brightest and happiest hours ; while, even in sickness and sorrow,

a submissive and loving heart will gild the darker wings of these passing angels with a radiance far more beautiful than any mere earthly pleasure can give."

Lilian Fielding never forgot the singular vision of that New Year's night; it was often a shield to guard her from evil, a consolation when trial and suffering came; and the remainder of her brief life on earth was rendered beautiful by the earnest reverence with which she viewed the passing hours as the angel-messengers of her Heavenly Father; while Ada, — merry and affectionate, younger by some years than Lilian, yet not too young to understand the story when it was related to her, — seemed to catch something of her sister's earnest, thoughtful spirit, and learned to look upon the hours as being indeed

"Viewless angels,
That still go gliding by,
And bear each minute's record up
To Him who sits on high."

A. A.

ANGELS' VISITS.

"MOTHER, how happy every one would be if there were angels on the earth, real, invisible beings, who would be our friends, and go with us wherever we go!"

"There are, my child."

"O mother! did you ever see one in your life?"

"No, dear: if I had, they would not be invisible beings, such as you just wished for."

"What made you say so, then? I thought angels only lived in heaven."

"So they do. Come and sit in my lap, and I will tell you what I mean. When you do something that is wrong, do you feel happy or uncomfortable?"

"Oh! very uncomfortable, till I tell you, and ask you to forgive me."

"When you do any thing that is disagreeable, because you ought to do it, how do you feel?"

"Very happy; and I always want every one to feel happy too."

"What is heaven, my child?"

"A place where all good people go to."

"How do those who live there feel?"

"Perfectly happy."

"Then, my child, when you do right, do you not feel like those who live in heaven? Now, if you placed yourself in such a heaven, what kind of angels would be near you?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"When you wish very much to do something which you know I should not like, and resist the temptation, you have made a friend of the angel of obedience. When you want something which little Georgie wants, and give up to him, you have made friends with the angel of self-denial. When some one tries to provoke you, and you are determined not to be angry, the angel good-temper is near you. These are the angels I mean; there are thousands of them, whom you can always keep with you, if you choose, wherever you go. Go now, my child, if you understand what I mean, and try to make as many such friends as you can; and tell me at the end of a week how well you have succeeded. Remember all the

time, that the record they will make for you in God's judgment-book can never be rubbed out."

Lucy kissed her mother, slid down from her lap, and walked slowly off, thinking in how many ways she could make friends with angels.

She did not have to wait long; for she remembered, just then, that she ought to learn her lesson before night, because her darling little brother always liked to have her put him to bed, when she had time; and putting him to bed included sitting beside him afterwards, and telling him a long story. She did not want, just then, to sit down to her lesson; for she thought of a pretty story-book which her friend Alice Grey had lent her, and she wanted sadly to read it: however, she went to the bookcase, and resolutely took down her Geography and Atlas, leaving the tempting book on the shelf.

She studied diligently till tea-time; and it seemed as if the angel of self-denial helped her, for she thought she learned her lesson much sooner than usual, and was quite surprised to hear the tea-bell ring, just as she closed her book.

Little Georgie was quite sleepy that evening, and willing to go to bed as soon as tea was done; and, after Lucy had told him stories till he fell asleep, she had still quite a long time to read in her book; and she thought, as she read it, that an angel must be with her, she enjoyed it so much.

But it was not always so pleasant to do right: she sometimes had to wait a long time before she felt as if the angel were with her. Her mother called her one afternoon, as she was playing on the side-walk, and told her it was time to come in and practise; she was very

busy, just then, driving hoop, and did not want to go in; besides, it was a beautiful warm spring afternoon, and the prospect of being shut up in the house for so long a time was not pleasant. She was just going to ask her mother to let her stay a little while longer, when she remembered the angels' visits, and, without saying a word, went into the house.

But she was not this time to be rewarded so soon for being good. She ought to have practised an hour before breakfast that morning; but she overslept herself, and now had to make it up; so that it was tea-time before she had finished, and her lessons took up all the evening. They were very hard that night, and she was so anxious about them, that she never thought of her angels till she went to bed, and then she wondered why they had not helped her. She did not feel very happy. She was provoked with herself for trying so hard for nothing, and fell asleep; thinking that, after all, her mother was mistaken in saying that good angels always came while trying to be good: but the next morning, when she woke up, she felt a little happier; and when she went to school and recited the hard lesson so well that her teacher gave her an extra mark, she thought, that, if the angel of self-denial had not been with her when she came in from her play, she should not have been able to study so diligently.

The rest of the day she had no more great temptations; and, though she remembered her resolution, she had no occasion to try it again. But, the next morning, her mother gave her a piece of very nice cake for luncheon; and, while she was eating it in recess, she noticed that one of the scholars looked very longingly at it; and, though it

was not very often that she had any that tasted so nice, she only hesitated a moment, and then broke off half, and offered it to the child. At first he did not seem to know what to say : he evidently did not expect it ; for Lucy was usually rather selfish about such kind of things. However, he seemed very much pleased ; and ate it with such a relish, that she could not help thinking she should not have enjoyed the whole of it, half so much, herself.

Coming home, she overtook a little boy sitting on the edge of the side-walk, crying bitterly ; and stopped to ask him what was the matter. She saw the fragments of a pitcher lying at his feet, and milk streaming along the gutter ; and, after some time, he made out to tell her, between his sobs, that he had fallen down, and broken the pitcher that his mother had sent him to get milk in, and was afraid to go home, for fear of a whipping.

Lucy said she would go home with him, and tell his mother how it was, and perhaps she would not mind it ; and she told him to show her the way to his house.

The boy, hearing her kind voice, stopped crying, and led her to a brick house, close by ; he opened the front door, and went up two flights of stairs, and pointed to a door. Lucy knocked, and a nice working-woman opened it, and waited to hear what she wanted ; for the boy had stepped back, so that she could not see him. "I saw your little boy in the street, ma'am, crying," said she, gently ; "he said he had broken your pitcher, and spilt your milk, and was afraid to tell you, for fear you would whip him. I have come to ask you if you wont forgive him this time, if he will be more careful again."

"Where is he ?"

Lucy moved so that she could see him. He looked frightened; but the mother, after asking a few questions, and scolding a little, promised not to punish him; and after a few pleasant words to the boy, and making the woman turn her scowl into a smile, Lucy left them. "There, I have done some good, I hope," said she, as she left the house, and ran home for fear she should be late to dinner.

So she kept trying, and, before the end of the week, had a great many more opportunities of being good,—you can all of you, children, imagine what they were, for they happen to you every day; and, after she had told her mother, when the week was ended, what she had done, she said, "I understand now, a great deal better, how people must feel in heaven; and I had a great deal rather have this kind of angels for friends, than the fairies that Georgie's book tells about."

E.

THE HONEY BEE.

PERHAPS one of the most interesting and curious little creatures in the insect-world is the Honey Bee. For many hundred years, the habits of these wonderful insects have been carefully studied. Some persons have spent their days in observing these busy little animals.

Every association of bees has three kinds,—the queen, the drones, and the workers. It is estimated that a hive usually contains from six to twelve thousand bees. In some small hives, however, the number is much less than

six thousand, while large ones have been known to have as many as twenty thousand.

There is only one queen-bee in each swarm, whether large or small. The average proportion of drones is about fifty to each thousand working-bees. Hence, about nineteen twentieths of the bees in every hive are workers.

The drones are the largest bees in the family. Their bodies are thick, short, and clumsy, and they are about the size of two working-bees. Their wings are large and long, and they make a loud, buzzing noise when flying. They have no sting, and may be handled without harm.

The drones are the male bees. They live a life of idleness, taking no part in the labor of the hive. Indeed, they have not the power to collect honey, or to provide themselves with food. They have neither honey-bags, such as the workers have, to contain collected sweets, nor cavities upon their legs for the pollen.

Were a drone deprived of the privilege of feeding on the stores of the hive, it would die. In one respect they have more liberty than the workers; for they are permitted to enter any hive, and live in the same manner as in their own.

The drones appear in the hives during the latter part of May, and are usually killed or driven out to starve in the month of July. Sometimes a few are permitted to remain much later in the season.

The queen-bee is the mother of the family, and governs the hive. She is longer and more slender than the drone, but not as large, and is larger in every respect than the worker. Her legs are longer; but her wings are shorter in proportion than those of the drone or worker.

The queen is very seldom seen. Sometimes she may

be observed during the time of swarming. She may occasionally be found in her royal cell, when the bees have been destroyed with smoke for the purpose of obtaining their honey.

The queen is majestic in her movements, and is accompanied by a guard composed of twelve workers. This attendance is taken in turn, and never neglected. Wherever she goes, the guards clear her path, always turning their faces toward her with the greatest respect.

She is armed with a sting, but seldom uses it, except against rival queens. She may be taken in the bare hand, and will seldom sting, when handled carefully. A worker, taken in the same manner, would be dropped like a piece of hot iron.

The chief office of the queen is to lay eggs, one of which she deposits in each cell. These eggs are of two kinds,—drone-eggs and worker-eggs. When a worker-egg is deposited in a royal cell, it becomes a queen-bee. There are seldom more than five or ten of these cells in one hive.

The queen usually commences laying as soon as the genial warmth of spring comes on. About the first of May, her "great laying" takes place, when she deposits from one to two hundred eggs per day. In warm climates this period may take place earlier.

At first she deposits only worker-eggs, then she lays drone-eggs for a few days, and after this again produces worker-eggs. During the time of laying the drone-eggs, the *royal cells* are built; and, when the queen commences laying worker-eggs for the second time, she deposits, every few days, one of these eggs in a royal cell; and from these the queens are produced.

The drones are produced from the eggs in twenty-four days, the workers in twenty days, and the queens in sixteen days.

Though a young queen-bee has attained its growth, the workers will not allow it to come out of the cell as long as the old queen remains in the hive. Should the young queen effect her escape from the cell, the old one would seize and kill her immediately.

When the young queen has attained her growth, and begins to say "peep, peep," the old one, knowing it to be the cry of a rival for liberty, is aroused, and attempts to get at the royal cell to destroy its inmate. But the workers prevent her from doing this; and now, finding that she no longer has absolute authority in the family, she commences a sudden vibration of her wings, runs over every part of the combs, followed by her subjects, and a great commotion ensues.

When notice has thus been fairly communicated to the whole family, the queen rushes toward the outlet, the word is given to swarm, and away go the workers, as if pursued by ten thousand foes.

While swarming, they cluster around the queen; and, wherever she alights, there the whole company immediately settle. The old queen always flies off with the first swarm.

After the old queen has thus left the hive, the workers release the young one. She comes forth strong and full of energy, and at once assumes the government of the colony. If there be yet enough of workers left so that another swarm can be spared, the royal cells are still guarded by the workers.

When this queen hears the "peep" of a young rival

just ready to escape from her cell, she attempts its destruction, and, if prevented by the workers, follows the example of her predecessor, and leaves the hive with another swarm. After this, the second young queen is released, and takes the government of the family. These scenes occur at every swarm.

If, however, the workers decide, after a swarm has left, that no more can be spared from their colony, the young queen is permitted to visit all the royal cells, and destroy the inmates, thus preventing any rivals.

A most extraordinary fact in the history of the bee is, that, if deprived of a queen, when there are no young queens or eggs in the royal cells, they take the larva of a worker, place it in a royal cell, or build one of these cells around it, where, by being fed on *royal jelly*, it becomes a queen.

This is truly a wonderful provision of nature, and probably has no parallel. Without such a remarkable arrangement, this interesting insect might soon become extinct; for, if irreparably deprived of their royal member, the whole family forsake their toils, give up their young, roam about in alarm, refusing to eat, and in a few days they all die. — *Youth's Cabinet*.

BE KIND TO YOUR MOTHER. — "What would I give," said Charles Lamb, "to call my mother back to earth for one day, to ask her pardon upon my knees for all those acts by which I gave her gentle spirit pain." — *Selected*.

“ ONLY THIS ONCE.”

“ COME, Marian, I am going down on the old wharf; it will be so cool and lovely there, and we can sit with our feet hanging over the edge, and have such a nice time.” Josephine May looked imploringly in the face of her companion, and, seeing no ready assent, continued her entreaties. “ Come,—here is the ballad of Esther Donne in my satchel, and I will read it to you there.”

“ Well!” answered Marian, “ I’ll go with you.”

“ Why! Marian Foster,” said a voice from behind, “ you told me that your mother was not willing to let you go on the old wharf!”

“ So she did, Sally; but I do not believe she will care just *this once*.”

“ I did not know your mother had forbidden you to go there, or I would not have asked you,” said Josephine; “ but I will go home with you and get her leave.”

“ She did not *exactly* forbid me; and I don’t believe she will care for only this once.”

Josephine was hardly satisfied with this reasoning; and still less was Marian’s conscience. She, however, contrived to stifle its warning voice, by talking gaily and merrily with Josephine.

They soon reached the wharf. It was really in a very ruinous condition. The planks were broken here and there, leaving chasms of two or three feet in width, over which the girls must leap, or else trust to the strength of the decaying boards on the edge of the open space, to bear them up. Custom, however, makes us think lightly of danger; and Marian and Josephine

skipped as gaily along the ruinous structure as if it had been composed of stout, firm planks. They reached the end in safety; and, sitting down, looked over the broad waters of the beautiful bay, as they danced in the light of the setting sun. Josephine drew from her bag the beautiful ballad, and the children read it together, each with an arm round the waist of the other. Josephine thoroughly enjoyed the little poem, and the beautiful scene; but Marian, as her eyes followed the letters of the book, or rested on the waters, still heard in her heart a voice which told her she had done wrong.

The little friends reached their homes in safety that night; and Marian unwisely concluded to say nothing to her mother of her visit to the wharf. As this was not the first time she had disobeyed her mother, she had hardened her conscience a little; and its reproaches were not too severe to allow her to sleep as quietly as if the day had been marked by good deeds alone.

Josephine forbore to ask Marian to accompany her again to her favorite seat, for she felt that she ought not to tempt her to do wrong; but, notwithstanding, temptations came to Marian from other quarters. Lydia Darling came running out of her father's house, as Marian was passing it, one bright morning.

" You're just the girl, Marian," cried she. " I am going down on the old wharf, to see father's brig come in. I thought I should have to go alone; for it was coming in so fast, that I feared I should lose the sight if I called for any one. Father saw it with his glass, and he said it was about a mile beyond the beach."

While Lydia had been breathlessly imparting this communication, she had hurried Marian along with her,

till they were just turning the corner of the street which led to the wharf.

“I am afraid we shall be late at school,” objected Marian, secretly hoping that there was not time enough to go, and that would be a sufficient excuse for not accompanying Lydia. “It sounds *so babyish*,” she thought to herself, “to say that mother has forbidden a great girl like myself to go on the wharf.”

“I looked at the clock,” said Lydia, “when I left the house, and it was only half-past seven,—so we have more than an hour to stay, and plenty of time to come back. It will not be more than an hour coming in.”

By this time they had reached the wharf, and, springing lightly over the crumbling timbers, were soon standing on its farther edge. A fresh breeze blew back their cape-bonnets, and ruffled their hair; and then, dancing down on the blue water, curled each little wave, and feathered its top with foam. The pretty little vessel, with its sails all set, and gleaming white as snow in the morning light, was about rounding the projecting point of the beach. On—on she came, like a “thing of life,” cutting through the waters, till the wind brought to the ears of the children the creak of the ropes, and the rattling sound of the sails, which the crew were furling as they neared the wharf.

Neither Marian nor Lydia had spoken a word till the vessel came alongside the wharf, nearest to the one on which they were standing, and then Lydia exclaimed, “Let us go round, and see what the men will do now.” They began accordingly to run back; but, when they had crossed half way, Marian’s foot caught in a loose timber, and she fell with such violence that several of the more

decayed sticks near broke off, and dropped into the water beneath. Lydia turned back, and helped her up.
"Oh! what *shall* I do?" she cried.

"Are you hurt? Can't you move?" asked Lydia, in alarm.

"Oh! I am not hurt, but my shoe! The end of the timber caught it, and it has fallen into the water." Both girls stooped over the wide opening, and saw the unfortunate shoe, eddying and whirling among the supports of the wharf, and finally floating out into the open bay.

"What *shall* I do?" again ejaculated Marian.

"You must take off your stocking, and walk home barefooted," said Lydia, with a comical smile at the idea; though she sympathized in her friend's distress. "But stay,—I have thought of something. I will go to your house, and get you another shoe; or, if it is too late for me to bring it back, your mother will send some one with it."

"Oh, no! I must tell mother all about it myself. I think I can contrive to go barefoot."

Accordingly, they left the wharf, but were but a step or two from it, when Lydia spied a piece of shingle. "Here's a shoe for you, Minnie," said she, laughing so much that she could scarcely speak; and, seizing the shingle, she drew a piece of twine from her pocket, and bound the board on the sole of Marian's foot. "The stones won't hurt now," she said, as she surveyed her friend, shuffling along in the odd substitute for a shoe.

Marian laughed a little; but she could not help wondering whether her mother would be much displeased or not; and the homeward way was pursued in silence.

Marian entered the house, and, going straight to her mother's chamber, told her of her disobedience, and its consequences.

Mrs. Foster looked grieved.

“I did not think you would care only for *once*,” said Marian.

“Your sin of disobedience is the same, Marian; and you know that, with our large family, we cannot suffer our children to waste or lose any thing. I must punish you for your disobedience, though I should not have thought of punishing you, had the accident happened in any other way. I thought you would like to go to Boston in your vacation; but I cannot let you go, as the dollar which it would cost must be spent in purchasing a new pair of shoes for you. But never think that a thing is any the less wrong, because you mean to do it *only once*. It is a great deal easier to do wrong the second time; and, if you yield once, I dare not say what may be the consequences.”

Marian Foster, like all her companions, attended the public school of the town, which was then taught by an excellent master, who, nevertheless, felt himself obliged to be very strict and severe in his discipline, as he had many wild and unruly pupils. One day as she stood talking in recess, something was said by one of her friends, which put her in mind of an arithmetic-lesson, which must be recited immediately after the intermission. “Oh! I have not done a single question of my arithmetic-lesson,” cried she, and, hurrying to her seat, began to cipher as fast as possible.

“You will not get them done in season,” said her next neighbor, “but you may copy them off my slate.”

"Oh, no!" cried Marian, "that would not be right."

"Right or not, you are a silly girl to take the risk of a scolding, when no one would ever know you had copied them off. But I'll leave my slate here, and you can take them or not as you choose."

Marian had finished all but two of the questions, when the bell rang as a signal that the recess was over. Her class was the first to recite. "I cannot go to the class with an unfinished lesson," said she to herself; "for the teacher is so cross, that he frightens me when my lessons are learned. I will copy them from Jane's slate just *this once*, and I will do them myself after the recitation, and that will make up for it." The sums were hastily copied, and the class-exercises performed; and Marian thought herself very fortunate to escape so easily. Unluckily for Marian's self-congratulations, the teacher had discovered the day before, that some of the pupils were in the habit of copying from each other's slates. Accordingly, as Marian's class were about to take their seats, he requested all who had ever deceived in that way to remain behind. Half-a-dozen girls, with crimson faces and downcast eyes, stood upon the platform,—Marian Foster among them. —"I must punish you," said Mr. A., "both as a warning to others, and as a means of making you remember that deception never goes unpunished."

He took his ferule from the desk. Marian turned pale. How should she bear the disgrace of being punished before the whole school? The other children, who were not unused to that mode of correction, bore it in sullen silence; but, when Marian's turn came, she raised her eyes, swimming in tears, to the teacher's face, and faltered out, "Oh! Mr. A., I never did it before to-day."

"I am surprised and grieved, Miss Foster," said he, "to know that you could ever be tempted to do it; but, in justice to myself, to you, and to your companions I have just corrected, I must punish you too."

Marian's heart was almost broken, as she retreated to her seat, and hid her face in her desk. The pain of the punishment had been but little; for Mr. A. was too discriminating to add much bodily pain to that of disgrace, which he saw Marian was suffering. Josephine May came to her after school, tried to wipe away her tears, and to console her as well as she could; but what consolation is there for the remorse and shame of wrong-doing, and its consequences?

"How can I tell father and mother?" sobbed Marian. "But who would have thought it would have happened to-day?"

"I did not get all my sums done," said Josephine.

"And what did Mr. A. do?"

"He marked me imperfect; but he did not say anything to me."

"Oh!" sighed Marian, "if I had only been truthful!"

With a face swollen from weeping, Marian entered her mother's sitting-room.

"Why, Minnie, are you sick? What *has* happened to make you cry so? you scarcely ever are seen in tears."

Mrs. Foster untied Marian's bonnet, for she had thrown herself down without taking it off, and smoothed down her tangled hair, and spoke kindly and encouragingly to her.

"Mother, you would not touch me if you knew how bad I have been, and how I have been disgraced," she cried at last. "Do not speak kindly to me, I cannot bear it!"

Mrs. Foster took Marian in her lap, and laid her daughter's head against her shoulder, as she had done when she was an infant, and still continued passing her hand over Marian's hair. When she was calm enough, she told her mother the whole story.

“The disgrace of having our daughter punished is nothing in comparison with the thought that she is untrue,” gently answered Mrs. Foster, when her child had finished. “Your father and I will grieve that our teachings have had no better effect,—that we have not taught you to reverence the truth. And, O Marian! here is another instance of your yielding to that fatal ‘once,’ which is your besetting sin.”

Much more, which we cannot relate, passed between mother and daughter. Marian's sorrow had been so severe, that she was for some time more careful; and both her parents had begun to hope that she had really improved. But a besetting sin is not easily conquered.

“Take care! take care, Marian!” called both father and mother to her, as she tossed in the air her little brother Willie, who was a year and a half old, and the pet of the whole family. “You might let him fall, and hurt him very badly.”

“Well, *only this once*,” answered Marian, and just as she was in the act of tossing him, he escaped from her grasp, and fell heavily on the floor. His happy, merry laugh was exchanged for a loud cry, and poor Marian stole away to her own room, to escape the reproachful glances of her parents, as they tried to soothe him.

“I wish you would go for the doctor,” said Mrs. Foster to her husband one morning, about a week after the baby's fall. “Willie looks pale, and cries whenever

we lift him up, and he is not willing to run about. I am quite anxious about him. He never seemed sick in this way before.”

The doctor came. He watched the little fellow, and asked if he had had any fall lately. Marian, who was standing by the doctor’s side, turned so pale that the good man, happening to glance at her, put his arm round her to keep her from falling. He had had a bad fall about a week ago, Mrs. Foster said, but that he seemed quite well until yesterday. Dr. R. left some medicine for the child, and promised to call the next day.

Week after week went by, and little Willie pined and drooped, and sat all the time in his mother’s arms. Gently and gradually Dr. R. broke the sad truth to his parents, that Willie’s fall had injured his spine incurably; and that the beautiful child must grow deformed, and be for ever debarred from the sports of children. We cannot describe Marian’s feelings, as her mother, with a quivering voice, told her the opinion of the skilful physician. The whole course of her life was altered. Prompt in every discharge of duty, never yielding to the most alluring temptations, she became all that her parents’ fondest wishes could desire. But to the brother, who, through her means had suffered so much, she was a guardian angel. Many and many a night did she watch alone beside him; and, when her mother strove to draw her away from the couch of pain, she would whisper, with tearful eyes, “Let me make any atonement in my power, dear mother, for my sin.”

Willie’s suffering life was prolonged till he was seven years old. Beautiful was his ministry in his family; and many were the lessons of faith, and fortitude, and

patience, breathed from his childish lips ; and when the closed lids hid for ever the eyes that beamed to the last with love, a thrill of gratitude, that the brief life of pain was over, mingled with the sense of bereavement.

Marian lingered behind when all had left the lifeless form, and, kneeling beside it, resolved, with God's help, to be always prompt and unwavering in duty. None, save their own household, knew that Willie's suffering had been caused through her disobedience ; and they knew she was sufficiently reproached by her own conscience, and never alluded to it in her presence. But the memory of her childish days was darkened ; and as she looks back upon them, amid the dearest and sweetest recollections of home, rises to her mind, with a never-decreasing pang of remorse, the fragile form and pallid face of her darling brother.

O children ! if you would not be haunted for ever by the recollection of sin and sorrow, beware of the *first* step, and never, *never*, yield to temptation, if it is *only for once*.

ED.

“TALL OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW.” — A spectacle-maker's boy, amusing himself in his father's shop by holding two glasses between his finger and his thumb, and varying their distance, perceived the weather-cock of the church-spire, opposite to him, much larger than ordinary, and apparently much nearer, and turned upside down. This excited the wonder of the father, and led him to additional experiments ; and these resulted in that astonishing instrument, the telescope, as invented by Galileo, and perfected by Herschel. — *Schoolfellow.*

PUZZLES.

We give our readers this month more to exercise their ingenuity than we have hitherto done; and we hope we shall hear from more than one of our little friends that that ingenuity has not been exercised in vain.

The answer to the enigma in the April number, by our old correspondent "Nellie," came too late for insertion. We regretted this extremely, as it was in every respect as well written as that which we published. Our number goes to press so early in May that we have not received any answers to Prairie Bird's charade. We shall expect them however, and publish in July. A letter from a kind friend in the West has been received, and her communication shall appear next month.

SCRIPTURAL REBUS.

Take half a noted Jewish seer,
And Moab's royal seat entire;
Add, but reversed, a town consumed,
By Joshua's hosts, which God had doomed,—
You'll form a city famed in story,
Whose downfall closed a nation's glory.

Youth's Cabinet.

PROBLEMS.

1. Place four 9s so as to equal 100.
2. ,, ,, 9s ,, ,, 98.
3. ,, ,, 9s ,, ,, 1.
4. ,, ,, 9s ,, ,, 20.
5. ,, ,, 9s ,, ,, 10.
6. ,, ,, 9s ,, ,, 89.
7. ,, ,, 9s ,, ,, 3.
8. ,, ,, 9s ,, ,, 2.
9. ,, ,, 9s ,, ,, 19.
10. ,, ,, 9s ,, ,, 17.